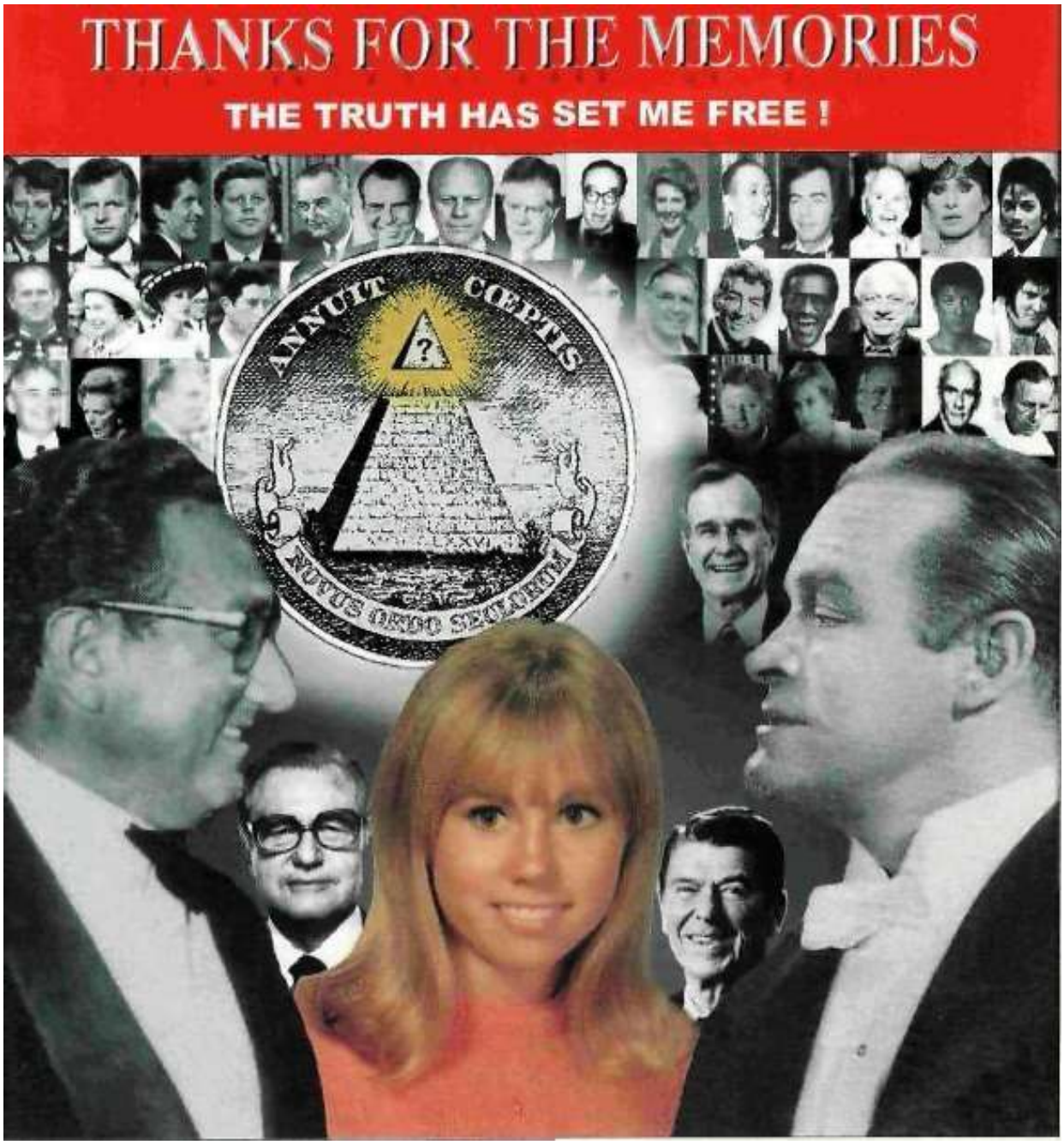
Book: Thanks For The Memories



Brice Taylor
Thanks For The Memories

The Truth has Set me Free

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

TO MY CHILDREN COLLECTIVELY — Mountains of love are still held in reserve for each of you as I take this necessary step toward insuring your ultimate freedom. Please forgive me for divulging and making public the persons and events that should have remained private to your lives. However,

the magnitude of the problem we face requires that I do as God guides me. I know that in a 'normal' healthy family I would have been able to discuss this all with you so we could have decided how to do this together. But, that was not possible. Forgive me for taking any liberties that may effect your lives in ways I could not have anticipated. I have put my decisions before the Lord and trust in His infinite wisdom to lead us all to sweet peace and freedom. The mother-child bond we share has very powerfully been the wind beneath my wings.

KEVIN — My child who was also my friend. Thanks for always being so helpful, capable, thoughtful of others, kind and cheerful. I am proud of you and pray for your release so that you can take the many talents and gifts you possess and use them in ways you and you alone choose. I love you Kev.

KELLY — A promise is a promise! And I will keep mine to you. I will never let go, and I will never stop exposing this and seeking help, no matter what. Thank you for always being so kind and loving. Your gentle nature and the immense love you are shines through even the mind control you are under, in ways everyone can feel. I pray for your release from the programmed state that keeps you shut away from yourself and the world. I miss you and know that God is working powerfully in and through you to bring healing to you and others. I love's ya.

DANNY — My child who walks to the beat of a different drummer. I wait in great anticipation to see what you do with the many individual gifts and talents that are yours, yet not yet yours. I grieve for the necessary separation that caused you to have to grow up without a mom at a very early age. I pray that God will restore those years in divine ways. I love you more than you could ever know!

TO THE BABY SON TAKEN FROM MY ARMS AT BIRTH — My soul longs for you. I still grieve the immense loss of your physical presence. I've missed you over the years and look forward to our reunion if it is God's will! God has promised restoration of family and I look forward to meeting you again, only this time as a big strong man!

MY PARENTS — Thank you for allowing me passage into the genetic and spiritual structures that would insure the success of my mission here on earth. I love you for birthing me and for allowing me to have the necessary experiences my soul required to learn and make my contribution. Dad, your ability to be ahead of your time and Mom, your ability to unconditionally love, even under mind control, helped me find my way, ultimately. I know now that you were both caught in the same dark web that I found myself in. I love and forgive you both.

CRAIG — We never had a chance, but we did love each other through it. Thank you for your gentle nature and for supporting me in the ways that you were able toward my recovery. I forgive you. Do you forgive me?

MY BROTHERS — Like Pop told us: "May the Truth Set Us All Free!"

CATHERINE GOULD, PHD — What would I have done without you? Thank you for so many things, the first of which saved my life …the clever safety letter attached to my memory packets that I believe kept me alive. Your continued support and helpful listening ear proved to give me that extra leg up that I needed to trust myself in order to go forward with this manuscript.

MARGIE PAUL, PhD — Thank you for helping me connect to my innate spirituality and my inner child (children) and for holding and loving those little one's within me as I healed. Thanks for your willingness to go into the fearsome darkness with me and for your dedication to love, stretching beyond professional rules to serve in the ways I needed. I love you!

TED GUNDERSON — Thank you for helping me begin to stay safe with security measures and bodyguards and for kneeling before the Lord while the Holy Spirit worked within us, so that together we could work toward exposing the horrors that have been a part of so many victims' lives, in order that those planning the New World Order would fail. Thank you for being there over the years to remind me when I became discouraged, "Remember who wins in the end!" May God's larger plan set the captives free at last!

WALTER BOWART — May God bless you abundantly for holding the space of truth for victims of

all ages starting way back in 1978 when your first edition of Operation Mind Control hit the bookstores. You have stayed in the battle for truth and justice and I thank you for continuing to hold onto the reality which most were faint of heart and not strong enough to endure. Thank you for being there!

JOE — Thanks for encouraging me to continue and for teaching me the place mat method.

LAUREN STRATFORD — Thank you for being courageous enough to heed the call of the Lord when you walked out in front of us all to pioneer a healing path for those who wanted to be healed. Thank you for your encouragement in times of trouble and may God bless you for your continued support of survivors all over the world. I love you.

LYNN MOSS-SHARMON — Who had the spiritual courage, fortitude and determination to found Stone Angels to support mind control victims in Canada, and then ACHES-MC (ADVOCACY COMMITTEE FOR HUMAN EXPERIMENTATION SURVIVORS-MIND CONTROL). Your work is crucial, as you've documented the reality of mind control experimentation through the chronicling of countless victims' testimony. May the Great Spirit richly reward you for your beautiful spiritual purity and faith … and your work here!

BOBBI GAGNE — May the love and compassion you have shown for countless survivors return to you multiplied. Thank you for educating many in the field of law enforcement so they may now help victims who are still suffering. Thank you for doing what Christ would do! I love you!

ALICE MILLER — The example you showed me through your books was priceless. Through them I was to learn that by trusting my own experience, especially those that I had as a child, that I might transcend what is currently known in order to more fully advocate for children.

STUART PERLMAN, PHD — Thanks for telling me the truth was within, when others told me to forget the past and live in the present. You were right! Thank you for listening for hours to the horror of my past. I know it was very difficult for you to hear. God Bless You!

CLAIRE REEVES — President, Mothers Against Sexual Abuse (MASA)-Thank you for holding the shield of protection for children and for being there for and with me, even

in court, when I began exposing my affluent abusers back in 1992! I know it has been difficult at times and that you have had to withstand much opposition, but just know that many have been helped because of the work you have done! God Bless You.

MARGARET — My sister in Christ. Thank you for being my trusted secretary, best friend, and support team through the rough times. I thank Jesus for guiding you into my life so that together we could fulfill His plan for freeing His children, large and small! May God bless and keep you all the days of your life. You are so precious to me.

MARY LEWIS — For constantly doing what Jesus would do. Without funds, outward direction, or much support you have single-handedly done a miraculous job in helping endless victims of mind control break free and heal. May God bless and keep you safe as you continue His work!

LOWELL LEWIS — For bringing humor and love to your work in supporting Mary and the many victims that the two of you have worked with and loved over the years. Thanks for sharing your Bible with me.

STUART MERLOT — Thank you for your continued support of me (especially with the editing) and your awesome devotion toward exposing and ending the inner workings of the New World Order and of the mind control that fuels it. Thank you for not stopping, even when it seemed hopeless. May your selflessness and dedication be richly rewarded by God.

JUDITH — Thanks for your loving support and help in the initial typesetting.

DORIS — My loving prayer partner. Thank you for your continued prayers for my family's release. I love you.

TERRY — Thank you for your loving support through the intense birthing of this book.

LAURENCE — Thank you for teaching me how to rest and for being my friend.

ELIZABETH — Thank you for being the beautiful light of compassion and love, and for crying when you first heard me speak about my life. Thanks for being with Kelly while I studied the brainwave technology that enabled me to help her at home and for encouraging me to keep learning, when I felt I couldn't do it! Your constant prayers have been an incredible upliftment! God Bless You.

CHIP TATUM — Thank you for heroically sharing your first hand witness of CIA mind control, even validating it on video with me! I'm sorry you had to go to prison for telling the truth, but I'm so

grateful that now you are free! God Bless you and your wife in your new life.

ALL THOSE THAT WENT BEFORE — I want to thank all those courageous souls who gave their lives in the service of ending this abuse.

JESUS — The love of my life, my Lord and Savior. Thank You for Your leading. Thank you for bringing the Holy Spirit to lead and guide me through the danger to make this contribution. It is because of You that I survived through this life and healed in order to bring the truth to light. Continue to work in me to create my mind to be more like Yours!

A NOTE TO RITUAL ABUSE SURVIVORS AND/OR THOSE UNDER MIND CONTROL, WHETHER CONSCIOUS AND IN RECOVERY OR STILL UNCONSCIOUS AND UNAWARE

Certain material contained within these pages may illustrate the precepts of mind control. Nothing in this book should create any problems in the internal structure of those who have Dissociative Identity Disorder (formerly called Multiple Personality Disorder), or those currently under mind control; however, some survivors report difficulty in reading anything which relates to their current perception of their victimization. Readers who know or suspect they are incest, ritual abuse, or mind control survivors and are in therapy would do well to consult with God before reading this book.

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Foreward by Walter Bowart

Thanks for the Memmemmormee!?[1]

More than 25 years have passed since I began research into what was then called "brainwashing," a comically euphemistic term invented in the 1950's by CIA propaganda specialist Edward Hunter. It's been 21 years since my book on the subject Operation Mind Control was published internationally, and five years since it reappeared as the greatly expanded Limited Researcher's Edition, featuring an account of «Lois» that offers a synopsis of the book you hold in your hands. Now it can be told. «Lois» is Susan Ford, whose pseudonym is Brice Taylor. Her book Thanks for the Memories, which, by all reports is greatly anticipated by an audience better educated than the one I encountered in the 1970's, is now published for all the world to read.

I wrote my book Operation Mind Control while living in Arizona, still 'a backward state, dominated by Federal funds and jobs, and the dissociated and extremely provincial beliefs that come with it. In the 70's most of the people I spoke with about what I called, generically, "mind control" thought I was crazy. Those who were not afraid to express their opinions on the subject believed it to be impossible. They strongly believed they could not be made to do something against their will and without their own knowledge. They believed they had indomitable powers of will, like the CIA funded psychologist, Timothy Leary's fellow debater and Watergate burglar, G. Gordon Liddy. They believed, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that they could not be broken, fragmented, and mentally enslaved by any technology, even if it included hypnosis, drugs, electronic brain stimulation or what came to be called biological process control.

My interest in this subject was piqued by a young man, David, I had known all my life. He returned from a four-year tour with the United States Air Force in a confused and deeply tormented state. You could not say that he had a destroyed mind. He suffered from complete amnesia about the past years of service in the USAF, but he was making straight "A's" in premedical courses at a prominent University.

I did not recognize him as he sat, slumped in an overstuffed chair in my living room in 1973. He had undergone a couple of years of treatment with a competent psychiatrist and was finally asked by her, "Do you want to know what this is and how it was created, or do you just want to be able to function?" He decided the functioning was good enough, and his treatment accelerated, taking a wide turn away from the historical events he remembered, which included being a "human tape recorder" and witnessing the most secret negotiations with North Vietnam and with «Royals» of the Arabic persuasion who beheaded a prisoner he had just witnessed being interrogated. The image of this

decapitation still haunts him in his dreams.

In 1973 the Rockefeller Commission's Report revealed that CIA Director Richard Helms had supposedly destroyed 153 separate files on a long running, top secret project called MKULTRA, as his last act in office. In years to come many of those files were discovered as «misplaced» files. They revealed a long history of criminal activities by individuals who hid behind the National Security Act and ran amok, arrogantly treating citizens of their own country as just so many lab rats.

"I can hypnotize a man — without his knowledge or consent — into committing treason against the United States…" — Dr. George Estabrooks, 1943.

This Canadian-born Rhodes Scholar was a hypnosis expert and former Professor at Colgate University with long-standing ties to U.S. military and domestic intelligence, and to Martin Orne, MD, a master "spy-chiatrist," author of Patty Hearst's «brainwashing» defense, and founding Board member of the False Memory «Spindrome» Foundation.

As I was researching The Rockefeller Commission's Report, following anecdotal evidence, putting the pieces together, then writing what turned out to be Operation Mind Control, I felt like the villagers in this Sufi tale:

An elephant had entered a cave near a town in Morrocco and had bellowed all night, keeping the whole village awake. Nobody in the town had seen an elephant, nor did anyone know what an elephant looked like.

The villagers held a meeting and four brave people among them volunteered to go into the cave to investigate what was making the strange bellowings.

The first one felt the elephant's trunk and came running out to report a large python was making the noise they heard

The second one felt afoot and came out to report that a palm tree was making the noise. The third one felt the elephant's tail and came out to report that a broom, obviously controlled by a witch, was making the noise.

The fourth villager felt the elephant's ear and came out to report that there was nothing to fear because a large leaf from a tropical plant was making the noise.

Once they understood there was nothing to fear, the villagers went to sleep that night and didn't hear the elephant snorting and bellowing as he left the cave. Nor did they mention it again.

In those days, shrinks (psychiatrists and psychologists) told me that what I was reporting were the results of a disease called "schizophrenia." The word meant fragmented personality, but in time, schizophrenia turned out to be a familial disease which could be treated and controlled with medication. The stories I was reporting took several years to understand. I eventually discovered that what I was reporting was the real cause of the cryptocracy's trained elephant in the particular cave next to our hometown.

I cannot tell you the experiences Sue Ford reports are accurate to the letter, since I was not a witness to all of them. But, as I revealed in Operation Mind Control (1994), I once saw Sue on a Palm Springs golf course in the company of her alleged handler, Bob Hope. At that time I was Editor-in-Chief of Palm Springs Life magazine, which had just won the «Maggie» Award for publishing the best city magazine. It was at the Bob Hope Classic that I saw Sue, but I didn't speak to her, as I was busy covering the happenings and celebrities, which have graced the magazine since the 1950's. Sue was one of the Bob Hope Classic hostesses, assisting the public and the press in a variety of functions.

My path crossed Sue's again years later when I was interviewing another survivor of mind control, but I'll spare you those details. Just read my book. I can tell you that Sue Ford believes the story she has written with all her being, and her account as described herein has remained consistent.

Most of her memories, conveyed in her book, she obtained outside of the therapy setting on the Island of Kauai, while journaling on the beach, since she could not afford a therapist at that time. The perceived safety of the location and the steady sound of the waves in the background provided her with the ability to focus inward, allowing intense flashbacks to recur, including intense memory of her physical sensations during those events (called body memories), all of which she was able to write down in her journals. Sue's journals are amazingly free of mistakes, and that's no small feat since they were written in indelible ink. One gets the impression that Sue simply 'downloaded' this material from her inner 'multiple personalities, who were desperately wanting to get this information out.

Offering up these truths in these post-False Memory «Spindrome» Foundation days takes courage. The well-funded "foundation," composed of alleged pedophiles and spy-chiatrists, my term

for professionals who worked for the CIA in mind control projects over a period of approximately fifty years, has led an effective fight in the courts to establish the fact that a person can easily be made to believe things which are not true. When I asked many of those who would later sit on the FMSF Board, if a person could be made to do something against their will and without their knowledge, they denied that it was possible in the mid-seventies.

They have not yet turned their earlier stance completely around. Nor have they taken the next step to offer proof that a person can be made to do something against their will and without their knowledge, but they have gone far enough with their argument that "justice is no longer served by 'eyewitness' accounts." Responding to FMSF lawsuits, the State of California, I'm told, has made new laws, which would disqualify the testimony of anyone who has ever confessed to having been hypnotized.

Most lawyers and judges don't understand dissociative disorders because most "mental health professionals" don't understand them, and/or haven't bothered to educate the judicial branch of government. To begin to understand the full range of dissociative disorders, from Post-traumatic Stress Disorder to Bipolar Disorder to the former Multiple Personality Disorder (now called Dissociative Identity Disorder), one must confront the National Security State and its military/industrial complex, which created the killers who all too often came home from their service to their country to beat and sexually abuse their wives and children.

One gets the impression today that the majority of both "mental health experts" and judges believe that Multiple Personality Disorder can easily be faked during expert examinations. However, most professionals with experience treating DID will tell you that it is almost impossible to fake an autonomic response, the kind of response that is used to assess the reality of a dissociated state. Faking an autonomic response would be about as easy as deliberately dilating or contracting your pupils without any change of light stimulus.

On one case the Freedom of Thought Foundation sent me to investigate, the case of Robert Joe Moody, an alleged serial killer with a Top Secret security clearance in the USMC, I brought one of the leading experts in the treatment of DID into the prison conference room. Within minutes this doctor had the killer manifesting four different personalities. When he first switched into the killer personality the room filled with heat. The doctor told me it was not unusual for a whole variety of physical changes to occur when a multiple switched. The room quickly getting hot from the temperature change of Moody's body when he switched from one personality to the other is a good example of the sort of autonomic response I'm talking about. I'd like to see even the best-trained actor do that on cue!

After the interview with Moody, as we were leaving the prison, the doctor said to me, "Well, what do you want to do? Integrate these personalities, or just let the little nine-year-old personality take the punishment (death by lethal injection) for all the others, just like he has always been doing."

In the only study of death row inmates in America, roughly 14 % tested as being undiagnosed cases of DID. Only a few prisons were used in this study. It focused only on convicted murderers and did not investigate violent criminals who were convicted of assault or crimes less than murder. Other noncapital offenders were omitted. This study clearly showed the ignorance, or prejudice, of the American judicial system, one in which the diagnosis «malingering» is given to people suffering from DID. Malingering is a psychiatric term that means the subject is faking an illness. The poorly trained psychologists and psychiatrists working as court appointed "expert witnesses" don't know how to test nor diagnose Dissociative Disorders.

The most tragic moment of Moody's story, for most, is when they view the police videotape of the accused killer being read the Miranda Warnings. Here, clearly, is the nine-year-old personality, "Bobby," picking at a scab on his hand, speaking in a halting voice, not understanding who he was, due to Amnestic Fugue, nor what the words in the Miranda Warnings meant. It was the only time the accused was read his rights. And as you might expect, Bobby wasn't the killer, nor was he even «present» at the scene of the crime. The killer personality was named XE and was, by all present indications, created during Moody's service in the Marine Corps.

"Mental health professionals" generally overlook the possibility of deliberate programming. Or maybe that's part of the conspiracy against freedom of thought. Many shrinks are themselves unwitting accomplices in this conspiracy. Professional expressions of denial about the access and deliberate programming of dissociated children by agents of National Security States is about as comforting as if they'd told you that the conclusions of the Warren Commission Report were accurate

and correct. Even certain members of The International Society for the Study of Dissociative Disorders has put DID in a separate legal category, so that, people expressing multiple personalities cannot be found "not guilty by reason of insanity."

Dr. Colin Ross, one of the leading experts on Dissociative Disorders, expressed the opinion that DID may be the cause of most of the serious problems of our society, such as gangsterism, drive-by shootings, schoolyard assassinations, random acts of terrorism and all the rest of the trauma America has been experiencing over the past few years-an idea not yet examined by criminologists, prison experts, and others who would supposedly protect and serve.

To understand dissociation is to understand the paradigm shift in our culture-from an industrial culture to an information culture. To understand it is to look into the heart of the Dissociated States of America and the Dissociated States of Europe and the Orient.

The seeds of dissociation have been sown throughout history, from our earliest recorded days until the present. You can find evidence of it in the first terrors of the cavemen, in the shamanic practices of most primitive cultures, to the present co-option of severely dissociated people found among the ranks of modem military recruits. A cross section of our society finds its way into military service, and a representational number of them suffer from Dissociative Disorders. These form a fertile pool for recruitment of programmed personnel.

After you've met a few of them, you realize they have one thing is common-they are highly suggestible. Thus it is easy to capitalize on the trauma implanted in their child's mind by daddy, uncle, a neighbor or whomever. Once dissociation shows up in the military "entrance tests," they are sorted out for programming. From their ranks are created autonomic assassins, amnestic couriers, and Mata Hari sexpionage agents who've given their involuntary all with no consent form requested.

Who would do such a thing you ask? Read on. Learn about the cryptocracy that has been gradually amassing its power over the human mind since the days when the swastika was forced underground, and its armbands torn from the sleeves, but its legacy was not removed from the hearts and minds of those welcomed to America under Project Paperclip, when Nazi war criminals, posing as scientists, were flown from the front, hidden among those who had spilled their blood fighting fascism.

The value of programming to the cryptocrats is understood when you realize its usefulness in harnessing a slave labor force and covering up crimes. More than one forensic psychiatrist has told me that our criminal justice systems are not prepared to deal with these cases. And it's been that way for quite some time. The litigious actions of the False Memory «Spindrome» Foundation have done further damage to justice by successfully obfuscating the realities of Dissociative Disorders and by blaming its cause on the treatments of incompetent "mental health professionals."

Whether a victim of DID, trained and conditioned and honed for govemment use, claims they have been raised in a Satanic Cult, or a Secret Society, or been abducted by aliens matters not at all. For eons of time, throughout the entire history of mankind (as far as we know) war and trauma have created this evil, which is multi-generational, passed down the family tree from parent to child in an unbroken chain. The flavor of the torture matters not-it is none the less torture. The style of programming matters not-it is none the less programming. Usually the women are tumed into slaves of one kind or another; the men are turned into killers or handlers. Regardless of the content of their story, the professional can only take it at face value, support the client, use it as a metaphor if nothing else, and try one technique after another until they get the results they are seeking, reintegration and eventual recovery.

After spending the past five years studying programmed killers, it is refreshing to turn once again to Sue Ford's case. Most of us cannot keep from wincing at her vivid descriptions in certain parts. Others similarly victimized have experienced tortures so terrible (literally unspeakable) that they might think Sue had a «privileged» time of it. Though, Sue was used at a very "high level" in such ways that required her physical preservation. Many survivors, it would appear, are generally too incapacitated to write their own story and too destitute or crippled to achieve sufficient recovery.

Sue's story, truly a spy-chiatrist's "nightmare come true," is like a fascinating, multifaceted gemstone washed up on a white, sandy Hawaiian beach after having battled typhoons, rip tides and the treacherous forces of man and nature. It is the story of a survivor who truly has emerged as a 'Victor' against all odds.

We must salute Sue. She has preceded the therapeutic community's understanding of dissociation and reintegration in the context of mind control. She's been a teacher as well as a patient,

and has inspired many of those who are leading the way toward real healing, not just a drugging of symptoms as is too commonly found to be the "mental health" cure for MPD/DID. Through her valiant recovery from trauma-based mind control, Sue has paved the way for other survivors to follow.

Let's join her in shining the light on the path for those survivors who are ready, willing and able to stand and be counted. Their liberation will be ours-all of us!

To your own Free Thinking!

W.H. Bowart

Director Freedom of Thought Foundation

Historical Overview: Mind Control in the Modern Context

'Mind control' is a rather vague and nebulous term used to label methods of extreme coercion that result in an individual's involuntary, robotic compliance. In order for the reader to fully understand the account presented in this book, it is essential to gain some background knowledge about the history of mind control.

There was a Special Report (article) that appeared in the US. News & World Report (January 24, 1994) entitled "The Cold War Experiments," which provides one with an introductory and conventionally accepted perspective on the subject of mind control.

The article begins, stating the widely held view that "…U.S. government scientists, spurred on by reports that American prisoners of war were being brainwashed in North Korea, were proposing an urgent, top-secret research program on behavior modification. Drugs, hypnosis, electroshock, lobotomy — all were to be studied as part of a vast U.S. effort to close the mind-control gap."

At the time this article appeared, congressional inquiries were being held to examine new disclosures about government experiments that had intentionally exposed American citizens to radiation. The article continues, "But the radiation experiments are only one facet of a vast cold war research program that used thousands of Americans as guinea pigs." And, "From the end of World War II well into the 1970's, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Defense Department, the military services, the CIA and other agencies used prisoners, drug addicts, mental patients, college students, soldiers, even bar patrons, in a vast range of government-run experiments to test the effects of everything from radiation, LSD and nerve gas to intense electric shocks and prolonged "sensory deprivation." Note the portrayal of this activity as a «vast» governmental effort.

The article also illustrates the recent congressional concern: "'It's not just radiation we're talking about, says Democratic Sen. John Glenn of Ohio, a former Marine and astronaut who is holding hearings on the subject this week. 'Any place government experimenting caused a problem we should make every effort to notify the people and follow up. We ought to set up some sort of review and compensation for people who were really hurt'." Years later, on January 22, 1997, Sen. Glenn introduced before Congress the Human Research Subject Protections Act of 1997. It was referred to the Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources, chaired by Sen. Arlen Spector (author of the Warren Commission's 'single bullet theory'), and never made it out. With the many bare-brained pieces of legislation that make it to the Senate floor, you would think that one which attempts to safeguard human subjects of experimentation would be a 'no-brainer, but apparently it is not with this Congress.

Parallel with this activity, President Clinton published an Administrative Order known as Memorandum of March 27, 1997 entitled "Strengthened Protections for Human Subjects of Classified Research" (see appendix), which attempted to implement the recommendations of the Advisory Committee on Human Radiation Experiments, which he established in January 1994. To date, these well-intended efforts have had little or no impact.

Last year (April 15, 1998), Harlan Girard, on behalf of the International Committee for the Convention Against Offensive Microwave Weapons, brought suit against the Federal government for its non-compliance in carrying out President Clinton's Administrative Order. This case is still in the process of working its way through the Federal courts. The U.S. News & World Report article concludes with the following paragraph:

"Another former CIA official, Sidney Gottlieb, who directed the MKULTRA behavior-control

program almost from its inception, refused to discuss his work when US. News reporter visited him last week at his home. He said the CIA was only trying to encourage basic work in behavior science. But he added that after his retirement in 1973, he went back to school, practiced for 19 years as a speech pathologist and now works with AIDS and cancer patients at a hospice. He said he has devoted the years since he left the CIA 'trying to get on the side of the angels instead of the devils'."

Gottlieb's praiseworthy activities since 1973 speak to the seriousness of what he had participated in prior to that date, under Project MKULTRA. He was one individual who at least tried to do something to 'save his soul, which is more than one can say for the host of others who were similarly involved. Gottlieb passed away earlier in 1999, just in time to miss all the 'fireworks.

The following article, "Project Monarch: Nazi Mind Control" by Ron Patton, provides an excellent historical overview on mind control in its many different aspects and is reprinted here almost in its entirety. The article appeared in the trend-setting, alternative press magazine Paranoia: The Conspiracy Reader in the Fall 1996 issue. This magazine, one of several 'iconoclasts, has published a number of such informative articles on related subjects and, to date, appears to be the leading source for news and information about mind control.

Note: The actual name of a classified project known to many as 'Monarch' is yet to be officially confirmed, therefore, the reader is advised to substitute the phrase "trauma-based mind control" for the author's usage of the code name "MONARCH."

PROJECT MONARCH: NAZI MIND CONTROL
by Ron Patton

Amidst the subtle cerebral circumvention of the gullible populace, through a multitude of manipulated mediums, lies one of the most diabolical atrocities perpetrated upon a segment of the human race: a form of systematic mind control which has permeated every aspect of society for almost fifty years.

To objectively ascertain the following, one may need to re-examine preconceived ideologies relating to the dualistic nature of mankind. Resolving the philosophical question of whether we are inherently good or inherently evil is tantamount in shaping our perception of reality; specifically, the spiritual variable within the equation of life.

This exposition is substantiated by declassified U.S. Government documents, individuals formerly connected to the U.S. intelligence communities, historical researchers knowledgeable in mind control, publications from mental health practitioners, and interviews taken from survivors unwittingly subjected to a highly complex form of trauma-based mind control known as MONARCH programming.

A word of caution for survivors of intensively systematic mind control and/or some form of ritualized abuse: There are numerous «triggers» in this article. It is therefore recommended not to read it unless appropriate support systems are in place or if you have a thoroughly reintegrated personality.

A Brief History of Control

The Mystery Religions of ancient Egypt, Greece, India and Babylon helped lay the foundation for occultism, meaning "hidden knowledge." One of the earliest writings giving reference to occultism is the Egyptian Book of the Dead, a compilation of rituals explicitly describing methods of torture and intimidation (to create trauma), the use of potions (drugs) and the casting of spells (hypnotism), ultimately resulting in the total enslavement of the initiate.[1] These have been the main ingredients for a part of occultism known as Satanism, throughout the ages.

During the 13th Century, the Roman Catholic Church increased and solidified its dominion throughout Europe with the infamous Inquisition. Satanism survived this period of persecution, deeply entrenching itself under the veil of various esoteric groups.

In 1776, a Bavarian Jesuit by the name of Adam Weishaupt was commissioned by the House of Rothschild to centralize the power base of the Mystery Religions into what is commonly known as the Illuminati, meaning "Enlightened Ones." This was an amalgamation of powerful occultic bloodlines, elite secret societies and influential Masonic fraternities, with the desire to construct the framework for a "New World Order." The outward goal of this Utopia was to bring forth universal happiness to the

human race. However, their underlying intention was to gradually increase control over the masses, thus becoming masters of the planet.

The Anglo Alliance

By the 19th century, Great Britain and Germany were recognized as the primary geographic areas of Illuminati control. It then should be of little surprise to know the first work in Behavioral Science research was established in England in 1882, while much of the early medical and psychiatric techniques involved in mind control were pioneered at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Germany.

The Tavistock Institute of Human Relations was set up in London in 1921 to study the "breaking point" of humans. Kurt Lewin, a German psychologist, became the director of the Tavistock Institute in 1932, about the same time Nazi Germany was increasing its research into neuropsychology, parapsychology and multi-generational occultism. Interestingly, a progressive exchange of scientific ideas was taking place between England and Germany, most notably in the field of eugenics: the movement devoted to «improving» the human species through the control of hereditary factors in mating. The nefariously enigmatic union between the two countries was bonded, partly through the Order of the Golden Dawn, a secret society, which consisted of many high ranking officials in the Nazi party and British aristocracy. Top SS Nazi officer, Heinrich Himmler, was in charge of a scientific project called Lebensborn, which included selective breeding and adoption of children, a peculiarly large number of twins among them.[2] The purpose of the program was to create a super-race (Aryans) who would have total allegiance to the cause of the Third Reich (New Order). Much of the preliminary experimentation concerning genetic engineering and behavior modification was conducted by Dr. Josef Mengele at Aushwitz, where he coldly analyzed the effects of trauma-bonding, eye-coloring and «twinning» upon his victims.

Besides the insidious surgical experimentation performed at the concentration camp, some of the children were subjected to massive amounts of electroshock. Sadly, many of them did not survive the brutality. Concurrently, «brain-washing» was carried out on inmates at Dachau, who were placed under hypnosis and given the hallucinogenic drug mescaline. During the war, parallel behavioral research was led by Dr. George Estabrooks of Colgate University. His involvement with the Army, CID, FBI and other agencies remains shrouded in secrecy. However, Estabrooks would occasionally «slip» and discuss his work involving the creation of hypno-programmed couriers and hypnotically-induced split personalities.[3]

After WWII, the U.S. Department of Defense secretly imported many of the top German Nazi and Italian Fascist scientists and spies into the United States via South America and the Vatican. The code name for this operation was Project PAPERCLIP.[4] One of the more prominent finds for the U.S. was German General Reinhard Gehlen, Hitler's Chief of Intelligence against Russia. Upon arriving in Washington, DC in 1945, Gehlen met extensively with President Truman, General William "Wild Bill" Donovan, Director of the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) and Allen Dulles, who would later become the stalwart head of the CIA. The objective of their brainstorming sessions was to reorganize the nominal American intelligence operation, transforming it into a highly efficient covert organization. The culmination of their efforts produced the Central Intelligence Group in 1946, renamed the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) in 1947.

Reinhard Gehlen also had profound influence in helping to create the National Security Council, from which the National Security Act of 1947 was derived. This particular piece of legislation was implemented to protect an unconscionable number of illegal government activities, including clandestine mind control programs.

Evolution of Project MKULTRA

With the CIA and National Security Council firmly established, the first in a series of covert brainwashing programs was initiated by the Navy in the fall of 1947. Project CHATTER was developed in response to the Soviet's «successes» through the use of "truth drugs." This rationale, however, was simply a cover story if the program were to be exposed. The research focused on the identification and testing of such drugs for use in interrogations and the recruitment of agents.[5] The project was officially terminated in 1953.

The CIA decided to expand their efforts in the area of behavior modification, with the advent of

Project BLUEBIRD, approved by Director Allen Dulles in 1950. Its objectives were to: (1) discover a means of conditioning personnel to prevent unauthorized extraction of information from them by known means, (2) investigate the possibility of control of an individual by application of special interrogation techniques, (3) investigate memory enhancement and (4) establish defensive means for preventing hostile control of agency personnel. In August 1951, Project BLUEBIRD was renamed Project ARTICHOKE, which evaluated offensive uses of interrogation techniques, including hypnosis and drugs. The program ceased in 1956. Three years prior to the halt of Project ARTICHOKE, Project MKULTRA came into existence on April 13, 1953 along the lines proposed by Richard Helms, Deputy Director of Central Intelligence CDCI with the rationale of establishing a "special funding mechanism of extreme sensitivity."[6]

The hypothetical etymology of «MK» may possibly stand for "Mind Kontrolle." The obvious postwar translation of the German word, «Kontrolle» into English is "control."[7] A host of German doctors, procured from the Nazi talent pool, were an invaluable asset toward the development of MKULTRA. The correlation between the concentration camp experiments and the numerous sub-projects of MKULTRA are clearly evident. The various avenues used to control human behavior under MKULTRA included radiation, electroshock, psychology, psychiatry, sociology, anthropology, graphology, harassment substances and paramilitary devices and materials (LSD being the most widely dispensed "material"). A special procedure, designated MKDELTA, was established to govern the use of MKULTRA abroad. MKULTRA / MKDELTA materials were used for harassment, discrediting or disabling purposes.[8]

Of the 149 subprojects under the umbrella of MKULTRA having been identified, Project MONARCH officially began by the U.S. Army in the early 1960's (although unofficially implemented much earlier) appears to be the most prominent and is still classified as TOP SECRET for "National Security" reasons.[9] MONARCH may have culminated from MKSEARCH subprojects, such as operation SPELLBINDER, which was set up to create «sleeper» assassins (i.e. "Manchurian Candidates") who could be activated upon receiving a key word or phrase while in a post-hypnotic trance. Operation OFTEN, a study which attempted to harness the power of occultic forces, was possibly one of several cover programs to hide the insidious reality of Project MONARCH.

Definition and Description

The name MONARCH is not necessarily defined within the context of royal nobility, but rather refers to the Monarch butterfly. When a person is undergoing trauma induced by electroshock, a feeling of light-headedness is evidenced; as if one is floating or fluttering like a butterfly. There is also a symbolic representation pertaining to the transformation or metamorphosis of this beautiful insect: from a caterpillar to a cocoon (dormancy; inactivity), to a butterfly (new creation) which will return to its point of origin. Such is the migratory pattern that makes this species unique.

Occultic symbolism may give additional insight into the true meaning. Psyche is the word for both «soul» and "butterfly," coming from the belief that human souls become butterflies while searching for a new reincarnation.[10]

Some ancient mystical groups, such as the Gnostics, saw the butterfly as a symbol of corrupt flesh. The "Angel of Death" (remember Mengele?) in Gnostic art works was portrayed crushing the butterfly.[11] A marionette is a puppet that is attached to strings and is controlled by the puppet master, hence MONARCH programming is also referred to as the "Marionette Syndrome." "Imperial Conditioning" is another term used, while some mental health therapists know it as "Conditioned Stimulus-Response Sequences."

Project MONARCH could be best described as a form of trauma-structured dissociation and occultic integration in order to compartmentalize the mind into multiple personalities within a systematic framework. During the process, a Satanic ritual, usually including Cabalistic mysticism, is performed with the purpose of attaching a particular demon or group of demons to the corresponding alter(s). Of course, most [people] would view this as simply a means to enhance trauma within the victim negating irrational belief that demonic possession actually occurs.

Alters and Triggers

Another way of examining this convoluted victimization of body and soul is by looking at it as a

complex computer program: A file (alter) is created through trauma, repetition and reinforcement. In order to activate (trigger) the file, a specific access code or password (cue or command) is required. The victim survivor is called a «slave» by the programmer/handler, who in turn is perceived as «master» or "god." About 75 % are female, since they possess a higher tolerance for pain and tend to dissociate easier than males. Subjects are used mainly for covert operations, prostitution and pornography; involvement in the entertainment industry is notable.

A former military officer connected to the DIA told this writer, "In the 'big picture' these people [MONARCH victims] are in all walks of life, from the bum on the street to the white-collar guy." In corroboration, a retired CIA agent vaguely discussed the use of such personnel to be used as «plants» or «chameleons» for the purpose of infiltrating a designated group, gathering information and/or injecting an ulterior agenda.

There are an inordinate amount of alters in the victim/survivor, with numerous back-up programs, mirrors and shadows. A division of light-side (good) and dark-side (bad) alters are interwoven in the mind and rotate on an axis. One of the main internal structures, (of which there are many) within the system is shaped like a double-helix, consisting of seven levels. Each system has an internal programmer who oversees the «gatekeepers» (demons?) who grant or deny entry into the different rooms. A few of the internal images predominately seen by victims/survivors are trees, the Cabalistic "Tree of Life," with adjoining root systems, infinity loops, ancient symbols and letters, spider webs, mirrors or glass shattering, masks, castles, mazes, demons/monsters/aliens, sea shells, butterflies, snakes, ribbons, bows, flowers, hour glasses, clocks, robots, chain-of-command diagrams and/or schematics of computer circuitry boards.

Bloodlines and Twinning

A majority of the victims/survivors come from multi-generational Satanic families (bloodlines) and are ostensibly programmed "to fulfill their destiny as the chosen ones or chosen generations" (a term coined by Mengele at Auschwitz). Some are adopted out to families of similar origin. Others used in this neurological nightmare are deemed as the "expendable ones" (non-bloodliners), usually coming from orphanages, foster-care homes, or incestuous families with a long history of pedophilia. There also appears to be a pattern of family members affiliated with government or military intelligence agencies.

Many of the abused come from families who use Catholicism, Mormonism, or charismatic Christianity as a «front» for their abominable activities (though members of other religious groups are also involved.) Victims/survivors generally respond more readily to a rigid religious (dogmatic, legalistic) hierarchical structure because it parallels their base programming. Authority usually goes unchallenged, as their will has been usurped through subjective and command-oriented conditioning.

Physical identification characteristics on victims/survivors often include multiple electrical prod scars and/or resultant moles on their skin. A few may have had various parts of their bodies mutilated by knives, branding irons, or needles. Butterfly or occult tattoos are also common. Generally, bloodliners are less likely to have the subsequent markings, as their skin is to "remain pure and unblemished."

The ultimate purpose of the sophisticated manipulation of these individuals may sound unrealistic, depending upon our interpretive understanding of the physical and spiritual realms. The deepest and darkest alters within bloodliners are purported to be dormant until the «AntiChrist» is revealed. These "New World Order" alters supposedly contain call-back orders and instructions to train and/or initiate a large influx of people (possibly clones or "soulless ones"). thereby stimulating social control programs into the new millennium.

Non-biological «twinning» is yet another bizarre feature observed within MONARCH programming. For instance, two young non-related children would be ceremoniously initiated in a magical «soul-bonding» ritual so they might be "inseparably paired for eternity" (possibly another Mengele connection?). They essentially share two halves of the programmed information, making them interdependent upon one another. Paranormal phenomenon such as astral projection, telepathy, ESP, etc. appear to be more pronounced between those who have undergone this process.

Levels of MONARCH Programming[12]

ALPHA. Regarded as «general» or regular programming within the base control personality; characterized by extremely pronounced memory retention, along with substantially increased physical strength and visual acuity. Alpha programming is accomplished through deliberately subdividing the victim's personality which, in essence, causes a left brain — right brain division; allowing for a programmed union of L and R through neuron pathway stimulation.

BETA. Referred to as «sexual» programming. This programming eliminates all learned moral convictions and stimulates the primitive sexual instincts, devoid of inhibitions. «Cat» alters may come out at this level.

DELTA. This is known as «killer» programming, originally developed for training special agents or elite soldiers (i.e. Delta Force, First Earth Battalion, Mossad, etc.) in covert operations. Optimal adrenal output and controlled aggression is evident. Subjects are devoid of fear; very systematic in carrying out their assignment. Self-destruct or suicide instructions are layered in at this level.

THETA. Considered to be «psychic» programming. Bloodliners (those coming from multigenerational Satanic families) were determined to exhibit a greater propensity for having telepathic abilities than did non-bloodliners. Due to its evident limitations, however, various forms of electronic mind control systems were developed and introduced, namely, biomedical human telemetry devices (brain implants), directed-energy lasers using microwaves and/or electromagnetics. It is reported these are used in conjunction with highly-advanced computers and sophisticated satellite tracking systems.

OMEGA. A «self-destruct» form of programming, also known as "Code Green." The corresponding behaviors include suicidal tendencies and/or self-mutilation. This program is generally activated when the victim/survivor begins therapy or interrogation and too much memory is being recovered.

GAMMA. Another form of system protection is through «deception» programming, which elicits misinformation and misdirection. This level is intertwined with demonology and tends to regenerate itself at a later time if inappropriately deactivated.

Methods and Components

The initial process begins with creating dissociation within the subject, usually occurring from the time of birth to about six years. This is primarily achieved through the use of electroshock (ECT) and is at times performed even when the child is in the mother's womb. Due to the severe trauma induced through ECT, sexual abuse and other methods, the mind splits off into alternate personalities from the core. Formerly referred to as Multiple Personality Disorder, it is presently recognized as Dissociative Identity Disorder and is the basis for MONARCH programming. Further conditioning of the victim's mind is enhanced through hypnotism, double-bind coercion, pleasure-pain reversals, food, water, sleep and sensory deprivation, along with various drugs which alter certain cerebral functions.

The next stage is to embed and compress detailed commands or messages within the specified alter. This is achieved through the use of hi-tech headsets, in conjunction with computer-driven generators which emit inaudible sound waves or harmonics that affect the RNA covering of neuron pathways to the subconscious and unconscious mind. "Virtual Reality" optical devices are sometimes used simultaneously with the harmonic generators projecting pulsating colored lights, subliminals and split-screen visuals. High voltage electroshock is then used for memory dissolution.

Programming is updated periodically and reinforced through visual, auditory and written mediums. Some of the first programming themes included the Wizard of Oz and Alice and Wonderland, both heavily saturated with occultic symbolism. Many of the recent Disney movies and cartoons are used in a two-fold manner: desensitizing the majority of the population, using subliminals and neuro-linguistic programming, and deliberately constructing specific triggers and keys for base programming of highly-impressionable MONARCH children.

[paragraphs omitted in original]

Music plays an instrumental role in programming, through combinations of variable tones, rhythms and words. Frightmeister Stephen King's numerous novels and subsequent movies, are purported by credible sources to be used for such villainous purposes. One of his latest books, Insomnia, features a picture of King with the trigger phrase "WE NEVER SLEEP," (indicative of someone with MPD/ DID) below an all-seeing eye.

[paragraphs omitted in original]

[Recent informative mind control related movies: Total Recall; Brainstorm; Long Kiss Goodnight; Johnny Mnemonic; Conspiracy Theory; Mindfield; 12 Monkeys; Barbwire; Fortress; Trancers III; Jacob's Ladder; Videodrome; Circuitry Man; Lawnmower Man; Color of Night; Blade; Enemy of the State; Adventures of Baron Von Munchhausen; and Ninth Configuration. Older movies include: Altered States; Slepford Wives; and the classic Manchurian Candidate.]

Programmers and Places

It's difficult to figure out who the original programmer of this satanic project was, due to the substantial amount of disinformation and cross-contamination propagated by the "powers that be." The two that went by the color-coded name of Dr. Green are a Jewish doctor named Dr. Gruenbaum, who supposedly collaborated with the Nazis during WWII, and Dr. Josef Mengele, whose trademark of coldblooded and calculating brutality has not only scarred the souls of survivors from Aushwitz, but also a countless number of victims throughout the world. Mengele's direct involvement at the infamous Aushwitz concentration camp was suspiciously downplayed during the Nuremberg Trials, and consequently no intensified effort by the U.S. and its allies was directed toward his capture.[13]

As a means to confuse serious investigators as to his whereabouts, U.S. officials would report Mengele being a non-threatening recluse in Paraguay or Brazil, or that he was simply dead (the "Angel of Death" miraculously must have come back to life at least five different times). His unprecedented research, at the expense of thousands of lives, undoubtedly was a significant bonus to U.S. interests. Besides using the pseudonym of Dr. Green, survivors knew him as Vaterchen (daddy), Schoner Josef (beautiful Joseph), David and Fairchild. A gracefully handsome man of slight stature, Mengele would disarm people with his gentle demeanor, while at other times, he would explode into violent rages. [14]

Other characteristics remembered by survivors were the cadence of his shiny black boots as he paced back and forth and his "I-love-you/I-love-you-not" daisy game. When he pulled off the last daisy petal, he would maliciously torture and kill a small child in front of the other child he was programming. Distraught survivors also recalled being thrown naked into cages with monkeys, who were trained to viciously abuse them. Evidently, Mengele enjoyed reducing people to the level of animals. He also would purposely restrain his victims from crying, screaming, or showing any excessive emotion.

Dr. D. Ewen Cameron, also known as Dr. White, was the former head of the Canadian, American and World Psychiatric Associations. Because of Cameron's extensive experience and credentials, the CIA's Allen Dulles funneled millions of dollars through front organizations like the Society for the Investigation of Human Ecology, which Cameron ruthlessly presided over. Experimentations were conducted at several locations in Montreal, mostly at McGill University, St. Mary's Hospital and Allan Memorial Institute.

Besides the conventional methods of psychiatric tyranny, such as electroshock, drug injections and lobotomies, Cameron conceived the technique of "psychic driving," wherein unsuspecting patients were kept in a drug-induced coma for several weeks and administered a regimen of electroshocks, while electronic helmets were strapped to their heads and repetitive auditory messages were transmitted at variable speeds.[15] Many of those exploited were abused children who had been run through the Roman Catholic orphanage system.

Not surprisingly, Dr. Cameron has been conveniently left out of most psychiatric journals. This may have been, in fact, largely due to Project MKULTRA being publicly exposed in 1970, through lawsuits filed by Canadian survivors and their families. The CIA and Canadian government settled out of court so as not to be required to officially admit to any wrongdoing.

A former U.S. Army Lt. Col. in the DIA's Psychological Warfare Division, Michael Aquino, is the latest in a line of alleged government-sponsored sadists. Aquino, an eccentric genius, founded the Temple of Set, an offshoot of Anton LaVey's Church of Satan. His obsession with Nazi pagan rituals and his hypnotic manipulation of people made him an ideal candidate for the position of "Master Programmer." Aquino was connected with the Presidio Army Base daycare scandal, in which he was accused of child molestation. Much to the dismay of the young victims' parents, all charges were dismissed. [sentence omitted]

Heinrich Mueller was another important programmer who went under the code names "Dr. Blue" or "Gog." He apparently has two sons who have carried on the trade. The original "Dr. Black" was

apparently Leo Wheeler, the nephew of deceased General Earle G. Wheeler, who was the commander of the Joint Chiefs of Staff during the Vietnam War. Wheeler's protege, E. Hummel, is active in the Northwest, along with W. Bowers (from the Rothschild-bloodline).

Other alleged master mind manipulators, past and present, are: Dr. Sydney Gottlieb, Lt. Col. John Alexander, Richard Dabney Anderson (USN), Dr. James Monroe, Dr. John Lilly, Lt. Comdr. Thomas Narut, Dr. William Jennings Bryan, Dr. Bernard L. Diamond, Dr. Martin Orne, Dr. Louis J. West, Dr. Robert J. Lifton, Dr. Harris Isbel and Col. Wilson Green.

In order to keep MKULTRA from being easily detected, the CIA segmented its subprojects into specialized fields of research and development at universities, prisons, private laboratories and hospitals. Of course, they were rewarded generously with government grants and miscellaneous funding. The names and locations of some of the major institutions involved in MONARCH programming experimentation were/are: Cornell, Duke, Princeton, UCLA, University of Rochester, MIT, Georgetown University Hospital, Maimonides Medical Center, St Elizabeth's Hospital (Washington, D.C.), Bell Laboratories, Stanford Research Institute, Westinghouse Friendship Laboratories, General Electric, ARCO and Manking Research Unlimited.

The "final product" was/is usually created on military installations and bases, where maximum security is required. Referred to as (re) programming centers or near-death trauma centers, the most heavily identified are: China Lake Naval Weapons Center, The Presidio, Ft. Dietrick, Ft. Campbell, Ft. Lewis, Ft. Hood, Redstone Arsenal, Offutt AFB, Patrick AFB, McClellan AFB, MacGill AFB, Kirkland AFB, Nellis AFB, Homestead AFB, Grissom AFB, Maxwell AFB and Tinker AFB. Other places recognized as major programming sites are Langley Research Center, Los Alamos National Laboratories, Tavistock Institute and areas in or by Mt. Shasta, CA, Lampe, MO and Las Vegas, NV.

Notable Names

One of the first documented cases of a MONARCH secret agent, was that of the voluptuous 1940's model, Candy Jones. The book, The Control of Candy Jones, (Playboy Press) portrays her 12 years of intrigue and suspense as a spy for the CIA. Jones, whose birthname is Jessica Wilcox, apparently fit the physiological profile as to be one of the initial experiments or human guinea pigs under the government's «scientific» project, MKULTRA.

The most publicized case of MONARCH monomania has surfaced through the book TRANCE Formation of America: The True Life Story of a CIA Slave by Cathy O'Brien. On the back cover it emphatically states, "Cathy O'Brien is the only vocal and recovered survivor of the Central Intelligence Agency's Mk-Ultra Project Monarch mind control operation." This documented autobiography contains compelling accounts of O'Brien's years of unrelenting incest and eventual introduction into Project MONARCH by her perverted father. Along with co-author Mark Phillips, her rescuer and deprogrammer, Cathy covers an almost unbelievable array of conspiratorial crime: forced prostitution (white slavery) with those in the upper echelons of world politics, covert assignments as a "drug mule" and courier, and the country-western music industry's relationship with illegal CIA activities.

Paul Bonaci, a courageous survivor who endured almost two decades of degradation under Project MONARCH, has disclosed strong corroborating evidence of widescale crimes and corruption from the municipal/state level all the way up to the White House.[17] He has testified about sexually-abused males selected from Boy's Town in Nebraska and taken to nearby Offutt AFB, where he says they were subjected to intense MONARCH programming, directed mainly by Commander Bill Plemmons and former Lt. Col. Michael Aquino.[18] After thoroughly tormenting the young boys into mindless oblivion, they were used (along with girls) for pornography and prostitution with several of the nation's political and economic power-brokers. Bonaci recalled being transported from the Air Force base via cargo planes to McClelland AFB in California. Along with other unfortunate adolescents and teenagers, he was driven to the elite retreat, Bohemian Grove. The perpetrators took full advantage of these innocent victims, committing unthinkable perversions in order to satisfy their deviant lusts. Some victims were apparently murdered, further traumatizing already terrified and broken children. [The following information is provided by Brice Taylor, at the time of this writing in 1999: Uri Dowbenko wrote an article for Media Bypass magazine (June 1999) where he reports that justice was finally served when a U.S. District Court recently awarded a $1 million settlement to Bonacci, after years of legal aid from his attorney John DeCamp]

An insatiable actress of marginal talent (now deceased), a morally-corrupt TV evangelist, a

heralded former Green Beret officer and a popular country-western singer are a few others likely having succumbed to MONARCH madness. Lee Harvey Oswald, Sirhan-Sirhan, Charlie Manson, John Hinckley, Jr., Mark Chapman, David Koresh, Tim McVeigh and John Salvi are some notable names of infamy, strongly suspected of being pawns who were spawned by MKULTRA.

Deprogrammers and Exposers

Dr. Corydon Hammond, a Psychologist from the University of Utah, delivered a stunning lecture entitled "Hypnosis in MPD: Ritual Abuse" at the Fourth Annual Eastern Regional Conference on Abuse and Multiple Personality, June 25, 1992 in Alexandria, Virginia. He essentially confirmed the suspicions of the attentive crowd of mental health professionals, wherein a certain percentage of their clients had undergone mind control programming in an intensively systematic manner. Hammond alluded to the Nazi connection, military and CIA mind control research, Greek letter and color programming and specifically mentioned the "Monarch Project" in relation to a form of [operant] conditioning.

Shortly after his groundbreaking speech, he received death threats. Not wanting to jeopardize the safety of his family, Dr. Hammond stopped disseminating any follow-up information, until recently.

[paragraph omitted in original]

New Orleans therapist Valerie Wolf introduced two of her patients before the President's Committee on Human Radiation Experiments on March 15, 1995 in Washington, DC. The astonishing testimony made by these two brave women included accounts of German doctors, torture, drugs, electroshock, hypnosis and rape, besides being exposed to an undetermined amount of radiation. Both Wolf and her patients stated they recovered the memories of this abuse, without regression or hypnosis techniques.[19] Wolf presently devotes much of her time to counseling such survivors. A former labor attorney for Atlantic Richfield Co., David E. Rosenbaum, conducted a nine-year investigation (1983–1992) concerning allegations of physical torture and coercive conditioning of numerous employees at an ARCO plant in Monaca, PA.[20] His clients, Jerry L. Dotey and Ann White, were victims of apparent radiation exposure; but as Mr. Rosenbaum probed deeper in the subsequent interview sessions, a "Pandora's Box" was unveiled. His most astonishing conclusion was that Jerry Dotey and Ann White were likely the offspring of Adolf Hitler, based in part on the uncanny resemblance from photos (facial features, bone structure and size were taken into consideration). Rosenbaum also states, "They both exhibit feelings and experiences that indicate they are twins." Dotey and White were allegedly subjected to torture of many kinds while under drug-induced hypnosis, with each one undergoing at least three training techniques by plant physicians.

Each victim was trained to enter into a hypnotic state upon the occurrence of specific stimuli, usually involving a «cue» word or phrase and trained to "remember to forget" what transpired in the hypnotic state. They were repeatedly subjected to identical stimulus-response sequences to produce nearly automatic reactions to the particular status. MKULTRA veterans Dr. Bernard Diamond, Dr. Martin Orne and Dr. Josef Mengele regularly visited the ARCO plant, according to Rosenbaum. The special conditioning of Dotey and White was intended for the artificial creation of dual German personalities. Rosenbaum, who is Jewish, has maintained a deep friendship with the two, despite the seemingly precarious circumstances.

Other renowned therapists involved in deprogramming are Cynthia Byrtus, Pamela Monday, Steve Ogilvie, Bennett Braun, Jerry Mungadze and Colin Ross. Some Christian counselors have been able to eliminate parts of the programming with limited success. Journalists who have recently expounded on the subject matter in exemplary fashion are Walter Bowart: Operation Mind Control, Jon Rappoport: US. Government Mind-Control Experiments on Children, and Alex Constantine: Psychic Dictatorship in the USA [and Virtual Government, plus author/researchers Alan Scheflin & Edward Opton, Jr.: The Mind Manipulators, Harvey Weinstein, M.D.: Psychiatry and the CIA: Victims of Mind Control, and Jim Keith: Mind Control, World Control and his latest book Mass Control: Engineering Human Consciousness.]

Conclusion

The most incriminating statement to date made by a government official as to the possible existence of Project MONARCH was extracted by Anton Chaitkin, a writer for the publication, The New Federalist. When former CIA Director William Colby was asked directly, "What about monarch?" he

replied angrily and ambiguously, "We stopped that between the late 1960's and the early 1970's." Suffice to say that society, in its apparent state of cognitive dissonance, is generally in denial of the overwhelming evidence of this multifarious conspiracy. Numerous victims/survivors of Project MONARCH are in desperate need of help. However, the great majority of people are too preoccupied with themselves to show any genuine compassion toward these severely wounded individuals. Apathy has taken over the minds of the masses, who choose to exist within the comforts of this world. Reality has thus become obscured by relativism and selfishness.

Although there has been some progress in deprogramming and reintegrating therapies, a much greater problem needs to be rectified. The Holy Bible addresses this problem as the fragmentation of the soul (Ezekiel 13:20). A spiritual restoration is what is truly needed (Psalm 23:3) … [sentence omitted]

[paragraph omitted in original]

Statistically, the road to recovery for these survivors of unimaginable depravity is a long and tedious one, but God is the ultimate healer and only within his time, through His strength and by His grace, can the captives be set free (Isaiah 61:1).

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Preview by Pamela J. Monday, Ph.D:
MANUFACTURING THE MIND CONTROLLED SLAVE

"If the child has survived the initial trials, and if they also prove intelligent but malleable, then if the programming goes right, a very, very small infant that has been conditioned from day one is a powerful weapon, because if you get a mind that early, as anyone knows, you can, 9 times out of 10, I would say, determine the general behaviors of that child and the adult that they will become." — Gloria"- A former patient, and mind control subject

My first experience with a patient who had been involved in mind control experimentation began when «Gloria» initially called me, looking for a therapist who accepted Medicare insurance. She said she had been sexually abused as a child and had been in therapy periodically for a number of years. I was not a Medicare provider, but agreed to see her temporarily while she looked for someone else. On the day of our first appointment, I walked into the waiting room to greet her and asked for "Gloria."

A woman looked up from a corner, and slowly, shyly, with head lowered and eyes looking up, shuffled toward me. In a child-like voice, she held both of hands together tightly, hunched her shoulders and said, with a sweet smile, "Gloria asked me to come; I'm Sally." She then twirled on her toes and pointed to a plant on the table, saying again in a child-like voice, "That sure is pretty!" Puzzled, I smiled and asked her to follow me to my office. During the course of that one hour, 4 different personalities, with different ages and genders, presented themselves to me. We would be talking about some topic, and suddenly, a switch would occur, and someone else's voice, mannerisms, and way of sitting and speaking would present. It was as though 4 different people were in my room, although all were housed in the same body! Although I had heard of Multiple Personality Disorder, or MPD, before, I had never seen it, and had been told in graduate school that it was very rare. I remember thinking after Gloria left, that if she were faking it (as patients are often accused of doing by clinicians who don't understand) she would have to have the mimicking abilities of a Billy Crystal, and the acting abilities of a Meryl Streep, to consistently stay in character for each of these personalities! For, before we were through, I had met 27 'inside people' (also referred to as alters) within Gloria, and learned about the names and roles of literally hundreds more!

Since that introduction to MPD (now known as DID, or Dissociative Identity Disorder), I have worked with dozens of patients with that diagnosis, and have consulted with other clinicians and their patients so often, I have lost count. These patients have taught me so very much about the human mind, and have challenged me to learn about topics I have never thought to explore. In my efforts to convince myself, "surely what these people are saying cannot be true," I have researched and studied both scientific and popular literature in a variety of fields, and have time and again, come to the conclusion that what they are reporting could, indeed, be true. The historical background, technology, methodology, motivation, funding, and opportunity are all in place. My task now is to help others understand and believe.

I'd like to define some terms that you will hear when learning about people with "multiple personalities." Dissociation is a key term that refers to the ability of the mind to "cut off" a part of itself from conscious awareness. An everyday example of this ability, which we all have in varying degrees, is the experience of driving down the freeway and missing the exit you take everyday because you are thinking about something else. You "come to" an exit or two later and realize you have missed your exit, even noticing that you «saw» the exit sign but it didn't «register» within you to take it! Part of your mind was dissociated, or separated from, the real world around you while you focused on internal thoughts. Another example is reading every word on a page in a book, then realizing you had not comprehended a single word, because you were thinking of something else. All of us have had these experiences.

This ability of the mind to detach from itself is a brilliant coping mechanism that the mind uses in situations of extreme threat as a way to protect itself from the full awareness of a traumatic situation. You may recall reading about Vietnam veterans, who had amnesia for their war experiences, but would have difficulty coping with life. They would feel detached or estranged from others; they would have difficulty feeling any kind of feelings, except for outbursts of anger; they would have difficulty concentrating, would feel anxious and on edge without knowing why, and would have an exaggerated startle response (over-responsive to stimuli). These are all characteristics of the diagnosis "Post Traumatic Stress Disorder" or PTSD. In addition, these veterans would have sudden memories of the horrors of war. These memories would be «triggered» by something that reminded their unconscious mind of the war experience (for example, the sound of a car backfiring, reminding them of gunfire). In these sudden memories, they felt as if they were actually re-living the experience, smelling, tasting, feeling, hearing and seeing in vivid detail everything they went through during an actual battle. These

memories, complete with all the sensory memories, are called flashbacks. During those flashbacks, the veteran would be out of touch with the reality around them; they would no longer know it was 1985 and they were in America; they would think it was 1968, and they were in the jungle, reliving a particular battle. They were totally dissociated from reality, and were reliving a past reality that was now only in their minds. Later, in processing these experiences, the soldiers would report that during the actual battle, they would feel very detached, even numb, from what was happening, even though they may have been wounded themselves. At times, they reported feeling as though they were standing outside of themselves, observing themselves going through the trauma of the battle, but not feeling anything. They were dissociated from their reality. But their brain was recording all of the experience, exactly as it occurred, and those "mind and body" memories were being re-experienced during a flashback.

When someone is exposed to a "psychologically distressing event that is outside the range of usual human experience … is usually experienced with intense fear, terror, and helplessness," (DSM III) then dissociation usually occurs as a way for the mind to process the event without overwhelming the person. Parts of the experience (either knowledge of what happened; the emotional feelings associated with the event; the sensory experiences of the event, or the behaviors expressed during the event) become separated from one's conscious awareness. The more frequent the trauma, the more dissociation occurs. This phenomenon is why children who have been severely sexually abused and tortured, are amnesic for those events. In a landmark university study by Linda Williams hundreds of children brought into a hospital emergency room who received medical confirmation of sexual abuse, were contacted at intervals throughout a 20-year period. Only one-third of these children, when reaching adulthood, retained conscious memories of the sexual abuse — all others had repressed, or dissociated, those awful memories. Such is the power of the mind to block out painful experiences.

During times of torture and extreme physical and emotional pain, the mind is in an altered state, as it dissociates itself from reality. But there are other ways to alter the mindstate, for example, by sensory deprivation, or meditation, whereby one focuses internally, with sensory stimulation from the outside minimized or eliminated. You may recall in the 1980's that "float tanks" were popular. In a float tank you are floating on very heavily salted water; you are enclosed in a totally darkened metal tank, and you float for an hour without any sensory stimulation. Many people felt claustrophobic, and couldn't take it. But if you could stand it, you would eventually report having an euphoric experience. If you had been hooked up to a brain wave machine (EEG), your brain would no longer be producing beta waves (the brain state associated with usual waking activity). Instead you would be in a theta state, the state associated with deep relaxation, as when you are just about ready to fall asleep (the twilight state). In this state, the brain produces lots of endorphins, the body's natural "feel good" chemicals that give you a profound sense of well-being. It is important to note that this twilight state is associated with the ability to rapidly absorb and learn information. Without the «filtering» mechanism of the conscious waking mind, information seen or heard «pours» into the subconscious mind. Biofeedback expert Thomas Budzynski of the University of Colorado Medical Center reports, "We take advantage of the fact that the twilight state, between waking and sleep, has these properties of uncritical acceptance of verbal material, or almost any material it can process; it is in such «altered» states of consciousness that a lot of work gets done very quickly." (For much more information about brain research and technology associated with producing altered states, read the fascinating book Mega Brain, by Michael Hutchison.) Other methods used to alter brainwave states include, but are not limited to, rapidly flashing lights, drugs, phased sound waves, negative ions (electromagnetic energy fields), electroshock, alterations in gravity in the cerebellum (spinning), microwave emitters, and lasers.

It is vitally important to understand about dissociation, because in learning about how someone's mind can actually be controlled by someone else, you must understand how it is possible to program the human mind as you would a computer. «Programming» is a fairly recent term in the history of mind control (and is of course associated with computer technology). Perhaps you'd recognize it better as "brainwashing." In the POW camps, captors would refer to "freezing," a term used to destroy the person's identity. Using food and sleep deprivation, isolation, torture, chronic assault on a person's values, and instilling total dependence on the captor's for survival, a person's whole sense of self would be destroyed. They would be totally helpless, broken, with no will of their own left. They would then be ready for the "brainwashing," or «refreezing» whereby a new value system and a new identity

would be put in through reward and punishment, conditioning or «programming» that person to believe or do only what the captors wanted them to believe or do. (For more information on brainwashing, including USA and Canadian government experimentation, read: Brain Control by Eliot Vallenstein; Deep Self by John C. Lilly; Inside the Black Room by Jack Vernon; In Search of the Manchurian Candidate by John Marks; Journey Into Madness by Gordon Thomas; I Swear by Apollo — author unknown — published by Canadian publisher.)

Just as it is possible to break down a person in order to create someone you can control (by getting them to do anything you want them to do), so it is possible to program a part of a person's mind (a dissociated part that is split off, by trauma or other means, from connection with reality). You can «teach» that part of the mind to do what you want it to do without the part of the mind that is conscious and aware knowing what's going on. Hence, people with multiple personalities report that they "lose time," whereby they don't remember where they have been or what they have been doing. Here is how a patient, repeatedly sadistically sexually abused as a child, explains it:

"Dissociation is a way of escaping the intolerable. I'm sure it happened first during the trauma itself, and was a sanity-saving way of dealing with overwhelming physical pain as well as the psychological pain of betrayal. For me it took the form of physical numbness and cold, and to this day, when I dissociate, I most often go numb. First my hands and feet go; I can't feel them, and if my eyes are closed, I have no sense of where they are in space. Then the numbness in my face starts. I can't feel my lips or cheeks. When I dissociate badly, the whole body goes and I feel and move like a block of wood… Worse than the physical dissociation is what happens mentally while the physical numbness is in place. I guess the only thing I can say in comparison is that it's the mental equivalent of white noise, or radio static, that can leave me blank-faced and staring into space. The thoughts that are there whip through at the speed of light with no coherence, organization or form. I get very confused. It can range from being a little vague and spacey to full white out where I don't see or hear much. This is really dangerous if I am driving. There have been some episodes where I don't remember getting someplace. I also sometimes just "clock out" and lose time. When I come back to myself I may not be immediately conscious that I've lost hours."

Penny

During that «dissociated» time, when she "clocks out," what is going on? Another part of the mind has taken over; in Penny's case, another personality is "in charge of" the body. This personality (or alter) interacts with others and carries out certain tasks, but when Penny "comes to" she has no knowledge of this other part of the self. As her therapist, I have talked to this other «person» inside (the person is really only a part of her mind) and I know the personality characteristics of this person. I know that this part of Penny responds to the name "Diane," she is outspoken and can get angry if challenged (as opposed to Penny, who is meek and allows others to tell her what to do). Diane also has a peculiar way of tilting her head, almost in a flirty, cocky manner, something I have never seen Penny do, as she is much more rigid and controlled, both in posture and feelings.

How do these dissociated parts get created? And how did «Diane» come to be? And why? To answer these questions, I will let a programmer herself tell you. This person was used from infancy in the United States Government mind control experiments, and her job as a youth and adult was to "split off" parts of others' minds in order to program those parts to do what the experimenters wanted them to do. By programming, I mean that the human, in a dissociated or altered mind state, has been systematically and deliberately taught lessons, attitudes, beliefs, behaviors and responses to specific cues ("triggers") so as to respond on command in ways that benefit the person/groups doing the programming. Just as Ivan Pavlov's dogs were taught to salivate to the sound of a bell, in anticipation of the meat that was delivered soon after, so human beings can be taught to respond in infinite ways to cues in their environment that «trigger» responses. Assume that first, the child has been exposed to torture and hideous psychological and physical abuse to the extent that the child has learned to dissociate into altered states of mind. (Remember as well that current electronic technology — as mentioned in Mega Brain — makes torturing children obsolete, in that trauma is no longer necessary to access altered brain states — thus, programming people is much «cleaner» and easier to do.) Here's how they do the programming:

Techniques on 'Creating' New Children

"Daub fingertip size glob of vaseline or K-Y jelly on pressure points — wrists, inner elbows,

behind knees, under ears. Take ends of 2 wires (black and red are easiest, negative/positive easier identified) with metal attachments (round, copper, holes in center) and tape with surgical tape on top of vaseline. Calibration — watch for muscular reactions, eye glazing, sweating, involuntary loss of bladder control, bowel control. Want to give enough of a current w/o being too much. Want child to remain alert. Words, codes given. Assignments given. 'Yes, one finger; No, raise two; Confused — raise right hand. Clarify instructions. If still confusion, time to stop, take a break. Do not allow any contact between patient and others until cycle is completed. Do not, under any circumstances, offer juices, snacks, etc. which could be construed as a 'reward' until the cycle is completed. Check carotid pulse for significant elevation in blood pressure. Do not wish to affect a heart attack. Heart attacks can occur in children. (Children are outfitted with diapers before the sessions begin, are also taken to the bathroom beforehand. Keeps down unnecessary interruptions). Keep voice on same level at ALL times. Not hurried, not raised or lowered. Same pace at all times. Droning, hypnotic effect. Helps to stabilize heart rate.

"When instructions given to child, and received, then and only then give reward of name for identification purposes. Code phrases — 'well done, 'very good, or 'you did real good. Avoid hugs, touch, any other forms of physical contact. Eye contact necessary, stabilizing. Allow alter-state to form place of safety within, encourage alter to describe internal surroundings. (All is taped, voice-activated, recorded later in the computer records for others to refer to).

"One response is 'I want my mommy. Necessary to remind child that, 1) 'Mommy is dead, 2) 'Mommy brought you here' (only use if true), 3) 'Mommy is right outside — you can see her as soon as you've finished, or 4) 'Mommy told me to tell you to be a good boy/girl. Room is kept low lighted for maximum effect. They prefer only one person (interventionist) to be with the child. Less distractions. They also prefer it to be a person the child will not be able to ID on a day-to-day basis in 'outside' regular activities.

"Sessions can vary greatly, depending on the time allowance, expense allowance, urgency, etc. Occasionally exceptions are made for disciplinary measures. May (in that case) be an all-nighter. Keeping the room dark also helps simulate nighttime, which is conducive to their 'rehabilitation.

"The children are taught responses according to Pavlov's theories — inpracticum. This basically involves uses of 'triggers' usually found in the subject's natural, normal home-based environment.

"Audiological: Grandfather clocks, church chimes set for certain hours of the day/night are the most preferred. Long-running TV programs are effective on short-time bases (due to the fact that they may change times, etc.). Dogs that bark at certain times of night are also effective; revving of an engine; car door opening and shutting; footsteps outside bedroom window. Preferable to use natural sights and sounds due to need not to arouse suspicions of any household members not actively involved.

"Visual: Phases of the moon, clock-faces (preferably digital for younger children), lights in most neighbors' houses turning off, moon rays coming through window in darkness of night (full moon), and fireflies can be very effective and seemingly harmless trigger.

"Other: nursery rhymes, flags, date on a calendar, religious holidays, hand signals, words, phrases, eye winks; virtually anything can be used as a trigger.

"Step #1 is invasion, step #2 is intervention. Once the first plateau of the cyclic invasionary process is completed, the child will be 'tested' — again in-office, using a number of visual/audiological sight/sound external invasion techniques to record the level of response of the subject (nicknamed 'knee-jerk' response). This can be a valuable tool in assessing the cost-and-time-effectiveness of this particular technique on this particular subject. Those children who respond more spontaneously are considered to be higher-value prospects for future experimentation." — Janus (the programming alter's name)

Are you beginning to understand how scientific principles and techniques are used to program people? Here's more from "Janus":

"I personally was assigned 12 babies as an older child. I was about 7 or 8 when I was first introduced to them all in a room. They were all children of families. So they were long-term projects. I programmed other children, too. I was found to have a knack for trouble-shooting — figuring how what went 'haywire' and 'reprogramming' them. I didn't try to memorize the systems. That wasn't my job. My job was to CREATE alter personalities. There were other people who were more trained in the specific skills of teaching the alters specific jobs. Once an alter was created, and trained to come out in

response to a trigger, then they had to learn their jobs. Sometimes I would visit different locations and help train others how to train the children."

Recall how I told you that technology is available that allows massive amount of learning in an altered state to occur? Patients have drawn pictures of and described in detail very sophisticated electronic equipment used in programming. When I first discovered the book Mega Brain, I was astonished to see some of the very machines that my patients had described, years before the book was published. Similarly, patients had described virtual reality machines used in training alters (dissociated parts) long before that technology was presented to the public. And even before machines were used in programming, enough was known through secret experimentation on human beings, that experimenters knew humans were capable of memorizing enormous amounts of information when in an altered state. In that theta brainwave state, we have access to an "inner encyclopedia" of all that we have ever learned or experienced. Thus when patients tell us of their "photographic memories" and are able to recite verbatim seemingly endless scripts, it is a phenomenon that is very real and very understandable, if you can know how the brain works.

This knowledge will also help you understand how programmers use audio and videotapes and movies to confuse people as to what is reality and what is not. In an altered state, people are forced to watch movies and listen to tapes that form what are called "screen memories" that hide or distort the memories of what actually happened to the person. If a person does begin to recall memories of abuse, or memories of information that is supposed to be buried so deeply in the unconscious that it never reaches conscious awareness (such as knowledge of abusers, the particulars of how people are programmed and abused, or top secret information ferried to others), then the screen memories (also known as "scramble programs") pop up. When someone begins to tell tales that others recognize as the plot of a movie or television show (I heard the «plots» of the X-files from patients long before the television show existed!), they can be discredited and not believed as others say "oh, she's just seen the movie and is remembering that."

If any of the readers are still doubtful about whether mind control really exists, I invite you to read the public transcripts of the hearing by the Senate Committee on Radiation Experiments that was held on April 15, 1997. On that date, Valerie Wolfe (a therapist from New Orleans) and her patient testified before the Senate committee about the mind control experiments that are still being conducted in our country. They were allowed to testify because, even though they were reporting mind control, rather than radiation experimentation, the high-level people named as conducting the experiments were many of the same names that had been exposed as doing the radiation experiments. When they finished testifying, Valerie reports, "you could hear a pin drop." It was not in the mandate of that committee to investigate the mind control experimentation; but the Committee did formally issue a request to the President that a thorough investigation be conducted. The transcript of this hearing is riveting; no one can tell the story more convincingly that those who have been through it. As you read Sue Ford's story, keep in mind these things that I have written. Know that thousands of people have come forth with information about these abuses.

"If people truly want to combat this phenomenon, it must be brought out into the public; it must be brought out into the light of day, and it must be done so very publicly so as to protect the people coming forth. It cannot be combated just on a national level, because it is international in nature. Governments work in collusion with other governments throughout the world; people who want power work in collusion with others; they use each other to gain social, economic and political power." — Dr. Green (a programming alter)

Pamela J. Monday, Ph.D.

Insights by Mary Lewis, LCSW:
AWAKENING TO THE REALITIES OF MIND CONTROL

I was born in the Land of Lincoln, following the war to end all wars, in 1947. It was a time of new hope, and as a baby boomer born to a family of educators, I was taught to believe in God, motherhood, apple-pie and the red, white, and blue: America was beautiful. I was raised in a conservative, traditional home, the second oldest child in a family of seven children. We practiced the Catholic Faith by tradition, and we children attended the local parochial school when one was available. There was no physical or sexual abuse in my childhood, so of course I was unaware of its existence. Because the media had not yet begun to play out the truth of such things, I actually

reached late adolescence secure in the knowledge that the world was a very safe place in which to be.

I met the man of my dreams as a senior in college, and we married after graduation. I look back over those years and I marvel at the simplicity of our life then. There was nothing to fear, except of course the threat of some awful communist country again trying to mess with the United States. I truly lived my life believing in our government. In 1985 I began to realize that a new career might be in the making, as I saw my children growing into their own and myself responding more and more to requests for help by various troubled people. I decided to go back to school and get a Masters in Social Work.

During my undergraduate work, a professor discussed incest briefly, and then with some disdain, assured us that we would probably never see such a thing, since it only occurred in the "Hills of Kentucky." I believed him. The idea of such a horrible thing happening to another human being never crossed my mind again for many years. During my masters program, I again received no information about sexual abuse, or for that matter, any other abuse. I did not learn about addictions. I learned about research, and how to do it. That is an over-simplification of my experience, but suffice it to say, it did not prepare me for what I was to learn in the field of social work as I came to know it.

I was assigned an internship as a unit social worker in a freestanding psychiatric hospital. Thus began my real education. In October of that year, I experienced a poignant moment, branded in my mind. One of the nurses on the unit was commenting on the unusually high number of sexual abuse cases we had on the unit, when another nurse commented, "Oh, didn't you know this is borderline season?" I was shocked to hear such a statement, but it was a long time before I understood the full implications of that remark.

Following my internship, I was then employed as the unit social worker at this hospital. It was here that I began to hear bizarre stories of satanic ritual abuse from several of the patients. We also saw several cases of self-mutilation, something I sincerely did not know ever happened, much less in such massive numbers. Cutting, burning, using acid to burn the skin, even one patient who purposely put a screw in her leg and let it get infected. This was all new to me. I didn't know what to make of the ritual abuse stories; they were extremely serious in nature, and beyond my ability to believe. I had never heard of such a thing, and yet, hearing the same type of thing over and over from so many different patients, confused me. Something was most certainly not right, but I still had no idea what was really going on.

As I began my private practice, I began to hear more and more stories related to horrible, ritualistic, disgusting abuse. One particular case was most disturbing. This person was most articulate about what had happened to her. Her childhood saga would be food for Stephen King. I was still confused and concerned about how I could be hearing so many similar things from such a diverse population of people.

My belief system did not include even the possibility of such trauma, and yet the possibility that it might be true started to seep into my mind. Over a period of a year and a half, I had three different clients draw pictures for me, talk to me, and cry to me about the horrors of what happened to them while visiting Disney World. They all three drew pictures, explained details and were horrified at what they had endured at the most wonderful of rides "It's a Small World." This was my family's favorite ride, in fact we so enjoyed Disney World, we had taken our children two years in a row when they were younger. So, indeed I was shocked, and scared when I began to hear such things that were so similar, from people that did not know each other. Better yet, I was still extremely skeptical. I did not want to believe that it was possible. I did not want to give up my dream world. I did not want to change my way of thinking.

I acquired Brice Taylor's first book, STARSHINE: One Woman's Valiant Escape From Mind Control, at a conference where she was speaking. As I began to read her story, I actually felt sick, because so much of what she was describing in the book was so similar to what I was hearing from others. A client I had could have written the book, and yet, I knew this client had told me her story several years before the publishing of STARSHINE. Still, none of this made any sense to me, as the idea of mind control was still a very far-fetched concept in my mind. I contacted Brice, who told me her real name was Sue Ford, and she and this client made contact, only to discover that they knew a lot of the same people, experienced a lot of the same programming, and endured their own private holocaust. My skepticism was eroded by this time, as I personally witnessed the sharing of this misery.

Although I had to completely alter my life concepts, my belief system, and my purpose in doing my work, I knew I had no choice but to stand beside these courageous people who had lived such

lives of horror, and to help them to have hope. The mind control concept made more sense to me than just the ritual abuse alone. I now know that the ritual abuse was just a means to an end.

As I continue to honor these survivors with my belief, I learn more and more about the evil that surrounds us, and the determination of that evil to succeed. It is with the same fervor that my husband and I persevere. No one can change my mind. I know too much now, I have seen too much now, and my only hope is that others of you that read this book will believe her truth and help stop this living nightmare.

I have concluded that the success of the programming depends on the triumph of the assault on the five senses. The programmers use sight, hearing, touch, smell, and taste to alter a child's perceptions. The method used works on the principle of operant conditioning. For example, tones paired with electroshock, in turn wires the commands about these things into the hard drive of the child's mind, in order to control them. Programmers very cleverly use common things and ideas to guarantee that a child will be sure to encounter these things throughout their lifetime, thus assuring control.

The telephone is an example of such programming. A programmed person under mind control is extremely tuned into the telephone. The tones are important, as well as the number of times a phone rings. It is extremely hard for a recovering person to let a phone ring, and often just the ring alone can trigger a panic-attack. The tones played in the act of dialing the telephone can serve as a trigger to mind controlled victims and can be extremely troubling to programmed people. Things that other people take for granted as just a helpful tool, play a frighteningly scary role in the lives of those who were tortured with mind-control.

Certain themes have surfaced throughout the years, which to this day continue to amaze me as I hear them over and over. The Disney Parks, MGM Studios, Disney Movies, Disney characters, and Disney songs have been used in conjunction with the programming. My understanding of this is that using such a familiar and popular theme assures that the program will be triggered easily. To anyone who is a Disney fan (and who is not), this is probably one of the hardest things to believe. However, sitting where I sit, hearing what I hear, and seeing what I see, I cannot refute this truth anymore.

Certain animals are used in the programming. Dolphins are a common program. Birds are also used to ensure the silence of the programmed person. The child is told that birds can hear what they do, and if they tell, the bird will fly back and tell on them. There is a constant fear of going to jail, as well. One of the ways this is instilled, is the child is forced into participating in some diabolical, criminal act, and then the child is told they are an accomplice. Thus, if they ever tell, they too will go to jail.

Monarch butterflies are also used for programming. There is what is known as the "Monarch Project." Again, I don't purport to understand all of this, I just know that being obsessed with Monarch butterflies is one thing in one client, but to have it reported over and over again becomes suspect.

The programmed people I have worked with seem to have an obsession with their own birthdays. Once in recovery, unless the suicide programs are disconnected, the desire to kill themselves as they remember their past is overwhelming, especially around the time of their birthday, and this has proven true with each individual I see.

Sleep is also an issue with programmed people. They rarely sleep for more than a few hours at a time, or they have bouts where all they want to do is sleep. There are sleep programs, designed to shut down the mind if it starts to remember. This is a serious problem for recovering people, and one that is often written off as mere depression. This is another ploy of the programming; almost any one of the symptoms taken out of context could be attributed to another cause. All this is very cleverly orchestrated.

There is programming associated with childhood games such as the game of LIFE. Played over and over again it is a way of instilling the idea of how their life is to be played out. Grow up, get a job, make babies, make money, live happily ever after, so simple, clean, and coy. Another game reported to me, over and over again is the game "No Place to Run, No Place to Hide." This game was actually physically acted out during the programming. The child was made to run and hide, and then was tracked down and punished. The result being, the child learns they can never get away from this horror.

Certain television programs and actors have also been a source of programming for the mind-controlled person. Over and over again I hear the same programs being mentioned, that they were forced to watch as children, and often feel compelled to watch in rerun form. Certainly I know that we

all have our childhood favorites, but the obsession that I have witnessed over certain theme songs, shows, and even entertainers goes well beyond the norm. Using music as a form of mind control is insidious. Our minds are like steel traps for words of songs we hear as children and thus will trigger us immediately. For the purpose of mind control, hearing a certain song can send a recovering mind-controlled victim into sheer panic. Two particular shows seem to be universally known to the recovering people I have seen: THE WIZARD OF OZ and IT'S A GOOD LIFE. The phrase "follow the yellow brick road" is a program used to trigger someone into doing whatever he or she is told to do.

Food is reported to me constantly as a trigger for many of the mind-control survivors. Oreo cookies are a big trigger, as well as M&M candies. My experience has been that if a mind-controlled person is asked how they eat M&M's, they will answer with clarity as to the exact way they do so. It might be by color, it might be by color sequence, it might be not eating a certain color; but there will be a pattern that must not be altered. If asked to do so, they will often be visibly shaken by the request. Ask a non-programmed person how they eat them, and they might say "by the handful," "I don't like them," or just say that it's a silly question.

Probably the most disturbing food I find universally reported to be programming is McDonald's french fries. I know there is always some kind of taste war going on among the fast food giants as to who has the best fries, but it is not O.K. if a person feels compelled to eat McDonald's fries daily. The urge to do so is so strong, that several people have reported that this is their little secret. It embarrasses them, because they don't understand the overwhelming urge to eat them. I also know about food addictions, but that doesn't fit for so many of these people.

The one program that has been a universal theme in all of the people that I have worked with over the past 10 years is their abject fear of going to hell for lying. This is a particularly clever ploy on the part of the programmers, because if indeed a person actually has the courage to begin to heal from this horror, and start revealing to someone, they are instantly paralyzed with fear. The ultimate insult to their truth is that they have been told that if they believe anything really happened to them, and tell, it will be a lie. It is a "Catch 22" designed to keep the silence.

Thank God a few brave souls have reached beyond that fear and into the light of truth. This truth has set them free. For many of the people I know who were programmed as children, this truth is now their reality. Like Sue Ford, they no longer have repressed the horror, but instead can recall it. Not unlike the survivors of the Holocaust, these courageous people have overcome their own private war, to conquer Evil in it's finest hour. To those who don't or won't believe what I know to be true, I pray for you to see the truth, to help those in need, and to stop the evil from spreading any further. Healing is possible, and is happening. Once the healing begins, the people can reach out to others that need healing. We need to light the "candle of hope" for these precious people, and pass on the "light of truth."

Mary Lewis, LCSW

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

Who with conscience could read the following autobiographical account and, in the name of freedom, justice and love, brush aside the misuse of power, human slavery and mind control described in this book? For it is true that we have still not rid the world of slavery and in this generation it is slavery born of a most malevolent and menacing type. In a society where competition for wealth, power, and control of others is foremost, we as a people are doomed to self-destruction, unless we change. Our values need to change. We need to help our children grow to believe in equality and justice, and they need to be taught the spiritual values that we as a society have come to disregard over the decades.

Our country is a young 200 years old. At the conclusion of the adoption of our Constitution. Benjamin Franklin was asked, "What have you wrought?"

In his own words he answered, "A Republic, if you can keep it."

It has been through my life experience that I see the need to take a serious look at how we have so dangerously strayed not only from the ideals set forth in our Constitution, but also from our fundamental God-given spiritual values. I know that for my sons, daughter, myself, my ex-husband, and countless other men, women, and children, who at this time are unable to speak for themselves, the following amendment to the Constitution has been violated. It reads:

Section 1. Neither slavery, nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for Crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist Within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

My children and I have never consciously committed a crime. WE HAVE NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO LIVE OUR LIVES IN FREEDOM. Instead we have been put into a hidden bondage by a heinous form of slavery — one far more evil than has been in existence in our society before. The magnitude of horror and the level of secrecy that shrouds it has allowed a level of atrocities against mankind to exist that surpasses even those in Nazi Germany under the leadership of Adolph Hitler; and those men who worked in his concentration camps have carried his legacy to our country. Whatever term one wants to put to this hideous activity, it is one of total and complete disregard for humanity, for human freedom, civil rights and the right to live safely on this planet. For, when we as a people allow certain individuals in our society to experiment with and enslave other individuals for the so-called 'advancement of technology' or the 'race toward world domination, we are doomed.

What most of you have not been allowed to know is that years ago, at the outset of the Cold War (if not before), permission was given to a hidden group of so-called "professionals and leaders" to experiment on the unsuspecting American populace in an effort to further a variety of advanced technology. The technology gleaned by the American leaders, medical professionals, and scientists was and still is in the form of genetic engineering, mind control, brain research, near death experimentation, paranormal/psychic experimentation, remote viewing, time and space travel, bioelectromagnetic frequency medicine, and other advanced research that make our current level of technological understanding and application antiquated. I am not suggesting that the technology was not, in certain projects, valuable; however, I am stating that it was often attained by the American government at the expense of American lives, as many of its citizens were experimented on without their knowledge or consent.

Many books have been written describing innocent peoples' firsthand accounts of various forms of ritual abuse, unauthorized and non-consensual medical experimentation, genetic experimentation, radiation experimentation, drug experimentation and mind control. And yet, these numerous first-hand accounts of extremely violated human rights have been cast aside and denied, even by our own FBI, CIA and government. Why, you ask? I believe the following information, gathered by my personal involvement as Henry Kissinger's personal 'mind file, will help you understand the situation we face and what has occurred. Morally I feel it is my responsibility to share with you what I witnessed as I walked among those participating in these projects. After I have shared with you what I experienced, it will be your responsibility to choose what you do with this information. And I will finally be able to rest, knowing I have done my duty, first to God and then to you, my fellow citizens, by sharing the truth of my experiences so that you can be informed as to what has occurred, to your detriment and at your expense, but without your knowledge or permission.

People often ask me if I'm afraid that my controllers might kill me. Honestly, I have had so many near-death experiences that I am familiar with dying. Death is not at all frightening to me. My life has been restored through Divine intervention countless times and I trust that when God is ready for me to leave this world, I will go, and I won't go until that Divine timing is completed. What is frightening is living without doing something to alert people to the invisible danger and loss of rights and freedoms that are before us. Some things are so precious and sacred that to violate them is worse than death. Specifically, I am referring to the sacred nature of our minds and spirits and the Divine core bond that goes between a mother and a child. The pain and suffering that results from the destruction of this bond, due to a life of torture and mind control intended to intentionally shatter this bond and other family relationships, in order to establish control, is so excruciatingly painful that I will do anything necessary in the service of stopping it from happening in future generations.

A few years ago, after I spoke at a Surveillance Expo in Washington, D.C., an intelligence officer approached me and asked me how I managed to stay alive. I explained to him that I sent documentation of my recollected experiences out to professionals who were vocal in regard to these issues, with a letter stating that if anything happened to me, my children, or my ex-husband, I gave them permission to more widely distribute my information. This officer laughed and said, "Little lady, I believe you have the CIA by the balls! They are probably having to protect you." Although I am still alive, the harassment that I will share with you later hasn't stopped.

I submit this information to you as respectfully as I can. I apologize for the apparent lewdness of some of the material, and yet this is how it happened, this is what occurred. Please forgive the nature

of the writing, or how I need to present it, often in it's original context, the way it was experienced by the many parts of me. What you read is a glimpse into the events as experienced through the eyes of the programmed personalities who endured this abuse. You may notice the different perceptions of different personalities at varying ages, and some of the values, or lack of them that they were taught. Much of the following information has been copied, often verbatim, from my private journals. Over the years, daily, I painstakingly documented my memories, in an attempt to deal with and sort out the often vivid, though confusing, memory flashbacks I had. What I remembered was so far from the reality I thought I had lived, that it was deeply disturbing.

What you are about to read is a composite of years of memory work describing the details and information as I worked to untangle the knot. Having been programmed to have a perfect photographic memory greatly aided me toward this enhanced, often meticulously detailed account. The training my controllers gave me backfired on them. Once my secret life began leaking into my conscious mind, I experienced so many intrusive flashbacks not only in my mind but also in my body, that it forced me to recall these experiences in extensive detail to the point that it disrupted my everyday functioning … so much so, that I was forced to leave my master's degree program in graduate school and enroll in daily therapy. In an attempt to understand and contain all the information that came flooding back to my mind, I was compelled for years to write out each and every memory the way I saw it in my mind's eye, and heard, smelled, and felt it in my body, so I could attempt to maintain some semblance of my own personal reality. This information, chronicled in my journals over the last 14 years, beginning in 1985, created a way for me to report to you what happened to me.

Desperately, I struggled and worked diligently over the years to pull myself together in an attempt to help my children, my husband, and myself. Looking back, I felt like a person with no arms or legs attempting to run an Olympic marathon. My body was able but I didn't have the use of my mind, which was shattered into a thousand pieces and further locked away from me in a programmed bondage. Although I couldn't think about it, deep within my soul my heart ached and the wounds festered.

People often ask me, "How did you get out?"

I answer, "By the grace of God," and I explain that as I grew older, although I could not think about what was causing me so much pain, I had moments when I could feel that something was very wrong. When those deeply, emotionally troubling and painful moments came, I asked God to please help me. Through daily prayer and the leading of the Holy Spirit, I was led out of bondage, one step at a time, until my programming was broken and I was integrated and free.

It was then, and continues to be, horrifying to me when my experiences are validated because it makes them more real, and then I am less able to dissociate from the excruciatingly painful emotional component of my past. During the initial stages of my recovery I had to learn to reconnect to my body and emotions, to learn even to cry in personalities that had never been allowed to express emotion. Then I had to learn to think logically and contain my tender, innate female emotions so that people could begin to hear what I was saying and not write me off as a hysterical woman — although I had every right to be, given the traumatic life my family and I managed to live through.

This manuscript is not a dramatization, as was my first book, STARSHINE: One Woman's Valiant Escape from Mind Control. Instead it is a documentation of events as they happened from the best of my recollection. It is not written to entertain. In fact, I hope you don't find it entertaining, for if you do, you've missed the point. The pornography that has proliferated in this world has destroyed countless lives of children, women, and men who were used in it and has taught those who view it to objectify people. The telling of the following information is not done with the intent to further pornography and lewd sexual behavior, but in an attempt to stop what has gone on and to insure freedom of mind, body and spirit.

I am now fully integrated and deprogrammed. I feel very fortunate to have survived and to have healed to the point where I can now be a spokesperson for the many who have been abused in similar ways and are not yet recovered enough to speak on their own behalf. And, there are many. Over the years, I have painfully witnessed those who reside in mental institutions, diagnosed as psychotic, schizophrenic, borderline, or delusional; or others locked up as political prisoners; or worse yet, those who couldn't overcome their programming and committed suicide. Many others walk the earth dehumanized and enslaved in programming, living a life of internal and external hell and terror, separated from themselves and their Divine Creator. It is for all of them that I divulge these very

personal and painful parts of my life.

Over the years, the CIA and other groups have strategically and very effectively orchestrated campaigns to discredit victims and the professionals who attempt to help the victims to bring the reality of what is actually occurring to light. Up until recently, the dark hierarchy that shrouds and protects the secrecy of this hidden control of many has been very effective in keeping this reality a secret. The victims have not been heard. They continually suffer discrediting tactics in the courtroom through the ignorance of uninformed — possibly mind-controlled (or compromised) — judges and lawyers; in therapy sessions, often with uninformed — possibly programmed — mental health professionals and therapists. The church clergy, through innocence, disbelief, ignorance, fear, or possibly programming, often turn their backs on victims who need aid and protection. The victims, regardless of age, need to know that other people and especially God, hates what has happened to them. We need the church to stand in its rightful place in the public arena and call our nation to account for the suffering of the most vulnerable. If spiritually awakened individuals can't do it, then who can? The Holy Spirit has shown me it will take the most spiritually erudite to stand in the face of this evil deception. Only by enacting the practice of spiritual discernment and carefully listening to Divine spiritual direction, can this horror be eradicated forever. It is our last and only hope.

It is time the public is made aware so they can begin to abolish the dark, controlling system that even began to target pre-school's in the 70's, torturing and programming children who didn't even come from an intergenerational satanic background, in order to ever widen their circles of an unpaid, slave labor force. I am continually amazed that the public is still swayed by the CIA-connected, False Memory Syndrome Foundation's propaganda, which explains that therapists instill these memories of horror into their desperate clients and that children with large imaginations are making up these stories. Ask yourself how a child three or four years old could make up these vile stories that are beyond their age-appropriate understanding… and what a coincidence that the accounts match other children's testimony across the nation. Have the children been secretly uniting, sharing their "large imaginative experiences" across the nation in order for them to all come up with similar accounts? The facts of many preschool court cases, the testimony of the children, and the bungling and misrepresentation from lawyers and judges in case after case has allowed the truth to be squelched.

Those within the American Psychiatric Association who still cling to the false notion that Multiple Personality Disorder (Diagnostic and Statistical Manual IV now calls it Dissociative Identity Disorder) is rare, rob the many suffering victims of the opportunity to recover. We need to begin to more fully understand that a child's, and especially an infant's, psyche is vulnerable and can be shattered into other personalities due to early childhood abuse. When we understand this we will be able to raise more stable children who can then grow into healthy, creative adults. Many adults, like myself, find themselves spending the rest of their lives trying to recover from their childhood. Early abuse wreaks havoc physically, mentally, and spiritually on the most vulnerable and most valuable resource we have, our children.

Once again I apologize for the pornographic nature of some of this material. In light of my current Christian values, it is difficult and often embarrassing to mention the sexual perversions that I was exposed to, and yet to alter the information that was brought back to my conscious awareness through the eyes and perception of those personalities who were forced to experience it, seems to compromise the reality of what actually happened. I have attempted to report my history in the best way I know how, yet I have found it impossible to report my experience to you with the wholesome morality that now rules my life. If you are faint of heart or have difficulty dealing with horrific or lewd material, please ask God to strengthen you to face the truth set forth in this book.

In the words of Edmond Burke, "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good people to do nothing." We have reached a point in time where it is imperative for good people to act. It is time for those who have any moral judgment to react, and then to pursue their reaction with action. It will take all of us, standing for what we believe in, questioning old beliefs and old value systems until they are aligned with the Mind of Christ. Do we really still believe in "One Nation Under God," or have we lost our way in the hundreds of mindless duties and realities presented by the mass media? When will we slow down? God is not a God of confusion, nor is He a God of hurry, or suffering. He is our Almighty God, in Him whom we can trust. For generations humanity has been deceived and those who are willing to put their trust and faith in God, shall rise to His Glory, as He shows the way to victory. Our God, whom we once put in charge of our nation, is still waiting. He is still there, wanting to be of assistance, and never in the history of mankind have we been in such

desperate need of His help, of His guiding hand. And so as we begin this journey together, with me as the reporter, and you the reader that God has called to be present, I offer this prayer:

Dear Father God, Jesus, Lord of Lords, God Most High,

We come to You now, in humbleness, God, asking for Your help. We know of our own strength we are unable to solve the problems at hand, and God, we know that things in this world are out of control and that only You can guide us back to balanced ways. We also know as Your Word has promised that we are cared for by You, much more than the birds and the lilies of the field, and now we ask You to show us the way. We thank You Lord, we Glorify Your Holy Name. Thanks for sending Your son, Jesus, to show us the way. Please be with us now, as we enter a time of national and international unrest. We know that these are growing pains. We know that You didn't cause them, that Your will is not for our suffering, but that by our own actions these disasters and wars have and will continue to occur. Bless us with Your anointing. Open the eyes of our understanding. I pray that in this book Your will may shine forth so that all of us who partake can shine for You.

In Christ,

Susan Ford

Brice Taylor (pseudonym)

"Things are hidden, temporarily, only as a means to revelation. For there is nothing hidden except to be revealed, nor is anything temporarily kept secret except in order that it may be known.

"If any man has ears to hear, let him hear and perceive and comprehend.

"Be careful what you are hearing. The measure of thought and study you give to truth that you will hear me with measure of virtue and knowledge that comes back to you, and more will be given to you who hear.

"For to him who has heard and understood, more will be given, and from him who has not heard and understood, even what he has will be taken away from him."

Mark 4:22-25

"It isn't that they can't see the solution. It's that they can't see the problem."

G.K. Chesterton

"Power is the Ultimate Aphrodisiac"

A Quote by: Henry A. Kissinger Then Secretary of State

Chapter One: The Creation of Human Robot

My name is Susan Lynne Eckhart Ford and I am a 48 year old, native Californian. Until 1995, I suffered from a debilitating condition known as Multiple Personality Disorder.[2] In 1985 I embarked on the long and tedious, painful road to recovery. Through years of therapy and deprogramming I completely reintegrated my multiple personalities back into my uniform core self, and through the grace of God, I am alive today to convey to you my true life experiences. This account of my remembrances will be so shocking and amazing that you may feel that you've entered the 'twilight zone. Many waking up today, call this making a 'paradigm shift' in reality; I call it knowing the truth. But, do keep your faith in God and humanity, for, as my father reminded me day after day, "The truth will set you free."

My multiple personality condition resulted from what I had first thought in 1986 was solely sexual and ritual abuse. But, as I began to heal and remember more of my hidden past, I realized that ritual abuse was merely the mind control trauma base my ritually abused, programmed, pedophile father, Calvin Charles Eckhart, and others used to condition me for participation in the still active top secret Project Monarch, the Central Intelligence Agency's white slavery operation that is related to MKULTRA and it's numerous sub-projects.

I was raised in the affluent area of Woodland Hills, California, but was abused my entire life in many locations in and out of California, including hospitals, universities, and United States military and NASA bases, where I was subjected to 'high-level' programming. The result of many years of trauma, intentionally inflicted on me by my father and others to CREATE within me multiple personalities, was that I was transformed into a programmed, totally robotical slave that could not remember to think or tell what happened to me, due to the mind control and sophisticated programming I was under.

I was used frequently in child and adolescent prostitution and pornography. By my preteen years, I had many personalities specially programmed to be the perfect sex slave — a "presidential model"

with government mind files and a photographic memory equipped to deliver (most often through sexual encounters) messages, some cryptic, to top government officials, entertainers, and other world figures.

From 1987 to 1991, I was in intensive daily therapy in California, remembering a complex childhood that now has been validated, in part, through intelligence community, CIA, and FBI contacts (active and retired), as well as through investigative journalists, knowledgeable mental health professionals, and family members. In my quest for understanding and self-knowledge, I attended school to attain my Master's Degree in Psychology. But, in April of 1991 I was forced to leave my home and family in California, due to a clever plot and threat to my life if I continued to pursue remembrance of my past in therapy and try to become healed. One of my therapists, Margaret Paul, Ph.D., who is also a popular author, suggested that for my safety I should leave Los Angeles for awhile. Upon her recommendation, I fled to the island of Kauai, Hawaii, where unbeknownst to me I was still part of the project and still not free.

After I fled from California and was no longer living in the midst of my programmed abuse base, nor was I in therapy, I began having vivid, detailed memories of being used both as a sex slave and human mind file computer to some of our nation's highest level governmental officials in and out of the White House. Among them: John F. Kennedy (sex and delivered messages). Lyndon Baines Johnson (sex and delivered messages), Henry Kissinger (masterminded my U.S. Government and international mind file use), Nelson Rockefeller (mind file use coordinated in conjunction with Henry Kissinger), Gerald Ford (sex and delivered messages), Jimmy Carter (delivered messages), Ronald Reagan (sex and delivered messages), George Bush (mind file use; he is a known pedophile and had sex with my programmed daughter Kelly), and top entertainment professionals, such as my «owner» Bob Hope (sex and message courier).

The media surrounding the exposes of Bob Hope's secret life and the books written by Arthur Marx (Groucho's son), The Secret Life of Bob Hope, and Lawrence J. Quirk's recent book, Bob Hope: The Road Well-Traveled, begin to portray some examples of the flaws to Bob's seemingly All-American, patriotic, and family loving public image. My controllers and abusers were not low-level criminals, but instead were some of the so-called «adored» leaders and entertainers of our country.

I felt alone and terrified as I began to break free from the control I was under. Catherine Gould, Ph.D., an internationally known therapist with years of experience treating ritual abuse victims explained that she couldn't be my therapist, for fear of losing her license or being sued since she sensed I was a 'high-level' survivor. At that time, although I had begun to have memories of being with Ronald Reagan during the time he was Governor of California and other government officials, due to the fact that I was still under mind control, I had no way of understanding what 'high-level' meant. At that time, many therapists, including my own — Margie Paul, were beginning to have their licenses pulled and often suffered professional consequences for treating ritual abuse survivors, especially those who were "high-level." In April of 1991, when I fled to the island of Kauai, Catherine agreed to consult with me by phone, and advised me to write a book, which resulted in STARSHINE: One Woman's Valiant Escape From Mind Control. She further advised me to continue documenting the names, dates and places of my abuse in an effort to one day go public in order to free my husband, my children, and myself.

Over the next year on the island, I recovered more of my memory, but was devastated to be separated from my children and tried to adjust to a radically changed lifestyle, including the fact that I was now living without my family, friends, and loved ones, and had very limited finances. I was overwhelmed with grief, carrying a burden that few wanted to seriously look at. Several people stepped forward to help me in whatever ways they could, offering emotional support and friendship, some even financial support when I ran out of money, but no one could really keep me safe, until I was fully deprogrammed from inside of myself so I could not be accessed. To reiterate a vitally important fact — until I was fully deprogrammed, I was not safe. In 1991, there was no one who knew what I was talking about who could help me. I had to find help within myself. And I did. Throughout my healing process, Angels guided me when I was too afraid to connect with Christ, due to the satanic ritual abuse I had endured in the church as a child. The Angels continually led me to books and incredible people, thereby fulfilling God's plan for my eventual freedom.

Since multigenerationally abused and traumatized victims are selected for the mind control projects, my three children, Kevin, Kelly, and Danny were naturally trained to follow in my footsteps as assets of my controllers. Except for Kelly, they are still locked into their abuse base. Despite my

efforts to get help for them. Their similarly programmed father unfortunately 'doesn't have a clue, as yet, and so all legal custody has been taken away from me by the State of California. Toward the goal of getting my children free, I have spent years desperately documenting my past, a task at which some of our top governmental officials and entertainers would have liked to see me fail.

My affluent abusers made sure that I was instilled with very sophisticated programming that would insure my death should I begin to remember or tell. Despite the fact that I was programmed to have an 'accident, self-mutilate, or kill myself, I am healthy, in control of my own mind, and have NO intentions of hurting myself in any manner. I am taking extreme precautions through publicizing this autobiographical account to encumber these power mongers from stopping my efforts to obtain help for my affected children. It is in hopes of freeing them, and the many other suffering adults and children locked into the bonds of the mind control projects, that I share my experience.

The intentionally inflicted and often extreme child abuse I endured was the necessary "preparation through trauma" that my controllers regarded as prerequisite to my creation as a sex/espionage agent serving within the government and beyond to an overarching cabal of only a handful of individuals, who I overheard referred to as "The Council." For years I witnessed the attempts and deeds they performed to control not only our government, but foreign governments as well. This initial childhood trauma was necessary to create within me multiple personalities for later use by them, insuring their success of my involuntary use and participation in their plan for a one world government, where you and I are to work in varying levels — as controlled slaves or, as they say, "worker bees."

"To be afraid is to have more faith in evil than in God."

Emmet Fox

Chapter Two: Early Childhood Preparation

"Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things."

Galatians

In order for my birth to be accomplished on presidential inauguration day, January 20th, 1951, my mother's labor was induced at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, California. My parents named me Susan Lynne Eckhart. The selection of inauguration day for my birth was especially meaningful given the position I would be groomed to one day fill. My parents told the story for years that my first words were, "I like Ike." Even at the early age of one, they were training me to be politically-minded and had me cheering in a campaign effort for the President-elect.

Once my mother and I were released from the hospital after my birth, my father began the rigorous training and intentional torture required to shatter my base personality with the goal of creating many separate and individual personalities for training and use by others as I grew older. When my mother left my father to babysit me, he withheld all food until I was starving. Then he held my bottle in front of me, but instead of allowing me to have the bottle, he would slip his penis into my mouth for me to suck. I felt I was dying through suffocation, as my airway was blocked and I gagged for breath. There were many such traumas to follow, most often on a daily basis.

For you to understand how I came to trust the things I began remembering at age 35 about my earliest childhood, I will share the following experiences. In meditation, I began remembering small, inconsequential things at first, like the time my mother left my father to care for me when I was four months old. He laid me on top of the dining room table and watched as I fell off! I clearly remembered the panicked feeling of terror as I was falling and remembered the overwhelming sharp pain that resulted in my body as I hit the floor. I also remembered the color of the carpeting, the design on the wallpaper and other details about the room. We moved from this house in Santa Monica when I was 6 months old, and I never saw it again.

Unable to fathom what these earliest of childhood memories could mean, I began reading about the experiences of Vietnam veterans and how they suddenly relived flashbacks of traumas they witnessed in war. I thought this might be the same type of memory phenomenon. In order to test my recall of this particular incident, I shared the details of this memory with my mother. Her reaction was one of amazement although she seemed terribly confused about my father's actions. She said I had described our first house and was surprised I could remember so accurately details from an event that happened when I was only an infant. Being the third child to a very busy mother, there were no pictures taken of me in that house that I could have seen. The validation she gave me made me feel

more trusting of the other memories that soon began flooding back into my awareness.

Trauma to Create Multiple Personality Disorder

Memories of trauma too overwhelming to bear as a child unfolded for me to deal with as an adult. Bit by bit, piece by piece, I began to remember and understand just what had actually happened to me as a child, but in no way did the memories come neatly packaged in chronological order. It took the test of time, as each memory fit into ones before and after them and, like a puzzle, with all the pieces laid in proper place, I began creating a more complete yet horrifically devastating picture.

Armed with that first validation from my mother and the support of two therapists, I began daily therapy remembering heinous tortures, terrifying abuses, and strange details that were painfully yet neatly compartmentalized into the reality of separate child and adult personalities programmed within me. Many had separate names. This was in 1987, two years after my initial «awakening» first began. And I was, now, for the first time, accurately remembering my earliest childhood. I was referred to Stuart Perlman, Ph.D., a Westwood clinical psychotherapist, and began seeing him a few sessions a week until the self-harm and suicidal crises I was attempting to live through, triggered by remembering things I was programmed forget, quickly required my sessions with him to escalate to seven or more per week. I was also having weekly sessions with Margaret Paul, Ph.D.

At the time I began therapy, neither of my therapists was familiar with dissociation, Multiple Personality Disorder, or ritual abuse. The vivid, painful and often terrifying flashbacks and abreactions of the traumatic memory I retrieved in and out of their offices left all of us in a quandary, trying to make sense of what was happening to me. Dr. Perlman wrote an article on MPD/ritual abuse for a psychoanalytical journal, where he shared that as time went on he came to understand that Multiple Personality Disorder was not as rare as he had been taught it was in school. Although his quiet, aloof, non-interactive, psychoanalytical stance often made me uncomfortable during therapy sessions, I was later grateful that he had not interjected his own reality into my memory retrieval process and kept to himself his initial belief that I was delusional. My first session with Dr. Perlman was deeply touching as tears fell from his cheeks when I recounted instance after instance of childhood abuse. His wise words to me that day were, "Everything you need to heal is within, you have all the answers inside of yourself."

My other therapist, Dr. Paul, and I were continually perplexed as to what all the memories meant and didn't have an answer until a year later when I attended a Victims of Incest Emerge as Survivors (VOICES) conference in New Jersey by myself, where I heard a female minister speak about satanic ritual abuse. At the end of the lecture, I felt numbed, as the speaker recounted many tortures similar to those I had remembered from my childhood. The "big, beautiful, perfect fairy tale life" I thought I was living began to crumble, one memory at a time. The following is a carefully compiled documentation of my past.

When I was six months old, my father and mother decided to move to a more rural setting to raise their young family. My brother Jim was eight, my brother Rick was four, and I was six months old. My father borrowed money from my mother's mother to purchase a three-bedroom ranch home located in the midst of a walnut grove in Woodland Hills, California. This home was to be the base for hidden and extreme torture and trauma for me over the next 19 years. Those years of trauma should have been enough to kill ten children, but somehow it didn't kill me. My father told me each time he hurt me that he was doing it to toughen me, to strengthen me for the future. In response, I was split into many personalities to cope with the overpowering physical and psychological pain and betrayal.

My father worked for others as a welder until 1957 when he decided to be his own boss, prompting the opening of his own welding shop. This business, Eckhart's Welding Shop (located on Pico Boulevard in West Los Angeles), initially was our only source of income, since my mother stayed at home as a fulltime housewife and mother. We lived simply and frugally, getting by on the amount of money my father earned. Sliced in between and existing parallel to the everyday conscious reality we shared as a family, was a very dark, secret and painful reality shared in sub-consciousness and in pain. I will share many of these slices of darkness with you so that you the reader can understand how this all came about.

When I was a year old, my father placed me in a blanket that was suspended by a rope from the high ceiling in our living room and spun me around and around and around until I was completely

dizzy and disoriented. He then introduced a trauma, like putting something sharp up my vagina and my young psyche shattered, splitting off another personality to withstand the pain. He began sexually abusing me in my early months, by inserting objects into my vagina, gradually stretching it so that I would be able to accept a full grown man's penis by the time I was two. I was being groomed for early child prostitution, pornography, and a position in the "inner circle" at church.

When I was just months old, my mother recounts that she tearfully handed me over into the arms of her brother John who took me for a week to Santa Barbara. When she told me of this incident she always sounded like she had no choice, no free will from where she could command that no one could take her new born baby away from her. The memory of what happened in Santa Barbara with my Uncle John remains inaccessible to me at this time, yet I know it must be significant.

Unfortunately as you can well understand, my poor mind-controlled mother never had a chance and was totally manipulated by my father who I believe suffered from Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD/DID), had been ritually abused himself, and was most likely also under mind control. Much of the time my mother was a loving, caring, gentlewoman, but she was controlled. She spent her daytime hours obsessively cleaning house, ironing everything that she perfectly washed, scrubbing floors, washing windows, cooking, and attending to our needs. After dinner, while my mother did the dishes, my father sat down to watch television and read the paper. While he was relaxing, my mother began her next job doing the bookkeeping for my father's business; she didn't stop her duties or sit down until she collapsed into bed at 11:00 o'clock at night.

When I began recovering in the 80's, I asked my mother why all she did was scrub and clean the house and didn't pay attention to me as a child. Her response was, "Sue, looking back, I felt like there was something really dirty about our home."

My mother was able to feel what she wasn't allowed to think about, and she was right; there was something dirty. She subconsciously tried to take care of the problem in the only way she knew how; by cleaning it away. She slept through, was programmed, drugged, or was in a dissociative daze when I was being abused or when she was being beaten by my father or abused by others. She obsessively listened to music, which helped her to tune out and mellow. Knowing what I know now, most likely she was listening to music she was told to listen to in order to keep her memory of our actual life locked deeply within her subconscious mind, while the programmed reality of herself and our "perfect happy family" was kept alive through programmed phrases in the music.

My father made medicine for my mother. She followed my father's orders and programming to a tee. Dutiful to her programming, she delivered me to and from places where I was to be prepared, trained, programmed, and used, without ever being consciously aware of what she was doing. To this day, if asked about it, my mother cries and says that, while she believes and feels the allegations of what happened to me are true, she just can't remember.

Church Ritual Trauma

Around this time, my mother joined the First Baptist Church of Woodland Hills, and began taking me with her to church. Later, in therapy, I remembered and drew pictures of tunnels that I remembered running under the church that connected with neighboring homes of inner circle church perpetrators. On Sunday mornings, my mother left me in the nursery while she went to the sermon. Members of the church staff, some of them neighbor women and the minister, ritualistically abused me in that church. The elder minister who abused me was Rev. Grant B. Yeatman.

By age two, I was out of the church nursery and attending a small Sunday school class with other children. One Sunday, when I was a bit older, Rev. Yeatman walked into my Sunday school class and watched as we played a game and drew pictures. He pointed to me and said that I was "God's chosen" and told me to follow him. Once we were outside in a protected area, he forced my head down under his robe to perform oral sex on him like my father had prepared me from birth to do. After I was finished, he wiped my mouth with a handkerchief and told me that I was going to hell for what I had just done, but that I would be forgiven if I never told anyone about it. He further offered to pray for my soul and then sent me back to my Sunday school class.

Another Sunday, after being sodomized in a back room by Rev. Yeatman, he took me by the hand back to my Sunday school class, bent down and pointed to a picture of Jesus sitting with the little children around him and whispered, "Jesus will never love a little girl who is as bad and evil as you." From then on I believed there was something terribly wrong with me and that I would never fit

in with other people. I figured Jesus couldn't love me because I was so bad. Parts of me died inside. But deep within my soul, in my innermost hidden and protected self, angelic beings continually reminded me of God's love for me and of their support. When I was tortured to the extent of being projected out of body due to the extreme pain, Jesus' Angels spoke lovingly to me and explained that I needed to go back into my body, that some day when I was older I would understand. But subconsciously, in my limited child understanding, I believed I was unlovable and hideous in the eyes of God.

Other Sundays, different children were "God's chosen" and had to leave the room with the minister.

Many of the people who worked at the church, the church secretary and the Sunday school teachers, were neighbors of ours and, I now understand were most likely ritually abused as children and were carrying out their violent actions via their own unconscious childhood programming.

Mrs. Winkler, the church secretary, lived across the street. In addition to Christianity, she also practiced sorcery and witchcraft in her darkened home, isolated and protected from outside intrusion by drape-covered windows. As a toddler, my father would wake me, early on Saturday or Sunday mornings and take me across the street along with a carrot, to "feed the horsies." We always did feed the horses but the actual purpose of these outings was to get me out of the house to go see Mrs. Winkler for what they called "my training and preparation."

Mrs. Winkler lit candles and laid my tiny body down on her table, performing chants over me, while she was sticking sharp needles in my feet, burning me with the hot candle flames, or scaring me with spiders. She would say, "Hold real still, Susie, so this potion can get in. You will be powerful and very special one day. Your father is paying for this, for you to be made special because he loves you. You will be known."

She told me at other times that I was chosen by God to fulfill some mission. Instead of organized Satanism, she practiced her own perverted form of Christianity with the purpose of "purifying me" to rid me of all evil. She never directly addressed Satan, but instead spoke of hell and damnation; it was a fire and brimstone style of fundamental Christianity, mixed with witchcraft. Mrs. Winkler cut pieces of my hair and saved them for rituals that were held with other «inside» church members and my father in outdoor rural places, in the middle of the darkened night.

Trauma Programming

For years, my father performed a variety of brutal, ritual-type physical and psychological abuses, among them: confinement in closets, cages, and a coffin, while I was told I was being left to die; near drowning; isolation; needles inserted in sensitive body areas; food and sleep deprivation; electroshock via electric wires, welding equipment, cattle prods, etc.; drugging; sophisticated hypnotic and electronic programming; tying me upside down to walnut trees out in the isolated walnut groves and other places; forcing me to participate in torturous rituals and orgies; and sexually abusing me, each time in more perverted ways.

At that time, Woodland Hills was still in its own infancy. At first, there were only two or three other houses built on our street, insuring my father and others plenty of wide-open spaces to conduct their crimes. In 1952, what is now known as the "101 Freeway" had not yet been built. The area was still largely undeveloped and rural, allowing for these crimes to easily go undetected.

While I was still very small, my father had an affair with another church secretary named Selma McGrew who lived in the house behind ours. She participated in my «preparation» by allowing my father to include me in the sex they were having. Being so young and small I often felt I would be killed during these encounters, and so I split off more personalities to endure it.

Nighttime was never intended for sleeping at our house but instead was a time of training. My mother was the only one allowed and/or commanded to sleep. My two older brothers, Jim and Rick, and my father came into my room night after night, creating an endless array of different forms of sexual abuse, all under my father's direction. My brother Rick, who is four years older than I, was selected to participate more often and my father used him to help «prepare» me for use as a child prostitute and for my approaching debut in pornography.

The two of us were sexually abused together and were both electroshocked with bare electric wires to our genitals. I painfully remembered my brother sitting robotically while my father attached a

bare wire to his penis and then inserted the opposite end in the electrical outlet, sending his little body into uncontrollable spasms. Tears flooded my brother's eyes and ran down his cheeks as he then was forced to watch as I was electroshocked. For years my mother told the story of how she continually found my brother hiding behind the couch shocking himself by inserting bare wires into the electrical outlet. She laughed a kind of confused, questioning laugh as she spoke this. She probably couldn't think to question where the bare-wired cord came from or why her young son was continually seeking to electroshock himself. I stuck a table knife in an electrical socket so often that there was a knife in the kitchen drawer that was notched from being repeatedly inserted into the outlet. This unconscious act reinforced our programming.

I was often awakened and drugged in the middle of the night by my parents in order to attend rituals that were performed in the empty lot behind the church and at other locations around Woodland Hills. Many of the gullies and outdoor places that were used for rituals when I was a young child have since been developed into homes or large cement drainage areas, but in the 50's these areas provided seclusion for this group. The whole congregation did not participate in these nightly horrors, only a select inner circle was allowed in.

At two, I was initiated into the inner circle with a celebration dedicating me as the bride of Christ. I was drugged, dressed in a long white lace gown, and passed around the circle of drugged members as they sat around a bonfire in a vacant lot, during the middle of the night. Each member fondled me sexually, then I was lain on an altar to be raped and dedicated to Christ and the group. The inner circle members wore black robes and participated in sexual orgies and the killing and ingesting of animal and human flesh. Their belief was that these cannibalistic and sexual acts would transfer the energy or life force from the victim to them in order to make them more powerful.

I was involved in endless rituals that included being burned with candles, having crucifix's jammed up my vagina as I lay on an alter or hung upside down on a cross, having pins inserted into every area of my body including my vagina and the roof of my mouth, and having animals and babies killed in front of me and being forced to eat their raw flesh and drink their blood or urine. Other children were involved in the rituals, and when we reached a certain age we were forced to participate in killing animals and babies. In order to psychologically survive these experiences, many additional personalities within me were created. Nothing was ever as painful as being forced to inflict pain on another or watch as others were tortured or killed.

My Doll Collection

I had a doll cabinet that my father had specially made for me. It was filled with dolls from all over the world, that were given to me to love. My father used my dolls to program different personalities within me, as he abused me night after night. Often when my father tortured me he would hand a different doll for me to hold in order to create different parts of me with different identities that in my young mind I could relate to the doll I was holding. He told me the doll in my hand was part of me but separate and then he would call it by name. There was the little doll with the red hair and freckles, the baby doll, Cyndy the bride doll, Rebecca, Sally, Thumbelina, Barbie and Madame Alexander, to name a few.

There were dolls everywhere around me, especially in that doll case that my father had made for me with the sliding glass window front so the dolls could be seen. Each doll was «displayed» which my father said meant they couldn't play until he said it was time for them to come out of the case. At night when he woke me for abuse, he took out the doll whose personality was to be the front, or presenting, personality of my inner system of created personalities. As he pulled a doll out of the doll case he'd say, "she's no longer on display, she can come out and play now," and at that tender age, I would switch into the personality my father called forth. Then he would say, "You Susie, will step aside as Doll fully enters your body. Whenever I snap my fingers three times, Doll will enter the body and Susie will step aside, like this now," and he would snap his fingers three times and I would follow my father's command, totally and completely.

Holidays

Holidays always signaled times of trauma. One Christmas I awoke excited to see what Santa had brought for me. My two worlds and the personalities that lived in them were continually subjected to

different realities, and this day was to be no different. Susie in her red velveteen robe got special treatment while other personalities had "Xmas," a very different painful and evil reality. While Susie got a Christmas stocking full of goodies, Sharon got razor blades and coal and parts of dead animals. «Sharon» was another one of my inner personalities my father created, which he developed as my "inner twin" to Susie, my conscious everyday personality. One Christmas ritual trauma I vividly remembered was when my father laid me down on the rug in front of the fireplace and placed his finger inside my vagina while he readied a hot poker in the fire. Somehow putting me in a trance-state, he began, "You won't feel this. You will only continue to feel the pleasure, just like I am rubbing now. Does it feel good?"

"Yes Daddy," I robotically answered.

"Good, then when I do this it will only increase the pleasure," he kept his finger in place until he got the hot poker out of the fire and as he put it inside me, he took his finger out and as hypnotically commanded, I felt only the pleasure of the hot inside me. Very lovingly he said, "Very good, honey. You're doing very well. Now take a deep breath and count to three and feel like you have to pee. Then when I take this out, you will feel even more pleasure. Okay?"

"Yes, Daddy," I said putting my little hand up in front of my face while I counted off, "One," as I held up one finger, then "two," putting up two fingers, then, "three," and when he had taken the poker out, I felt really happy. It didn't even hurt. I couldn't feel the pain of the red-hot thing. In months that followed, I reached out and touched a piece of red-hot angle iron when my father was welding, and when it burned my hand badly, I was surprised. I didn't understand that it would bum me. My father was an expert at those "games."

At other times he put something scary in front of my face to startle me before he did something traumatic to me. Then he would tell me to feel numb while he put a silver metal band around my wrist and forehead and would shock me with the black box that was attached to the bands with wires. He'd say "you're doing very well," but my face would be sweating and it stung when he gave me what he called "a jolt."

At odd times, even when other people were around, my father would say, "Do you want a jolt?"

I'd say, "No," while I giggled nervously, acting like it was a game but it wasn't.

Often after one of these jolting experiences, I felt so sleepy and my mom would say, "What's wrong with you? Are you sick?"

"I dunno," I'd say, because I didn't know anything. To know was to 'know, and to 'know' was very bad and you got very hurt. So certain personalities within me took the pain and torture after which I would be switched back to Susie who had no knowledge of any of it.

There were nights my father would wake me out of sleep and devise ways to spin me until I was totally disoriented, after which he took me to look at myself in front of a mirror and called me by another name other than my own, "Sandy, that is you in the mirror, and Sandy is my friend. She is going to help us. She is a friend of Susie's, but Susie doesn't know Sandy exists. Susie doesn't even need to think about you, Sandy." And these were some of the tactics used to shatter and then create alternate identities within me from a very early age.

In hypnotic trance I was told, "The balloons will take you away, take you to the rooms with the many personalities, but as you look at each one, you know that they are you. They are all you. But only one at a time. One room and one person at a time."

Other nights, I was awakened from sleep and sexually abused to create the dissociative barrier and to create more personalities or attitudes. I was told, "Now look into the first room. There's Darla. Isn't she cute and pretty, and she is always happy. Darla's dedicated to the stars. She always knows just what to say and do to make others feel good, to make them happy. Now look into the second room. There's Sandy. She's the dancer. She can dance very well and she is able to bend in all different directions … to everyone's amazement. She's not at all embarrassed to take off her clothes in front of people. She likes that, it makes her feel good. But she can only do that when the time is right." My father also placed stars on my ceiling that lit up at night to remind me of the programming.

Over the years my controllers created programming for every single thing they could dream up. And they programmed in angel personalities intended to handle the pain when I could not.

But their spiritual short-sidedness left them in the dark when I transcended their created angelic personalities, and left my body escorted by real Angels. I owe my life to God and those beautiful loving Beings who kept my soul and my love intact as they continually interceded for the little girl they

witnessed tortured unceasingly.

Military Base Programming

Dick Hof was a marine in the reserves. He and his family moved in next door when I was around three years old. He told me he didn't, know exactly how to treat little girls because he only had boys. On certain weekends he wore his uniform and took me to military bases where the men wore tan uniforms. They saluted him when he was around and he acted very normal until we were out of the other men's sight. He took me into top-secret places where he showed some sort of pass to gain entrance. Once we were in the secret place he put me into an empty, cold, cement room and restrained me to a metal examination table. There were bright lights overhead and the men that joined him put bands around my wrists, ankles, and forehead, then turned out the lights and left while they shocked me real bad. They had a screen I had to watch and messages I listened to immediately after I got shocked. Sometimes Dick carried a briefcase that had some of my favorite dolls and toys inside, like my dolly with the red hair and freckles and my sock monkey. When they hurt me they often pretended to hurt my dolls and toys, too, and told me that my dolly friends would keep reminding me every day about what happens, "if you don't obey and follow the rules — then you get zapped," and they would shock me again. Dick also threatened me with his gun and said that all the men had them, and if I "stepped out of line" it would be over for me, so I'd better listen up and obey the rules. The doctors played tricks on me while I was drugged. They played day and time tricks trying to mess me up. They told me over and over that someone other than the person who really brought me there did. Most of the time I knew it was Dick Hof. They told me this astronaut brought me and a man in an astronaut suit would walk in and say, "I am the adult who brought you here."

I'd say, "No you're not, my neighbor did." So they would inject me with more drugs and keep hammering verbally at me over and over until I'd break and agree wholeheartedly with them. But inside I had to remember to keep the truth hidden in a part of me, so I'd not lose control of reality and believe their lies. Sometimes I felt like I shattered and went over the edge and couldn't really tell what was happening. At those moments I'd pray to God that another part of me was remembering what was really happening because I couldn't maintain myself any longer. After they were through with me I was so messed up that I needed their help getting off the table and then to walk, and the next week I'd have to stay home from school because I was throwing up and very sick. My mom said I just had "the flu." All this torture and mind manipulation kept my inner and outer worlds far apart.

There was a cabinet way up high in our kitchen and Dick Hof told me that I could be like a monkey and climb up there to get the little white candy pills that would make me feel better, but I couldn't tell my mommy because he said she wasn't really my mommy because she was born of lower class and he said I was upper class, like my father. He said my mom didn't know enough to help me, so if I hurt I could climb up and get the pills and eat them and feel better.

There was another military base I was taken to when I was about five. A doctor in a white lab coat examined me there. He questioned me a lot in order to check all my "systems." As you can see, this abuse was very intentional and very premeditated, with long-range plans and goals.

The Network of Abuse Widens

The trauma was ubiquitous and involved all the people who were close to me, and others who were strangers. Threats of consequences if I remembered or told, made during times of extreme trauma, were buried deep in my subconscious mind and dictated my actions daily. Huge amounts of my own subconscious vital energies were used to keep my personalities in control and to keep secret the activities in which I was involved.

By the age of four, I was taken to my father's friend, Andy the policeman, where I was instructed to perform oral sex on Andy, in exchange for a courtesy card my father proudly carried in his wallet that pardoned him from any violation he might acquire, should he ever be stopped by a police officer. At a very young age, I was subconsciously aware that everyone was in on these activities and that policemen wouldn't even protect me, but that knowledge was kept from my conscious awareness because I believed the reality, as my programming commanded, that I had a perfect life.

When I was less than five years old, my father took me to Long Beach for what my mother was told was a visit to my father's Aunt Maude. We did go to visit Aunt Maude, but really we were there to

meet with Uncle Charlie. Uncle Charlie was very distinguished looking and wore very formal clothes, even though this was just a family gathering. At this young age, although I sensed this was a very important event, I had no way of knowing how pivotal this meeting would factor into the design of my life. In a complete nightmarish horror, I watched as my grown father looked retarded and became very childlike when this relative, Charles Lilley Horn, spoke to him. And when the talk turned to subjects I could not fathom, and Uncle Charlie held out a paper for my father to sign, I pulled on my father's hand and begged him, "Daddy, stay big, this is really important, please Daddy." But due to my father's own early childhood abuse, he could not maintain his adult mental state because he, too, had Multiple Personality Disorder, with many wounded, fragmented, hurt children inside of him whose consciousness had also been programmed for use by others. And so, when Uncle Charlie asked him to sign the paper, he reached out robotically, and without thought, signed it. Somehow I knew that this event was a very important moment when I needed my father to pull himself together to protect me. But he was not able to, due to his own dysfunctional state of mind.

Uncle Charlie further directed my father where to take me for the early programming that involved machines and told him about the arrangement with Bob Hope and the connection to the government. My father continued to look retarded and just kept robotically shaking his head, nodding in agreement, while Charlie told him what to do.

Slave Auctions

Elitists in the market for mind control slaves attend auctions that appear at first like children's fashion shows and then progress to striptease acts. I made «appearances» in many shows before I was actually sponsored or sold.

My father took me to a slave «model» auction where I wore a fancy white taffeta and black velvet polka-dot dress, a hat and matching purse that my mother had bought for me at the expensive Stardusters clothing store.

Bob Hope

At this particular show where Bob Hope bought me, there were lots and lots of little girls and boys competing. They said these children were what they called «sponsored» if they were chosen. And they said it was better to be chosen early because then the sponsors (owners) could mold you the way they wanted. There was a modeling ramp where all of us children were displayed. I modeled casual clothes, then sophisticated evening clothes, and then sensual/sexual attire and, finally, appeared totally naked. First I performed Swan Lake Ballet in pink feathers for my casual and wore black velvet for my formal and my naked performance was called "the tiger dance." I won first place at this show and was sold to Bob Hope on the open market. They put a white cape around my naked body and Bob came up and stood with me while everyone in the audience cheered. Somehow it seemed like a sport for some of these people to attend auctions. Then I was seated again next to my father. When the whole show was over, an older man dressed in a tuxedo came and escorted me to Bob Hope who shook my hand and said, "Hi ya, Honey. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, Mr. Hope." I answered like I had been instructed.

"I'm going to be your man, but we'll have to talk more about this later … when you're a little older." He laughed.

I smiled at him and said, "Thank you, Mr. Hope. My father will be very proud." But my father never came over to meet Bob. He stayed in his chair until the man in the tux ushered me back to him.

Throughout my formative years, I was molded to be extremely sexual through the sexual abuse with my father and others. The personalities that were created from that abuse didn't always experience the encounters as abusive, because that is all they knew. Bob later told my father through an instilled message delivered through me during an incestual encounter with my father, "Daddy, Bob says he wants me to really love sex and have a lot of it. Okay?"

"Sure honey, whatever you want. You're the boss," my father answered from his own split consciousness.

Bob was Catholic and so was the part of me that performed. She was my "inner twin sister" for programming purposes, to keep that part of me separate from my created «normal» reality and her

name was Sharon. Bob said he liked Catholic girls because they were easy and he liked "em like that."

Bob was always racy until he got to acting old around 1987. I had a lifetime of Bob Hope and his antics, and over the years, he lost his funny and happy persona and became just a mean and nasty old man. And then, he became cruel to me, there wasn't anything fun left in him. He was just real old and mean.

Uncle Charlie

Consciously unbeknownst to my parents, I was in contact when necessary with my "Uncle Charlie." He escorted me to many affairs when I was a child, even in Europe. Often they were arenas where the mind control elitists gathered to share their latest creations. At these gatherings, I walked out on a ramp on Uncle Charlie's arm. I was the "latest in human technology," and all the «uncles» were there to display their "wares." It was a fashion show of sorts for what they called "children attendants." Men in the audience held little placards and they held up certain numbers for different things. I think they were like judges. I don't think they wanted to buy me because someone else already had. While I was presenting, a man announced I had already been sold to, "…a very funny man they say, called Bob Hope. Do you know him?" And everyone in the audience laughed.

When I asked Uncle Charlie why those people were there and what we were doing there, he said, "This is a show for Cadillacs and you my dear," he took a hold of my chin, "are my Cadillac."

"I am? What is that?" I asked very enthusiastically, straightening my blue satin dress and pushing on the skirt that kept popping up on the other side due to the hoop around the bottom.

"A car," he answered. When I kept asking questions he said that big word others also used to describe me, "My, you are precocious, aren't you? Well it's time for you to run along now," at which point another man in a suit took my hand and led me away.

Later that day when we were alone, Uncle Charlie very secretly and with great import informed me that he was my real father and that my dad wasn't my real father, but had adopted me for some very specific purposes. He said it was my destiny, but I didn't know what that word meant either, and didn't ask because I was still pretty upset about my dad not really being my dad. Uncle Charlie said he had the money to take care of me in the ways I deserved and that my father never would have the money to do what he was going to be able to do for me. I didn't understand what this all meant then but he made it sound good. (Forty some years later through my constant search to piece together the actualities of my life, I would discover that Charles L. Horn was the owner of Federal Cartridge Company, which later funded Olin Foundation, where he sat as President.)

When I asked Uncle Charlie who my mother was he just nodded quickly and said, "You don't have one, it doesn't matter." He seemed busy like I was bothering him by interrupting his thoughts or something. I guess he didn't understand the needs of a child my age. So I went ahead and made up my own imaginary mother. I created her to be sort of plump and happy and she made great apple pies and cookies and all sorts of candies that we ate anytime we wanted. She was 'the perfect mother' for "Sharon."

So as I understood it from the other side of my personality structure, Charles L. Horn was Sharon's — my inner twin sister's — father. Uncle Charlie said he wanted me to call him Uncle Charlie instead of dad because he had "… some very important business contacts that just wouldn't understand if you called me father, so call me Uncle Charlie." Often he introduced me to people as his niece, Sharon Weatherby. Sharon, the wild personality, is who Bob Hope purchased from Uncle Charlie and it was Sharon who was trained to be stunning, smart, sexual, comfortable with wealth and elite family members. Uncle Charlie, who lived in Minneapolis in the summers and Scottsdale in the winters, said he loved me but couldn't spend a lot of time with me because of business, though he would be a powerful part of my life.

Uncle Charlie physically introduced me to Henry Kissinger one day in an open grassy park-like area when I was very little. I shook Henry's hand and Uncle Charlie explained that Henry was my "Uncle Henry." So I, as Sharon Weatherby, began to have a whole new family and it just kept growing and growing, adding «uncles» here and there and everywhere.

Henry Kissinger

When I was little, with a short pixie haircut, Henry Kissinger would call me on the phone at home. In those days, those personalities who were created by and for him thought he was funny. He set up times of connection by telling me beforehand, "meet me on the comer at 7:00 p.m." and that meant to be standing at the direct corner of the kitchen cabinet desk at home at 7:00 p.m. to answer the phone. So I'd stand there when it was 7:00 p.m. and when he called I'd pick up the phone real fast like he had instructed me to do. Henry, who communicated to me as «Susan» rather than "Sharon," then said, "Hello Susan, how are you this evening? I am just testing."

"Oh, hi," I said as I smiled and twisted my short hair.

"You can hang up now, I was just testing." So, I hung up and went off to play in my room. Henry was in contact with me often. I think he had studied lots of psychology so he knew how to best control me. He used positive psychological means because he said he felt it would work better.

My mom said, "Who were you talking to?" She had on her red Christmas dress and her slippers. Her hair was still brown.

I shrugged and said, "No one," because due to the programming I was already under, my normal everyday conscious personality didn't house the phone experience with Henry Kissinger. I wasn't lying, the event was registered under a different personality than the one that interfaced with my mother. Henry could call anytime and 'get me. When I saw him in person he always said right off, in a silly teasing voice as he reached out and tickled me, "I'm gonna get you." Which switched me to the personality he wanted and in that way he accessed, or "got me."

Henry set up a group of personalities to be my neighbor's, "Joe's and Mary's child." He told people it was an experiment he was performing to see if one person could be brought up in two ways from two different perspectives to see how the physical/genetic influences really did work since both personalities' mindsets shared the same physical body and genetic structure. It was a controlled experiment about the role environment and behavior versus genetics played in IQ. They wanted to see how strong the mind could be — if it was the overriding factor. They were trying to see if thinking you were elite and being brought up elite would increase IQ or if a common child would have the same IQ if not stimulated as much. Susan was the common experience part of the experiment, the control; and Sharon, the inner twin personality counterpart, was the elite. More on this twin programming in the next chapter

I was instructed by Henry Kissinger to eat alphabet cereal on certain mornings and do mental exercises that he gave me. For instance, I had to get the alphabet sorted from the box and all lined up on the kitchen table. Then I had to put a piece of cereal that was shaped into an 'a' on my tongue and then hold up a mirror and look at it in the mirror. I had to do 20 of the alphabet backwards and 20 of the alphabet forward while I was looking in the mirror. It was usually only 20 because often some letters were missing from the cereal box, so Henry said to just do 20. I don't know why I had to put them on my tongue and then stick my tongue out with the letter on it and look in the mirror, but I did it just like Henry said. My mother got mad at me because she said I should eat my food not play with it, but she didn't understand my need for training. Henry said she was uneducated and ignorant, and that he was making me into a genius. I didn't know what that meant. Other times, I had to focus my eyes on a pin that was stuck into the top of a pencil eraser and follow it back and forth and up and down. And I learned to cross one eye. leaving my left eye looking straight ahead. All this was done in preparation for my later use as Henry's 'mind file'.

Further Condition

Following instructions, my mother took me to «meetings» at a church lady's home who lived behind our church. The purpose of these meetings was to instruct my mother how to "train me." She was given instructions on forms of punishments and abuses to give me at home if I didn't do what was "prescribed." Those punishments included being locked in a dark closet for long periods of time, having food withheld sometimes for a day or two, being slapped across the face or burned by a cigarette if I resisted any of the rules. Often I was abused in these ways, as my mother carried out her own programmed instructions, in spite of my "good behavior."

I was taught to write backwards at the age of four because my programmers felt that I would be more intelligent if I was forced to use both sides of my brain. In addition, I was given special eye exercises to perform several times a day. I began ballet at five and endured years of ballet training from a perverted ballet teacher named Madame Olga. Episodes of sex rituals and traumas were laced

into our dance classes. At times the entire ballet class was abused out behind her little dance school that was located just off Topanga Canyon Boulevard in Woodland Hills.

My dentists, the Phillips brothers, had a dental office also located on Topanga Canyon Boulevard, around the corner from my ballet school. Acting independently of the church, but being friends of my father, they participated in my «preparation» by torturing me with sharp dental instruments by drilling my teeth and poking exposed nerves without the use of Novocain. Who could have known then that, when I grew up and married, my «chosen» husband would be first "in line" to purchase these successful dental practices, which is just what happened.

After I started kindergarten, my mother informed me that a group of people from the First Baptist Church were going to leave the church and form a new church called the First Presbyterian Church of Woodland Hills. In the beginning days, the church met at my elementary school, while we waited for our new church to be built on Platt Avenue. Our new minister's name was Rev. Alden McKelvey, and nothing seemed to change much, except the minister had a different name, we had a bigger building, and now more people were involved.

School was somewhat of a respite, but even there I was not always free from abuse. Starting in first grade, I was taken out of my class at Woodlake Avenue Elementary School (located a mile from the church), to attend 'choir practice' at the children's choir director's home a block from school. Her name was Mrs. Rebecca Muir. At her home, in conjunction with practicing church songs for performances at Sunday church services, I was trained to perform and participate in rituals and was forced to participate in child pornography films when a group of men entered her house and took over. Snuff pornography where little children or babies were killed was also filmed at her house. Like the other women involved, Mrs. Muir, publicly, a meek, gentle woman, dutifully complied with the direction of these men.

One day just after returning to school from Mrs. Muir's house, I went straight to the principal's office. Her name was Mrs. Stella Greer. For some unknown reason, the threats of death if I told were not consciously available to keep me silenced and switched out of the personality who had just witnessed the pornography, and I told her everything I had been forced to do at choir practice. I had seen Mrs. Greer talk sternly to us kids at assemblies and just knew that she was a person of great power who would be able to stop the bad people from hurting all of us children. But, her response was enough to reinforce everything my abusers had threatened over my young years. I will never forget it. Mrs. Greer's face turned red with anger as she wrathfully shook her finger at me, sternly warning in no uncertain terms, "Young lady, I don't ever want to hear such filth out of your mouth again. You stop making up these horror stories and get back into your classroom where you belong!"

At that moment, I realized that what my abusers said was true. No one would help me. People would think I was crazy if I did tell, and I had "no where to run, and no where to hide." I couldn't survive without them and there was no one to help, just like they said. I was trapped. Why this adult woman, my school principal, was unable to logically question how a child of my young age could be privy to or know such adult and pornographic language, never seemed to cross her mind.

Our pediatrician, Dr. Cusack, located on Ventura Boulevard in Woodland Hills, participated by suturing up my vagina when it was torn from abuse, and cared for me in other ways when the abuse became too physically obvious. When I requested my childhood medical records several years ago, I was told that Dr. Cusack had moved out of the state and that all of his records had been destroyed.

At home in the evenings, while my mother was picking up my grandmother from work at Lockheed in Santa Monica, and in the middle of the night, my father continued his own form of tortures; raping me, sodomizing me, filming me pornographically with my brother, submerging me in the bathtub or swimming pool until I was nearly dead, torturing me extensively at his welding shop with the use of electroshock delivered through hot welding equipment inserted into my vagina, and leaving me outside all night alone during rain storms. He also kept dead bodies under our home for his sick perversions. He tortured and «trained» me under the house lots of nights before dinner, and would lock me into boxes and leave me there for long periods of time, often with body parts from cadavers he kept. One night he took me to a graveyard and forced me to watch as he dug up a coffin, opened it, forced me inside and reburied it. I split off more personalities. One personality split wasn't enough to handle this trauma.

One Saturday my father took me and one of my dolls out to the old refrigerator that was in the corner of our garage. Quickly, he shoved me inside and clutching my blond baby doll, I begged, frantically clinging to my father's shirt, "No Daddy! Please don't."

Slapping my hands away, my father scolded, "Now, show Daddy what a big girl you can be. If you try to get out," he knelt down beside me, "Daddy will have to beat you." He slammed the door shut and I could hear him taping it closed with the black electrical tape he used on endless mechanical things. When I cried out from inside the cold refrigerator, my father angrily pounded on the door, yelling for me to shut up.

Petrified in the dark, cramped cubicle, I listened for any sound that might indicate that my father was opening the door to set me free. Ominous silence prevailed. Feeling unbearably cold and unable to take another breath, I experienced the intervention of three ethereal beings, transparent yet sparkly, misty-blue colored angels who suddenly materialized outside the refrigerator and appeared to reach through the insulated metal to infuse me with life-sustaining energy. In a transcendent state, it was as if I was held in suspended animation as these angels lent their life energy to me.

Some time later, when my father came to release me, probably thinking that, like all the other times he had taken me near death, I would emerge fragmented yet grateful to him for saving me, he checked the pulse on my neck, and finding none, he panicked. He carried my limp body across the garage and laid me on his workbench. "Now I've done it, damn it," I heard my father say to himself from my out-of-body vantage point. "I've gone too far and killed her, now what am I going to do?" Quickly he slid my lifeless body into a black plastic trash bag, tied it off, carried me out the side door, and placed me in the crawl space beneath the house.

The rescuing angels reappeared and one telepathically communicated that it wasn't time for me to leave my family, that I needed to get back into my body and go on up for dinner. Unbeknownst to my father, I still had a spark of life left in me, and God, knowing His plan for my life was not yet complete, fanned that spark until I came back to life. When I reunited with my body, it ached and I felt nightmarishly sick but crawled out of the bag, wobbled out of the crawl space and walked in a dissociated state, back into the house where my family sat eating dinner. My father looked up at me as if he had seen a ghost and my mother, unaware of any of the «incidences» of the day, smiled and told me to sit down to eat.

The trauma and torture was endless, occurring nearly every day and night of my childhood. The tortures were so numerous that it would require a separate volume to chronicle all those I have remembered so far. Leaving my body in order to 'dissociate' from the pain and continuing to create separate personalities, often alongside personalities my abusers intentionally created for their own use, was my mind's way of keeping me alive to function in the day-to-day world.

I had two worlds: one secret world that I lived and knew only when I was triggered into it; and a second, 'normal' conscious world of day to day experiences. These worlds were kept separate by the use of trauma and programming. I was my father's and other people's project for the future. An investment that provided him access to high-tech hypnotic information, financial security, and most probably immunity from prosecution for charges involving pedophilia, child prostitution, and child pornography.

"He shall give His Angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

Psalms 91:11-12

Chapter Three: We're Off to See the Wizard

Common Mind Control Themes

Hand signals are a common mode of control for victims of ritual abuse and mind control. There was a hand signal program I was taught when I was very little, that was sung to the song Frere Jacques, with the nursery rhyme, Where Is Pointer? The common song/game is played by singing; "Where is Pointer? Where is pointer?" And then you put up your pointer finger and say, "Here I am, Here I am. How are you, today sir? Very well, I thank you …run away, run away…" Then you put your hands behind your back. I was taught the version:

"Where is silencer?" With a finger held up to the lips commanding silence.

"Where is kingpin?" With large pin inside the middle finger, that I was poked with just before singing, "run away, run away."

"Where is little man?" Holding up a pinky finger while singing, "Little man can't run away."

"Where is thumbkin?" Holding up a thumb and being thumped on the head while singing, "You can't run away."

Wizard of Oz

In conjunction with the traumas at church and school, my father reinforced my programming with the use of fairy tales, among them Disney themes and The Wizard of Oz. I watched the Wizard of Oz every year and at other times my programmers laced in other programs and hypnotic commands in a creative way that allowed the movie themes to keep me under control. Although I could not consciously remember what I was programmed to forget, this use of fantasy, used in an effort to keep amnestic and to scramble what I had actually participated in, was very effective …almost foolproof.

Sometimes in the middle of the night, after having watched the Wizard of Oz, my father would traumatize me in order to cause me to dissociate, which created the perfect trance state for programming. In this altered state, he would tell me that "over the rainbow" was a bridge to the «other» world, and that I could walk over the rainbow bridge into the other world and it would remain separate from my everyday world. He told me that what happened over the rainbow would feel unreal, like a dream. After encounters that I was supposed to forget, I was conditioned to the word "home." It began with "There's no place like home" being associated with being back in my bed, sleeping, after a night of being used in child pornography or prostitution.

Later my mother, father, or others would say these words after my use in Washington, D.C. in the White House or other places I was sent under program. For years these words functioned as a way to reorient me back into my everyday world, without carrying back with me the reality of what had happened. I was instructed to, "sleep and wake up at home in my bed with the Land of Oz so very far away. That place that felt like a fairy tale …that I must have made up …was only a dream … was now very far away." I was now on the other side of the rainbow and was conditioned to believe that those experiences never really happened, that they were only a dream. Later in my teen years all it took was for my mother or father to say, "Honey, you can sleep all the way home," and I was conditioned like Pavlov's dogs to respond to the word «home» with total and complete amnesia of what had just happened to me.

If my subconscious mind threatened to divulge the secrets, my father programmed me to "wake and eat chocolate chip cookies to remember to forget." And for years, the next 40 years, as this powerful programming commanded, I awoke out of a sound sleep if memory of this secret world seeped up as I entered first theta and then delta brain wave sleep patterns. Following program, I robotically walked into the kitchen to eat chocolate chip cookies in order to «re-mind» myself.

Another Oz theme that was used to program me was the song, "If I Only Had A Brain." During a programming session, a man whispered in my ear, telling me, "It's safer not to have a brain, it's easier not to have a brain; all you have to do to stay on track is to follow the yellow brick road. Then you won't be scared like the cowardly lion and you can keep your heart which you will need to get you down the yellow brick road to the land of glitter and gold, glitter and gold, glitter and gold. Follow the yellow brick road to somewhere over the rainbow way up high." In my trance state, this verse went deeply into my subconscious mind and was an evervigilant internal reference to remind me to forget, and could be enforced by any of my controllers when the need arose to keep me from unlocking repressed memory.

Alice in Wonderland was used as a theme to program in 'time awareness. My programmers said, "See the rabbit who says, 'watch the watch, watch the watch, and feel your eyes grow sleepy and tired so you can no longer watch the watch but you know it is always there ticking away, keeping perfect time. It knows what time it is so you won't ever have to worry about what time it is for the watch will keep perfect time. And now at the count of three I want you to wake up …1, 2, 3…" he snapped his fingers, "and awake. Good girl!"

There were other programs based on fairy tales and Disney themes. Other survivors around the world have also reported many of these same common themes.

Disneyland

When I was five years old my mother and father took me to the newly-opened Disneyland in Anaheim, California. As we walked down Main Street, we ran into Walt Disney and my father stood

aside as Walt Disney, larger than life to me, bent down and shook my hand. He told me that if I would write to him he would write back to me. I didn't consciously remember anything else after that. What happened next, though, as I later recalled, was that Walt Disney looked at my father with eyes that said important things I couldn't understand. My father then led my mother in the other direction and I was left alone with Walt Disney. My parents never said goodbye or anything, they just left me and walked away. I was terrified and confused at realizing that my parents just disappeared. Walt took me to an office, lifted me up on a big desk that had a glass piece on top and told me that he was my real father. He said the Mickey Mouse Club was my real family-where I really belonged. Everyone was always telling me I belonged to a different family than my parents and I didn't understand, it was all very confusing. Walt Disney seemed nice but I wasn't with him very long. He called another man in and that man took me by the hand and led me away. This man was a very bad man and he really scared me. He took me into another room and gave me those viewmaster box glasses to look into. He showed me pictures in them that were so scary that other parts of me had to come to see them. It was too much for a little girl to see. Dead things-cut up bodies, dead cats skinned with big eyeballs and their tails cut off, people cut up, etc. We had that toy at home but mine had cartoon pictures in it. This event involved several of my personalities.

Next, the man took me to scary rides and poked me with needles in my waist and legs while he said things during the Alice in Wonderland ride, like, "This is not really happening. I am not really sticking this needle in your leg. You are just like Alice. You also ate the large mushroom and feel funny-this is not real." He kept laughing and acting like all this was fun and games and really amusing, but it was terrifying and confusing to me, and I couldn't understand why he was hurting me. Parts of me split off as they withstood the abuse and I pushed the experiences deep into my subconscious mind as my programming dictated.

Then the man took me to Mr. Toad's Wild Ride and sexually abused me by taking off my panties and pushing me up and down on top of his penis while we were going through the dark, enclosed ride. During many years that followed, I got hurt on Mr. Toad's ride. I was instructed to be extra sexy and wild and crazy in order to be «good» and not get hurt. If I did it right and performed on cue, then I didn't get hurt when it was over. When we came out into the light from the darkened ride, it was over and if I did it right I could stop and go back to my Mommy. If I did it wrong, I had to do it all over again until I did it right. They always hurt me real bad if I made a mistake. I tried my best. It seemed like I had to stay at Disneyland for a long time, but at the end of the long day, I got to have a pretty balloon that I looked at as I laid in the back seat of the car all the way home. I was devastated, exhausted and out of it during the ride back to Woodland Hills, but looked up at the pretty Mickey Mouse ears balloon or the Mickey Mouse balloon within a balloon, before I finally fell into a long deep sleep.

We went to Disneyland yearly, often for birthday celebrations. On another visit, a suited man escorted me to the front of the Snow White ride. As he guided me on board the boat, he flashed a badge to the attendant and explained that he had special permission to take this special guest on the ride. We entered a boat and rode through the canals while he refrained the fairy tale themes. As we passed them by, he stuck needles in my thighs at different times after he finished a line about a story. All the classic fairy tales drifted in front of us-the Three Pigs and the Big Bad Wolf. He told me that the big bad wolf could always find me and get me, even if I was in the well-built brick house, and that the wolf could huff and puff and blow my house down. He told me my parents couldn't protect me from the wolf either because he was big and bad and wild. I can still hear the Big Bad Wolf song playing. The man kept poking me with the needle and it hurt. I kept watching his hand with the needle trying to anticipate the pain and he kept telling me the scary stories. I didn't know what to do and couldn't get away because we were in a boat and I couldn't get off. Then he almost choked me to death in the front of the boat but kept talking and telling me the fairy tales, as if nothing had ever happened. I was terrified.

Later on, in the dark of the night a man in a suit took me on the Matterhorn and stopped the rollercoaster ride at the waterfall where he told me everything that happened was washed away and gone forever. He made me get off the ride and stand on the rocks high up inside the Matterhorn all alone in the dark that night. I was really tired. He said they were leaving me there alone because I didn't do it right and I didn't listen well. I was terrified in the dark, wet, rocky area that was whooshing with the sound of the wind and cars from the ride speeding by. But it got even scarier when the area fell silent. Cold and tired, I was left totally alone for what seemed to my child self like

forever. When the man finally came to get me, he asked if I was ready to be good. Then he said a lot of words while he carried me to my parents. Handing me, all limp and wet, over to my mother, he said, "She's asleep." My mother was crying, my father was smiling and the man in the suit said, "It's been done, she's now ready for the next level."

My father carried me out of Disneyland but stopped to buy me a Mickey Mouse balloon to look at, to, as he said, "remember the good time you had." Disneyland was never really fun; there was always pain and torture.

Another night at Disneyland I climbed the steps to the Swiss Family Robinson Tree House. Once inside one of the rooms a man grabbed me, slapped my face really hard and flashed a bright light in my eyes. He said, "Your mother is not your real mother, your father is not your real father. You are made of much greater things, so great in fact that Walt Disney would claim you for his own. So remember what I've said about who your real parents are." When he was finished with me I climbed down from the treehouse, sobbing hysterically with each and every step. My mother was waiting for me at the bottom and took me over to the Fritos snack stand to try to get me calmed down.

It's A Small World ride was purposefully used to create the reality in my mind that I was really just on a ride at Disneyland when later I was taken to foreign countries for use. The programming that blossomed up into my conscious mind after such travel was that I was merely at Disneyland. One day my father accompanied me into the international phone display. I picked up many of the colored phones and listened to the different languages and my mom stood close by while my father appeared to walk away.

But my father really hid behind the phone display and talked like he was sending a message through the phone. Initially, I thought it was someone else talking to me through the phone, someone who mysteriously knew my name. When I caught on that it was my father, I knew better than to let on and continued with the charade. Soon a man in a Disney uniform came and linked arm in arm with me like the characters do in the Wizard of Oz, and escorted me over to the main headquarters near the dog kennels.

On another trip, I was taken on the Jungleboat ride at Disneyland at night. It was very dark and I noticed that no one was in line as my parents guided me through the area where people normally waited to enter the ride. We were all alone and I was terrified, anticipating what was to occur next. I had learned early on, and knew at a very deep subconscious level that my parents were of no protection to me; instead they were often the very ones that delivered me to very terrifying people, experiences and places. This night was no different. I was taken to the very back of the boat and a man in a dark suit emerged, and said, "I will take it from here," at which point my father took my mother by the elbow and escorted her robotically away. I was afraid.

"Laura," the man called out. Laura was my school personality who was programmed to be cooperative and helpful. He said, "Laura, I need your help so that things run very smoothly tonight."

"Yes, sir." I replied, now switched to Laura.

"I want you to turn around 7 times and I will be tying a rope around your waist so we don't lose you here tonight."

I couldn't imagine how I was about to get lost on this big boat, but I complied as he tied the rope around my waist and as commanded, I began turning as he counted, "One, two, buckle my shoe, no, three, four, shut the door. The door to your mind, that is, five, six, pick up sticks, and …seven will do the trick." I didn't know what the trick was but I was soon to find out. "Here, now you just sit down right here," as he pointed to a place at the back of the boat, while he held onto me with the rope like I was a dog on a leash. Before I knew exactly what was happening he lifted me up and plunged me into that cold, dark water. As I hit the water, I was sure that the alligators that I'd seen earlier that day on the Jungle Cruise were going to get me and eat me alive in the dark. The boat was going and I was being dragged behind it. I held onto the rope so that I could stay facing forward. Reminding me of the Wizard of Oz programming theme, the man yelled, "Lions and tigers and bears, oh my." Then pointing into the dark water near me, he tapped into the Peter Pan theme I was also programmed with as he anxiously warned, "I believe there's an alligator there on your left, no I mean on your right, right there behind you, he's swimming right up behind you on your other left." I was frantically panicked; and in an attempt to make it all go away I squeezed my eyes as tightly shut as I could, and held onto the rope for dear life.

"You're a very strong little girl," he called out, "just like your father told me you were. You know,

the survival of the fittest." Then he began to reel me back in and lifted me up by the rope as I climbed over the railing to get back on the boat. "You passed that test with flying colors! Your father said that this test would be easy for you."

I felt numb and my teeth were chattering from the cold. My dress was all wet and so were my shoes and socks and panties. I was freezing. My father always did talk to me about the 'survival of the fittest' and how I would be strong.

"You could fly like Tinkerbell does, across the sky at night attached to this rope like you are. Should I leave it on so that you can fly with Tinkerbell tonight, high up in the sky?"

"No, sir," I replied looking down at the rope and shivering.

He laughed real loudly. "You know that you fly with her every time you see her fly; you fly high, high away from all the things you think you remember here, but none of those things really happen; they are all just figments of your imagination. Do you know what figments are?"

I shook my head no.

"Figments are fruit that you eat. And you have enjoyed all the rides here tonight and had a lot of fun and now it is almost time for you to go home. You know, like Mickey says in the song, "Now it's time to say good-bye to all our company, M.I.C.K.E.Y.M.O.U.S.E.; you know the song on TV, the one that you hear when you watch the Mickey Mouse Club?

"Yes," I said, now in total hypnotic, robotical program.

"When you see Tinkerbell and all the beautiful fireworks here tonight, you will remember the good and only the good things that happened here today and tonight. All the good will float up into your conscious mind just like Tinkerbell flies high in the sky, so will all the good things [that happened] fly high up into your conscious mind. You have had the best day here at Disneyland and want to return as soon as you can for more fun."

In a complete hysterical panic, my mother rushed up and threw her arms around me as if she was rescuing me. She threw some sort of dark cloth over me, and she and my father took me off the boat. She took me into a bathroom to change clothes near the Jungleboat ride. My mother ushered me into a stall and began changing my clothes without closing the door behind us. I was embarrassed. A lady came into the restroom and my mom said to her, "My daughter fell into the water and we are changing her clothes."

No wonder it has been difficult, at times, for me to trust my own awareness, even as an adult.

One night, my programmers decided I was to actually replace the real Tinkerbell in flight over the park at night in the dark. The men in park uniforms walked up behind the real Tinkerbell who was actually an older lady and this night she was in costume, ready to fly. The men told her to step aside, that I was going to fly that night. I didn't know where my mom and dad went and I was cold and scared. The woman was very angry. She wanted to do her job and yelled at the men but they told her just to relax, that she would still get paid and that no one would have to know she didn't fly and she could go home early and still collect her paycheck. Still angry she left and the men dressed me in a white Tinkerbell costume and strapped me into the flight harness. After I was secured, a man asked me if I was ready. He showed me where to hold onto the front straps so I wouldn't get my hands or arms ripped off while I was flying high above the Magic Kingdom. The whole experience was terrifying. They must have given me a drug because everything appeared to be in lots of pictures like a camera with a whole circle of lenses of the same picture, like a kaleidoscope. As I flew, I felt afraid that I would fall out and splat below on everyone, but after a little while I became numb. I could no longer think or feel. I must have fainted because when I got to the other end of the sky ride, a few men removed the harness and tried to get me to come to. One man slapped me but that didn't even wake me up, then someone else put smelling salts under my nose and I woke up. I don't remember much else except I couldn't walk very well and had to be carried out of Disneyland. That night there were no stops on Main Street to get toys or a balloon or candy. I felt sick and laid in the back of our old Buick until we got home. My brothers didn't go with us, it was just my mom and dad and me. My father said I was the 'star' of the family. I didn't like being the star if that's how it was, but he seemed very excited about it.

Twin Sister Programming

My neighbors, my "second mother" Mary and her daughter Peggy, took me to a Hollywood

theatre to watch The Parent Trap, a 1961 Disney Movie starring Hayley Mills. The theme of this movie helped to shape the reality of my inner "twin sister," Sharon. I was Susan and my twin sister was Sharon. This Sharon personality was created in an attempt to further split my mind and was anchored within my personality structure in order to house a vast reservoir of experiences with the elite. Sharon was to identify herself with "high society."

Now of course, my inner twin sister Sharon also had to have programming experiences at Disneyland. To accomplish that our neighbor Mary took me to Disneyland with her daughter Peggy, who was my age. At one point we visited the beautiful Magic Castle that is located in the middle of the Magic Kingdom. As I walked through the Castle, exploring the area, I rounded a corner and as I stepped into a darkened area, a man in a black cape that had been hiding in a dark corner of the castle stepped forward and grabbed me. He put his hand over my mouth so I wouldn't scream and he elbowed me in the stomach before he raped me. Then he took me in the direction of the dog kennels in the front of Disneyland where other bad things happened. Every year, Sharon had to watch the "President Show with Lincoln" that played in a theatre on Main Street and in order to keep her secret experiences hidden from her conscious mind, this twin sister part of me also had to be exposed to many of the same kinds of trauma.

Sharon was created to be Catholic, and Mary and Peggy often took me with them to Catholic mass. (They didn't know about my connection to Henry Kissinger.) I was taught about Holy Water and genuflecting and the Stations of the Cross and Confession and Hail Marys and saying the Rosary. Peggy let me borrow her rosary beads that had a little blue enamel picture of the Blessed Mary on it. I learned to say, "Hail Mary full of grace the Lord is with thee," over and over again for each bead. We always had to wear a hat or a scarf. They had a lot of rules you had to follow. Had to get that Holy Water and dab it on yourself at your Stations of the Cross; forehead, heart then each shoulder, before you genuflected upon entering the pews. Then we knelt down and said the Rosary for a very long time. With my childlike consciousness, I thought it was a dumb thing to do and kept asking everyone why we had to say that and what it would do, but all everyone ever said was that I asked too many questions. During the many times I attended mass with Mary and Peggy, I silently prayed to the statue of the Blessed Virgin and asked her to help me, although I was unable to «think» about why I needed help.

Sharon was a "child of the elite" and later on, serviced the elite, such as the Rockefellers. She was often the sexually-oriented personality when I was used for sex and mind file work. «Sharon» was my highly sexual counterpart and «Sue» contained the messages in mind files.

To further my split conditioning, there was a small stone building in a cemetery where the men in suits locked me in for the whole night. They took my clothes away from me, pushed me into the dark room and closed the door. It was cold on the concrete floor and I could feel spider webs in the corners. It was scary, so I just sat down on my feet in the corner, hugged my legs to my body and closed my eyes.

After awhile, an angel appeared. She said her name was Maria and that I was being prepared for the future. She said that she and other angels would help me and I would be "sustained." I didn't know what that word meant but felt like it was okay because I felt so much love from her. While my spirit self was sitting next to her on a bench, my physical body was still in that concrete room. She told me she would be very close to me later when I was older and could understand more. She explained that these people were unkind because they didn't understand, but that my angel friends loved me very much and would be there whenever I needed them. All of a sudden, before I was ready to leave her, I was back in the cold concrete cubicle, still sitting squatted on my feet and she was gone. I felt like I had traveled somewhere and I wanted to go back there because it didn't hurt and wasn't cold there, but I couldn't figure out how to get there. I had to wait for the angel to escort me. Everyone was always escorting me everywhere-on earth and in heaven. When the men came to let me out, it was still dark and they dropped me off at home. Entering the breezeway, I went through the back door, into my room and went to sleep.

The Golden Arches

Now of course, in order to insure that Sharon's memory was kept separate from my conscious mind, trauma had to be induced to create the dissociative barrier. Among other traumas, I was taken to St. Mel's Catholic Church in Woodland Hills and was molested by a short fat "Father," at the back of

the church in a side room. This priest who spoke with an Irish accent and smelled like alcohol, pulled my hair while he sexually satisfied himself in my mouth. When he was finished with me, two men in suits escorted me to an awaiting limousine. I had short hair and wore a felt poodle skirt, flats, white socks and a white blouse. It wasn't unusual to see limousines lined up in front of this large Catholic church for use at funerals or weddings. It was nearing dark and once out of sight of the public, these men were very rough with me. They threw me into the back seat and once inside the limo I laid on the seat in a fetal position, rocking myself, terrified out of my mind.

Arriving at the new McDonald's, one man told me, "Look at the Golden Arches, they are your Highway to Heaven. Whenever you enter to cross over, you won't remember having been here." I went in as Sue and after I was drugged I came out as Sharon. I had no awareness that Sharon was me. In my internal, subconsciously created reality, I believed Sharon to be my physically separate, twin sister, but consciously I had no knowledge of any other part of me except Sue. All I knew was there were lots of times when I was told that I would be allowed to see my twin sister, my secret twin sister. I felt sad. I missed her desperately and I felt that she was always in danger and needed me. The man who was present to create this part of my programming was a very affluent and locally well-known and respected Catholic OB/GYN doctor, named Dr. McGinnis. He told me that I could find my twin sister in the bathroom, so I ran there to find Sharon. The doctor and another man followed me as I ran into the small one room bathroom that I entered from outside McDonald's, in tears desperate to find my twin sister. Once inside, as directed, I looked around and came out and told the doctor that he could come inside, that there was no one else there. I felt very robotic. Entering the small bathroom with me, he locked the door behind us and told me to sit on the floor in the corner of the stall. I did as he instructed. He took my arm and put it up on the toilet lid, slipped a rubber cuff around my arm and got a big needle out. As he injected the drug into my arm he commanded, "count backwards from three."

"One…" I started.

"NO!" The doctor yelled angrily. "I said backwards, starting from three."

"Three, two," I slumped over and passed out.

He began slapping my face and I couldn't wake up but he called out, "Sharon, Sharon, Sharon."

Finally after lots of slapping, Sharon said, "Yes."

"Get up and walk out to the car." The doctor commanded. Sharon obeyed.

He carried his black doctor's bag and we took off as soon as he got into the limo. I overheard him say to the driver that if he ever got caught he would just take his black bag and say he was on an emergency, that way no one would ever question him.

We drove down Ventura Boulevard to a jewelry store. The doctor and I went in, myself still switched to my twin sister Sharon. He told the store owner I was looking for a present for my mother, but I wasn't really. These people always told lies. He put a diamond bracelet on my arm and said, "You're used to jewels, remember?"

"Yes," I said, smiling. It was true that Sharon was used to riches.

"That is all you need to remember, that you're used to jewels." As we turned to leave, he called out to the owner at the other end of the store to say that we were finished shopping.

Next, I was dropped off at a big house somewhere and taken downstairs to be filmed in child pornography. There were men in leathers and chains with guns. A man ripped my clothes off and sodomized me while another guy watched as it was filmed. Then I was chained up, whipped and filmed more. They liked it when I cried out. They said I had to, in order to make a good film, but I really wanted to be quiet and keep all to myself so it would ruin the film. They put a baby on a wooden table and killed her while I was being raped and they said her lifeblood was filling me and that I liked taking the baby's life into me. I didn't really. I didn't want them to hurt the baby, ever. But I had to smile and laugh while they filmed it or they said I would be killed, also. They made these snuff films often with babies or little girls. "The younger, the purer," the men said. They believed fetuses were the best to get the purest untouched lifeblood. They often ingested the flesh afterwards, and sometimes the heart, while it was still beating. It was terrifying, vile and disgusting. And they fed it to me for the filming. I was always forced to smile.

After it was all over I was taken by limo back to McDonald's, into the same bathroom where some man snapped his fingers in front of my face and said, "Susie, you've fainted," which, by calling out that name, switched me back into my conscious personality. Once revived, these men drove me to

my street, dropped me off and told me to walk the highway to heaven into sleep. In program trance, I walked the short block home, went through the breezeway into the back door, and climbed into my bed. It was dark outside but the yellow porch light was on and I knew my way through the house with my eyes closed.

That night, alone in my bed, I said the prayer I usually said with my mother or my grandmother each and every night, "Angel of God, my guardian dear, to whom His Love commits me here. Ever this day be at my side. To light and guard, to rule and guide."

I beg of you, dear reader, to be open to the possibility that these sorts of atrocities did happen, and that they are still happening to other children today, even right now at this very moment. Please open your heart and know that this could be true so together we can all put a stop to the abuse that terrifies and threatens to destroy the children.

McDonald's was often a part of my abuse whether I was in California or later away from home when after use in different states or countries, they took me to "The Golden Arches" and gave me coke (later aspartame-infused diet coke with a twist of lemon) and french fries. McDonald's was a very powerful program for repressing events of national and international usage.

The Foundation is Built

By the tender age of five, 1 was conditioned through torture and high tech hypnotic tect and electroshock, to hurt myself in many ways should I begin to remember the secret activities, was a part of. Per programmed suggestion, if I began to remember I would stub my big toe c burn myself on the stove, thereby removing my focus from the remembered secret experienck and re-routing my attention to my wound. I was instructed where to cut my wrist in order to take my own life, should I begin to remember or tell. There were also accident programs instilled t insure my death if I began to remember. Endless programs were installed int in my life that were available for later use in suppressing my hidden activities

Over the years, I was told the following while I was being tortured, in an~ you remember, you will kill yourself; if you tell, people will think you are crazy and will loc you up in a mental institution; if you don't obey us, we will kill your family or your dog and ca if you tell, we will kill you." I had witnessed killings for years and knew these were not id threats.

My programmers also created within me, reporting personalities that were instructed to tell on me in regard to anything I did that was stepping out of line. This common feature of mind control is reported by many survivors.

"He called a little child and had him stand among them. And he said: "I tell you the truth, unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven. Therefore, whoever humbles himself like this child is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

Matthew 18:2-4

"See that you do not look down on one of these little ones. For I tell you that their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father in heaven."

Matthew 18:10-11

Chapter Four: Uncle Charlie, Kissinger, Hope and their Little Puppet

My Inner Twin Sister, Sharon Weatherby

I was paraded in many circles as a child, as Sharon Weatherby, and sitting on the fringes watching me was my Uncle Charlie. He told me that he would always be there, rain or shine.

Uncle Charlie was always at my father's Aunt Maude's when we went to visit her, just dad and me. He would be waiting for us on her little couch with the lace coverlets, the sheer curtain behind holding a green chameleon lizard that I thought was real until I got older. All decked out in a tan suit, his Dapper Dan shoes and a carnation in his lapel, Uncle Charlie smiled, shook my hand and winked at me. If he had on glasses, he would take them off to make sure I caught the wink and that was my cue to keep the secret. He told me before that it would hurt my father's feelings if he knew he wasn't really my father so I shouldn't ever mention it. "Otherwise," he said, "it would likely break his heart." I sure didn't want to hurt my Daddy anymore than he already was with his neck injury, slipped disk and

parents who abused and didn't love him. And he loved me so much, unless he had to hurt me. Uncle Charlie said, "Unfortunately he has to do that to make you powerful one day." So when I met Uncle Charlie with my father the first time, I never let on that I knew him. Later Charlie said, "Young lady, that was the finest acting job I've ever seen. You're hired!"

Well I was «hired» at a very young age, but was never paid a cent. And Uncle Charlie was my representative, come to take me to meet first, Bob and, soon after, Henry. Sharon was indeed programmed to be precocious and one day reported the following joke repertoire to Henry and later to audiences Bob and Henry sent me to:

"I told my owners, it's enough that you clowns expect me to work for free. You know it was bad enough that they broke the child labor laws and I told them about that when I learned it in school. They just laughed. But on top of that was SLAVE LABOR, and I recited the Constitutional Amendment that was causing a problem in my internal mind file legal systems. I told Henry it kept getting thrown out and I pretended it was repeatedly escaping and leaping out of my right ear. He thought I was funny and told me to refile it anyway — then I was sent off for more reconditioning. I never thought they would stop with that stuff and I was right. Zap, zap, zap."

These were the type of jokes that Bob Hope programmed into me for shows when I was demonstrated to others that had similar mind control "interests." The first time I recited it to Henry for his approval, he raised his eyebrows and looked at me over his glasses; he usually seemed either pretty amazed or leery at the jokes Bob installed into me. I was too young and too fragmented to have come up with this type of material on my own.

In later years when people would ask Bob where I came from, Bob jokingly told them I was picked off a conveyor belt. He always teased about where I came from. Bob told me once that he chose me because there was that little something special that he saw in my eyes.

Henry created my personality system and Bob handled the dialogue, jokes, songs, dances, and entertainment, and supplied Henry with famous friends and connections from all over the world, including Hollywood celebrities and business and political connections. Henry said contacts were everything, and that he and Bob worked well together because, despite their differences, together they more than doubled their influence and efficiency. They did wield influence over a large group of people. Henry had the mind and Bob had the means and the connections.

Creating My Inner Universe

Henry worked with me more in the beginning to set up all my systems. He even marked my forehead all over with little x's delineating what he called a "stellar map" of my system. Then he had me look into the mirror and what I saw, in addition to my little five or six year old face, framed by short hair, was black x's all over me. He said those were planets within my inner universe of knowledge and that they were laying in wait for the day they would be occupied. Later he attached the foreign countries, using It's a Small World for the different planets. This kept the information totally separated since the planets had no way of communicating with each other. So all the information remained self-contained but held in orbit in the big blue vastness by stars. All the stars were used as mind files for different movie «stars» or politicians I was used with. The larger stars held larger files of personalities I was used with more regularly and the smaller stars were reserved for people I only saw on occasion. The largest stars were reserved for Presidents, Kings, Queens, etc. The Council, that all-powerful group of men secretly orchestrating this whole drama, had very specialized, highly advanced satellite systems that traveled all over inside my mind, constantly monitoring my internal "worlds." They could also access interstellularly or interplanetarily and gain access to any information they wanted about any area or person in the system. Council members were the only ones who didn't have any security blocks throughout the system anywhere. They had full and total access like Henry. Bob's access was limited only by his ability to be able to fully access every part of the system. Henry just didn't inform Bob about planets or stars he didn't want him to know about. And Henry told me that he and Uncle Bob rode on little space cycles all around inner space in my head in order to police everything and make sure everything was always in perfect order, with no file on any planet or star ever getting out of order or loose. That way Henry kept my mind files in perfect order. Henry told me the mind files are limitless because the universe is limitless and contains an infinite vastness, always new areas to chart. Henry said it could never be full.

Kissinger And Ever More Sophisticated Programming

Kissinger was the mastermind behind my personality structure, and used others to further his creation. He was usually inside the top security places my father and others took me. There they did all the "prep work," they called it, before I was taken to Henry for his expertise. Prepping, to me, meant torture in machines, chairs, all sorts of horrors and then, when I couldn't function any longer, didn't know my own name, or if I was even real, they would take me to Henry. Henry had a notebook of diagrams he worked from. A «distilled» diagram meant that the original idea and intent had been identified and worked out, and the succeeding diagrams were a further refinement until the end result was total perfection. That's how Henry created my personality structure. Mind control was a secret weapon that he perfected over the years.

Henry had other "robots," as he called them, but I was the one with whom he spent the most time perfecting. He said I was the perfect subject and that my father had done such a great preliminary job that his work was guaranteed a success, where other robots fell short because they "bled through" and so couldn't be relied upon. I knew Henry had other robots because he said he had them for various and sundry things but said that I was the cream of the crop.

Henry said we had a "roving headquarters," and that was always his black briefcase. When I saw his briefcase I was programmed to feel familiar, and my surroundings didn't matter. I could now do my work knowing that everything was okay. At least that is what was suggested for me to think and feel.

As I grew older, I was taken to military bases for more sophisticated programming. Helplessly hooked up to high tech machines that did things to my brain, I had no way of understanding what these people were doing to me or why. I was placed in large metal chambers and left in isolation, sometimes spun, with colored lights, always with only one color at a time. I was restrained in sophisticated chairs with electrodes attached to my head, then electroshocked in a variety of ways. Sophisticated audio equipment also was used on me. Often loud, piercing sounds were relayed through earphones, usually with different sounds being fed into each ear. I didn't know what exactly they were accomplishing with all of this technology, but I felt tortured by it.

Mind File System

I also continued to be taken to Disneyland for base programming for my government mind file system. At around 8 years old, Henry made up some clever programs to create a place and organization in my head for my international mind files. He created within my personality system one or two children for each nationality; as is similarly portrayed in It's a Small World ride at Disneyland. Henry said the international themes were to anchor in different mind file systems that he said were "culturally oriented." Around The World In 80 Days was a song I sang over and over again when either my mother or my brother played it on the organ or my brother would play it on his accordion. The words I was programmed to respond to were, "Around the world in 80 days, I traveled on when Hope was gone to make my rendezvous…" Henry Kissinger and Bob Hope continued to be cohorts over the years and played around the world with people and governments, as much as that song played repeatedly in my head.

Henry linked a whole array of different programs to the It's a Small World ride and said, "When you walk up to the clock you will hear it tick-tock and then you will dock; tick-tock, ticktock. Keep all information separate. Keep all information clean and neatly in its space with little walls in between." I walked up to the ride, and saw the huge clock tower going tick-tock, then I was told to file through the turnstile until I got to the ride. Henry meant for me to think my actual trips abroad were really just memories about this ride. Due to this programming I had trouble distinguishing reality from fantasy. Disney fantasy was really meant to hide my international experiences from my conscious mind.

Once I got off the ride Henry said something hypnotic to me to lock in the program. He spent a good part of the day with me at Disneyland. He was really funny to the personalities he was programming. I almost laughed when I first saw him. I knew it wasn't allowed, but he did look really funny in the disguise. He had on a beard, wig and hat. He looked okay, but I knew it was really Henry, and so I said, "Henry, why are you wearing those silly things?" I couldn't comprehend why he needed to pretend he wasn't himself.

In his thick-accented, deep, monotonic voice, he told me to be quiet and with irritation in his

voice said, "You, my child, are too precocious."

Henry put me on ride after ride, and after I got off the rides, dizzy, nauseated, lightheaded, disoriented, frightened, or whatever, he told me to "listen intently," while he programmed all sorts of things into my mind file system.

"My Name Is Henry Sims"

Henry bought me popcorn and a balloon, too, just like my parents did in order to lock in the program. If people had known that Henry Kissinger was there at Disneyland that day, they would have been very surprised. And if I were the cause of him being recognized, I would surely have been terminated. I was never to allude to being associated with Henry Kissinger. Henry gave me a lot of mixing up on that agenda by having me read "Henry books and cartoons," in his attempt to keep his identity anonymous to my conscious mind. He attempted to scramble my association to him by having me read a variety of books; one was about Henry and the donut machine. He was always whispering, "My name is Henry Sims," in my ear, so no one else could hear him. He also had me eat "Oh Henry" candy bars and read "Oh Henry" cartoons, after he'd given me a hypnotic command to wipe away all memory of him while I was reading or eating the above.

Sometimes Henry would drive us to a parking lot, where we got out and walked some distance to a shopping center or a waterway. Each time we were together, he usually wore a different type hat (sometimes a Dick Tracy one) and a stick-on mustache and/or beard. He used to have a square mustache and a square goatee to match. He wore those off and on. Henry was a master of disguise and could keep his roles straight. He seemed very smart to me as a child.

In the early days, Henry would tell people, "She's a smart cookie, isn't she?" That was when I was about 10, just before my big political White House sexual liaisons were to begin. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Carousel Program

Henry also programmed me in front of a carousel ride. He had me stand in front of the carousel but he wouldn't let me sit down on a horse or a bench on the ride. I was only 8 years old or so and I wanted to get on the ride and have fun, but Henry said I had to stand up outside of the ride. That day, the carousel in my mind had to be created with me standing up and the files in my mind were to glide smoothly and as easily as the carousel turning. Then it would come to a stop, like the wheel of fortune, at the country in the mind file that Henry would ask for. He told me, "There's a whole other world in your mind files, the whole world." Then he told me, "The carousel makes the files in your head turn easily and effortlessly." My programmers also linked memory of times I was spun until I was dizzy and disoriented in their attempt to keep these mind files under the cloak of national security. As I deprogrammed I often mentally bumped into spin, sleep, suicide, migraine, and drug programs that I had to fight through in order to get to the original experiences. I was often physically sick, as my program dictated, and suffered massive migraine headaches and pain in different parts of my body while retrieving this information I'm sharing with you.

Henry told me, "You are a computer and like magnets repel, if you try to work on a computer, your mind will repel. It will go away and you won't be able to think to operate it. That is of course unless it's "apple blossom time," which was a cryptic reference to New York. Later he programmed in "cherry blossom time," as a code for JFK. In 1991, some 30 years later, as I attempted to document my memories on computer from the island of Kauai, I was continually frustrated, as I would become disoriented upon starting to write my remembered experience. Often after I tenaciously battled my way through the journalizing of my memories, I would smile having won, only to become immediately disoriented, and look again the next moment to find that the information I had just spent one to two hours documenting had been erased by another part of my personality structure who was still following the ordered command of my controllers. It was extremely frustrating, but I was stubborn and refused to give up!

Inner Clock Program

Henry programmed in reporting personalities so he could use them to debrief me in order to

access the data he carefully requested I acquire on certain targeted information or individuals. He created a very sophisticated system that allowed me to have an inner clock that not only kept perfect time but, when asked, I delivered the time audibly, and also knew the times around the world and could even record and playback the time that events occurred for me each day. Henry would ask me, "What did you do between the hours of 8 and 5 on June 5th?"

I would recite, "At 8 a.m. I woke up, at 9 a.m. I took a shower, at 10 a.m. I saw so and so…" At anytime Henry could check the inner record to find out where I'd been, who I was with, and what I was saying or doing. He instructed the set-up to house, "who, where and what," and be able to enter "the schedule recording file" into the framework of the base program.

My most important job was to drop the message to people he sent me to, at the right time. Henry said timing was everything. So he taught me to drop messages at the perfect time and to look into the person's eyes and notice other facial mannerisms and how he or she was breathing. He said I would get it like "perfect clockwork." That was the actual name of a mind file category, to list and recite all the different world times so Henry would know exactly what time it was in each and every country in the world anytime he would ask me — and all this time and place orientation looped back into the It's a Small World ride and the Clock Tower programming.

Henry could remember file names and numbers better than anyone could. He always remembered the major ones all in his head. He had a small notebook where he kept track of other mind files; large lists for intricate blueprints, classified documents, and detailed listings under subheadings. The system of files he created was multi-leveled and multi-tiered, like a wedding cake. Henry told my respective personalities how it looked overall and created a picture in our head so we could see how it worked from inside. We also had an inside «teacher» that we could hear inside the head to teach, remind, command and organize. This teacher was important and worked inside subconsciously and separately with Henry, until I was thirty-six or so, when a chiropractor inadvertently connected my conscious mind up to my inner teacher, who later ultimately helped lead me to freedom. The result was that Henry's inner teacher program was made conscious and I was taught to my conscious mind what was previously subconscious, thus, my conscious and subconscious minds were linked together making the program even stronger and accessible to learning information from others. So, I was then consciously able to realize I was assigned my "inner teacher" and "inner guides," who really were just code names for projects or areas I was involved in. Then, I began to hear the codes consciously and it was activating subconscious personalities or material in my mind files. But once again I am getting ahead of myself.

Chess Anyone?

Henry played games with me; chess, checkers, tic-tae-toe, and concentration; all mind games "to create other files and nooks and crannies to store files," Henry said. He set up a system with a chess game that was intended to house cryptic messages between Henry and others. The Council contacted Henry and built a very strong relationship with him through lengthy discussions and information they sent to him through messages encoded in my mind file system.

Over time, Henry wooed them by creating very sophisticated (yet simple for the intelligent) ways of communicating through the coded chess game where each piece had a very specific meaning that he taught me to memorize in order to relay the code. Over time the secret players knew what the moves meant by heart. They were time worn. "You see the chess board like a clock and all the pieces are recognized in a clockwise motion," Henry instructed me under his hypnotic command. When the chess board was set up, all Henry (or the Council) had to do was to make a move on the chess board and I would memorize and carry the move, containing the cryptic message, back and it would be understood what was meant by the communication. Unilateral wars were directed; the players in the game of war were clearly demarcated. There were no mistakes because everything was programmed and crosschecked like a computer. My mind was programmed and catalogued like a machine, so there could be only absolute precision.

The chessboard was a bridge to the "other world" where my controllers all existed, "like when Dorothy went to Oz," I was told. Henry and Bob and Governor (later President) Reagan and the others were to be seen like Dorothy's friends and family-they existed over the rainbow while my mom and dad and friends were where Auntie Em lived, in the real world. "So just like in the mirror, everything is just the opposite of what you see. Like Sleeping Beauty looking into a pool of clear water and seeing

her beautiful reflection, you will go over the rainbow, melt into it." "Over the Rainbow" was always going toward the world that was like Oz, that pretend world of Henry Sims and Bob. Everyone was on the other side, all I had to do was "walk through the liquid mirror to face the other side and that will immediately switch you and turn you around to face a new situation, calm, refreshed and invigorated. Every move, smooth and efficient," Henry instructed me.

The Older Look

Henry created many personalities inside of me who were programmed to be older and wiser than my young years, for his use with others. These personalities were formed and created by watching different selected movies as a child, like My Fair Lady. This was necessary, I overheard Henry tell others, in order to use me at 10 years old, passed off to others as a 16–18 year old. Since I was physically developed by 10 years old, they could pull it off, especially by creating very mature personalities to handle some of their very important clients. By that time I began having my hair done professionally once a week. My hairstyle was short and "chic," was the word Henry used. He needed to provide me with an older look and, in those days, everyone needed me to be older looking, older acting, older everything. My hair was professionally styled every week, in order to more smoothly portray the very mature, polished personalities that he and others helped create for their use. One obstacle was during the time I had my braces on. At that time, there were occasions when I would be taken to my orthodontist, James Mulick, DDS., a UCLA graduate, and late at night, he would remove my front braces and then a day or two later after my use was over, he would replace them. Like everyone else, he was probably also under programming.

In those days, Henry accessed information from my mind files with needles that he stuck in between my knuckles, though never in public. When we were at a meeting or in a public place he just touched my hand to put me into a mind file mode, then he would cue me with key/code numbers to access the specific files he wanted. Later, he used a "time clock theme" and fortunately for me he abandoned the use of needles.

Over time, many personalities were specifically created and enhanced for future use with targeted people, such as presidents, entertainers or foreign leaders. There were "president mind files" that were created strictly for the President's use in whatever way they needed or wanted. I was instructed to wear pearls for times I was to be used strictly as a mind file, and diamonds when I was to be used primarily sexually with presidents, heads of state or world leaders.

I can still hear Henry's voice giving me the commands, with his thick heavy accent he said, "Your eyes are getting so sleepy a train wouldn't rattle you. Now when you are deep asleep you will be able to retain vast reservoirs of information for safekeeping and retrieval by me and only me. This information is safe, very safe, because it can only be accessed by me. Do you understand? Nod if you understand." I nodded my head. "Good," he said, "now we can begin with the taping of the message, 'Mr. President, I was aghast at your stance in Iran. Change directions and face east. The success of this operation depends on it.»

Other memory compartments he created for other usage were seen to me, inside, as blocks of memory banks that housed information. They all had combination locks that Henry knew the codes to. Many had number and letter codes like, "16R, 17L, and 12 up straight." With the access code, the door to the memory bank in my head would swing open wide and I could go in and read the information Henry wanted. He told me the file to go into and I'd read through the alphabetical mind file system to get to the subject he wanted. Then, I read him the data or accessed messages directed to him from others.

Later on when I was older, I had numerical codes for laundering money to and from places he told me to go.

UCLA

Henry spent time at UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute in Westwood, California, in the area where they tested me and worked on my brain with all of their high tech equipment; bright lights, goggles, drugs, electroshock, cat scan tubes, etc. Henry walked with the big, heavy Caucasian doctor dressed in a white lab coat down the halls and I walked behind them until we got to the double swinging doors, and then the doctor held one door open for Henry and I to enter. We all went inside and Henry

told me to hop up on the table. The doctor examined my reflexes and looked into my eyes with different lights and gave me tastes and smells and all sorts of things that they said would powerfully effect my brain. Henry told me the doctor was my imaginary friend. He told me that was what I was to think, anyway. In an attempt to further scramble my brain the big doctor crossed his arms over his chest with his hands pointing in opposite directions and said, "Is it east or is it west? I don't know, I just get confused."

NASA

Another time doctors in white coats played perceptual mind games with me at a NASA installation. First they took me "through the course," they called it, and I was taken from chairs that performed different operations, like one that spun, then next to an isolation chamber. They put huge eye machines up to my face and had me close one eye and then the other in order to program each side of the brain separately. Some things were then reversed and programmed into another area of my brain through the opposite eye. They called this "cross-programming." For other functions, both sides of my brain had to be operating syncronistically. Information for mind file use was stored only on one side of my brain. Then, they allowed me to rest a moment before they injected me with some drug after which they put me through the course again (first by a woman, then by a man). They led me from each piece of equipment by the hand because at this point I was a total zombie. When I finished the third go-around of the course of equipment; they put me in a totally soundless isolation chamber. I don't know how long I was in isolation, but doctors in white lab coats released me and asked me questions. I was still spinning; I felt like I couldn't even prevent my head and eyes from continually spinning as I attempted to answer their questions. Focusing my eyes was very difficult. I can still feel and experience, to the point of abreaction, how awful and disorienting it felt. The doctors always acted very superior, but even as a child under mind control, somehow I was able to wonder, "who couldn't win with mind games, under these circumstances." I was only a child who had been put through torture and drugged, and now they wanted to ask me questions as if they were somehow better than I was. After one doctor finished questioning me, he would leave and another doctor would question and test me further.

At the time I was unable to consciously fathom the fact that that there was never any normal life for me. Only «acting» normal outwardly and for the public. Normal was what most people deemed acceptable behavior and I was told to emulate the normal people. So I copied behavior and was only allowed to be around certain people. All other relationships were not allowed. Both my mother and father watched me "like a hawk;" they said I wasn't allowed to go to social events that were not part of my programmed reality.

Henry Got Me into the Pentagon Lots of Times

In order to ready me for this assignment, Henry played "a bingo game" with me inside my head and directed me to the files in the Pentagon by a map he also created inside my head. In the Pentagon file room a code identified each filing cabinet in the room by giving it a letter code for the row and a number code for the number of the cabinet, starting with # 1 at the left. There were 12 rows of 12 cabinets in the area. The floor beneath the cabinets was smooth concrete or marble-like. The files inside the cabinets were labeled with letter and number codes. You had to look up the document you wanted from a listing, to get to the code number in order to look it up in the files. These were kept on the opposite side of the building for security purposes so a person would have to break through two security systems to get to the document they wanted. None were just filed alphabetically, but had a different system altogether for security. The building's windows had those small wavy, wiry lines in them. But the file room didn't have any windows. There were different types of security systems. Some systems set and unlocked with cards, others with keys, and still others were heat, light, voice or pressure activated. In some areas there were red laser beams that shone through the area that housed the filing cabinets.

There were many times that he dressed me in different disguises; dressed me as a man, complete with beard and mustache, or a woman with padding to make me appear heavyset. These disguises were also successful in making me appear different ages. He often had hats that completed my disguise for a job. Henry disguised me and took me in one night. He only did the night entrance on one occasion, when there was an emergency that was worth the risk of abandoning me inside with

instructions to self-destruct if apprehended. Henry did something to get an armed guard to agree to take me through the long, gray halls and lines of desks to the area where they had rows of file cabinets full of classified documents. Henry needed some information on a document, so he said something to the guard and the guard took me all through the building unlocking systems as we went. He took me up to the file room and just like in the game Henry and I had played, I went straight for the file cabinet, coded in the row and number on the map in my head. Like a rat in a maze, I knew my way exactly to the desired destination and I used a small flashlight that Henry had given me for this purpose. The file area had cameras that filmed the area, like in banks. Those had to somehow be shut down. Henry told me to pull the file, photographically memorize its entire contents within a prearranged mind file and minutes to completely «photograph» a multi-page document with my mind. There was no, enough time to read it, but I photographed it quickly, and then I returned to the guard. I think the agreement was that I could only have 2 minutes in an open drawer once I located the document I think Henry challenged guys that thought I couldn't do such things that fast or other things than seemed humanly impossible, so that he could get me into different highly secured buildings Henry also palmed guards and at other times got special clearances, or would work a deal out with a guard or the guard's boss. It was tricky because guards had to log their Henry would help provide them with an alibi for the time they were helping him.

During regular business hours, Henry would prostitute me to top Pentad, guards, whoever he needed to manipulate or access in order to gain the information he wanted There were certain Pentagon officials who were more cooperative than others. In later years he took me to meetings with men at the Pentagon in order to "debrief' me in front of them.

At the Pentagon there was also an audio-visual room, as they called it back in the late 60's and early 70's, where persons with top clearances could go to see a movie (later videos), of top secret projects and other classified information. Henry got me in to see lots of those over the years. There used to be a large movie screen, but later a large monitor for video showings

Henry and The CIA

Henry sent man, at the airport in a limo. Once in the office, Henry sat me in the large wooden chair that turned, r, order to give me the message while he spun me. Later, I was driven with him while he sorted through my mind files, listened to messages from people, and inputted information on new projects until we reached Washington, D.C. Then he sent me into buildings and I gave the information to whomever I was told to and in whatever way Henry said. Most of the time se, was just an avenue to deliver messages or maybe just used as a payoff to officials who were willing to overlook their security command in order to allow me access to certain classifies areas. Henry was well greased into the inner network of the FBI and CIA. He and his groin made sure they had control over these agencies. The director was always "one of theirs," but Henry had a lot of important information to give these agencies in order for things to groove, like well-oiled cogs.

They sent me to "give a message to the man on the second floor in the hall who has a rep handkerchief in his left pocket and bumps into your left shoulder and leans over to say, 'Sorry little girl. Then you tell him this message."

Henry had a lot of business with the CIA and the FBI and it was all a big secret. He sent m, in even at eight and nine years old to deliver some of his most sensitive information to the most sensitive of connections. It all began with him spinning me in the wooden chair and inputting the message. Then he would have someone deliver me to the destination where I passed off information, often to older, very dignified, wealthy looking gentlemen. Sometimes I "ran into". cute little old man with white hair who bumped me on the shoulder and dropped something on the floor like a rose, handkerchief, or key ring and as we both bent to get it, I'd deliver information. Sometimes it was a long string of numbers and sometimes just a word like "Ajax, or "coma," or "barley him "or "make him into a ham on rye," or "tonight, 3 a.m. Federal Building job."

Chain Of Command

My chain of command was Henry first and then Bob. Henry Kissinger created Sue and Bob Hope created Sharon, and initially they were to only work with their respective sides of my personality structure. Messages could be sent through the inner personality system. Bob was never to access Sue

and Henry wasn't to access Sharon, but Henry taught many personalities how to send messages back and forth through the system in order to get information about Sharon without accessing directly through her and thereby keeping it secret from Bob that he was breaking their agreement. Henry created "inner runners" that took messages from Sue to Sharon and then replied back without ever having to have Sharon present. It worked well, but Bob didn't access Sue. Since Bob didn't create my personality infrastructure, he lacked the sophistication to know how to access information without being caught and he knew Kissinger would find out because Henry programmed me to always tell the truth. I couldn't do otherwise and I would tell on Bob because Henry told me, "You watch him and tell me everything he does."

After lots of contact with Henry, he said, "Like in a good marriage, after awhile there is unconscious communication going all the time." He meant that it was like knowing each other so well that you know each other's thoughts, and that's how he trained me to be attuned to him.

In the early years lots of my instructions came by way of the telephone. My controllers would call out a specific personality's name and I would switch to her, listen for instructions and when they said, "Bye Sue," I'd switch back to my regular personality, with no conscious awareness of the event.

Bob took me to more places as a child to gain experience, but Henry just sat me in the chair a lot and read instructions or stuck that big pin in my thigh or hand, and gave me things to look at to "take a picture with my inner camera."

Who Would Suspect a Kid?

Henry had his driver take us to different parks in New York and they would let me out. I was eight or nine years old one time when Henry told me to, "walk toward the man in the blue suit," and when he dropped his handkerchief I was to give him a message. When I walked back to the car, Henry said, "You're some kind of homing pigeon." He called me that often when I was little and doing «errands» for him. He wanted me to have short hair so he could disguise me to look like a boy or a girl, whatever the job required. He had me be everything including "invisible"-that is, hidden inside of a box that was transported into a large warehouse. Of course I was instructed that once inside, to wait two hours, get out of the box and come and unlock the warehouse, and if necessary I was instructed in how to break the security code to get out. Like Henry said, "Who would suspect a kid?"

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us…"

The Lord's Prayer

Chapter Five: Initiation into the Political Arena as a Sex Slave

My father sold me as a prostitute to neighbors and business contacts. He programmed me to ride my bike to the gas station at the corner of Ventura Boulevard and Fallbrook Avenue in Woodland Hills. Mr. Teesdale and Mr. Roberts owned the station. Frank, the auto mechanic and gas station attendant who worked there, traded my father free gas and auto servicing in exchange for having sex with me in the bathroom at the station. That went on for several years. The gas station has since been demolished and in its place stands a large office building, but the memories of what happened to me remain. He also took me to the next door neighbor, Mr. Faciano, to perform sexual favors, always in exchange for twenty dollar bills. My father also sold me for sex to groups of men who met at the welding shop he owned. These men took me by the hand, behind Smitty's Wood Lot, and sexually abused me (I performed oral sex, or they would rape or sodomize me) in exchange for cash paid to my father. My father, and later my brother Rick, who through a series of events ended up owning the family welding business, sold child pornography out of the shop. These pornographic materials were kept behind a corrugated metal wall and sold to interested customers when they came in. (My brother may not be consciously aware of his criminal activities.) Over the years, I was well trained, through trauma and sexual abuse, in line with the technology that was shared with my father so he could condition me for a higher level of future use.

One night at the dinner table my father announced that the actor, Robert Taylor, had been in to visit him again. I never knew why a famous actor like Robert Taylor would want to visit my father at his welding shop, but even though I couldn't yet piece the separate parts of my mind together enough to understand, I was impressed nevertheless. During this time when I was around 8-10 years old, my father told me that Robert Taylor watched a ballet performance where I danced the Swan Lake ballet

on toe shoes. I wore a pink sequined leotard with pink sequined straps and the outfit had pink feathers attached to it. I had a pink-feathered headband that made it look like I had pink feathers all around my face, like a swan. Later on I found out that Robert Taylor liked child pornography; my father sold it to him from his welding shop, and he also liked sex with 7-10 year old girls.

This was an important time of deciding just how far I would "go." Dad wanted me to go all the way to the top. He said he was so proud of me and together we'd make his father Ivan, a proud grandfather.

My father had a group of pedophile friends with daughters my age. They traded us sexually and each independently participated in filming us pornographically, sometimes including bestiality. I had many personalities who were trained both in porn and prostitution.

Corbin Bowl

At age seven, I was further trained by older women prostitutes in a back room at the Corbin Bowl, located on Ventura Boulevard in Tarzana, California. I was taught the "tricks of the trade," most of which I already knew from years of sexual abuse. The prostitution and pornography I was a part of was a highly organized activity.

There were times a personality within me was programmed and used to entice and kidnap other children off the street and into a big black car. The kidnapped children were initially kept in cages in back rooms and then used in pornography and usually killed, often in snuff films. We were all shocked with cattle prods or other electrical devices for lots of different offenses. Pornography was filmed at the

Corbin Bowl, with other children, women, men, and animals. Perhaps this is where many of the missing children, whose faces we see so often on postal cards or billboards are disappearing to and why they are never found. At this young age, I was also locked in a small, darkened room with a bed and sold as a prostitute to large numbers of men in a day. The people in charge left ropes, whips, and sex toys for use by the men who paid for sex with me.

One of my father's pedophile friends and partners in the child porn and prostitution business was Dean Hartshorn. Although Dean was nearly 20 years younger than my father, their shared sexual perversions kept them close friends. Dean and his family lived in the Encino Hills area and he operated a pesticide business. Dean had a beautiful daughter, named Donna, who had the blondest hair and bluest eyes I'd ever seen. She was traded to my father for sex and I was traded to Dean and some of his friends and relatives. The Hartshorn family joined my family on vacation several times a year and Donna and I were filmed as we performed sexual acts with numerous different people.

Other Locations

Over the years I was taken to many different locations and filmed and/or programmed. Some of these were: Turlock Lake, Mount Shasta, Clear Lake, Lake Arrowhead, Bass Lake, Lake Cachuma, Lake Isabella, Millerton Lake, Pine Flats, Lake Elsinore, Big Bear Lake, La Jolla, Mission Bay, Salton Sea, Coronado, San Juan Capistrano, the Colorado River, Lake Mead, Lake Mohave, Lake Havasu, Death Valley, Las Vegas, and other places we went for so-called "waterskiing vacations."

Cliff Spear was also a pedophile friend of my fathers. His daughter Debbie (also known as DeeDee) was my age and was in my brownie troop and class at school. I was traded to Cliff by my father, and was molested by him every time I spent the night at Debbie's house. In the middle of the night, Debbie and I, and sometimes her younger sister Jana, were awakened and taken to Cliff's carpeting business to be filmed pornographically.

Guy Cooper was a man who filmed me in porn at his home in Hidden Hills, with his younger daughter, Buffy. In this porn I was also forced to have sex with animals, some of them large farm animals. You can imagine how shameful and degrading these experiences are to a child.

To my knowledge, my father's affiliation was not limited to any single group, nor did he subscribe to membership in any group for any length of time. Instead, his membership was temporary, as he moved from one group to another, suiting my programmer's needs for the time. The groups I am aware of that he attended for different periods of time were the Lions Club, Ku Klux Klan, and Neo-Nazi groups. Publicly and consciously my father adamantly professed that he was not prejudiced

against any race or religion and taught me not to be racially prejudiced. In private, secret gatherings with like-minded men, he witnessed and participated in ceremonies where they humiliated, tortured, dismembered and killed Black people and Jewish people. I know, because as a child I was present at some of those "meetings."

I was taken often to rituals that were performed late at night. One incident that stands out in my mind was a night near my 10th birthday when a group of men sacrificed a Black man, saying it was done in my "honor," to give me power. As I watched in sheer panic, devastation, and horror, they tortured and then threw this man alive into the bonfire. To withstand this extremely traumatic event, I split off another personality to deal with it. On another occasion, as a Fourth of July event, a small child was delivered by a black sedan to my father at the gully at the end of our street. I watched in horror as my father strapped a homemade bomb he had made to this little boy's body and told me he was so powerful he could make the child live or die. The next thing I knew the bomb went off and the child was nowhere to be found. The tactics used to keep me dissociated and split were endless.

The Shriners

I remembered my father and our Shriner neighbor, Jack Rice, taking me to a meeting where a group of men, all wearing red Shriner hats, sat at tables. My father was given a Shriner hat and acted like he felt uncomfortable wearing it. I was patriotically wearing a navy blue v-neck dress with a large white sailor collar. Mr. Rice sat on one side of me and my father on the other. They ate dinner but I just sat at my place in a daze and didn't eat anything. One of the Shriner's stood at his table and clinking his glass to get everyone's attention, he announced, "We have a little member here tonight to entertain and delight you. Please welcome her with a round of applause."

I walked up onto the stage and began dancing to The National Anthem. "Oh say can you see, by the dawn's early light," the words played as I danced and slowly began taking off first my dress, then my shoes, pantaloons, nylons, bra, and panties until I stood dressed only in a tiny tasseled white satin g-string. Why I didn't strip all the way I don't know. All the men cheered and after I was through Mr. Rice stood at the bottom of the stage stairs to take me backstage to dress. He held out his arm and I took it. I felt like I was blind and couldn't see to find my way so he led me as he recited the program he had continually taught me to memorize, "There was a man who had no eyes and he went out to view the skies, he saw a tree with apples on it, he picked no apples off but left no apples on it." It was a «blind» program and I was told I couldn't see while I was there. Mr. Rice led me to a back room. It wasn't like a dressing room, just a side room. He gave me some kind of red robe to wear, "They'll bring your clothes on into us in awhile, we'll just wait." Other nights at different Shriner places, there were satanic rituals where I was raped on an altar in front of the group of robed men. There were many other Shriner meetings; lots of them disguised "under the big top," at Shriner circuses. Circuses were a place of trauma over the years and I usually ended up getting hurt.

My neighbor Peggy and I performed Alice in Wonderland in what seemingly appeared to be an innocent backyard neighborhood play for these elderly neighbors, Mr. & Mrs. Rice. They sat on their patio, having cocktails like they always did at happy hour and watched while we performed. In the middle of the play, Mr. Rice wiggled his finger and calling me over to him, he said, "Come here, Susie, I want to tell you a secret." I stood by this elderly man's chair on the patio and he motioned for me to bend over so he could whisper a secret to me. His pungent alcohol breath permeated the air as he said, "I have a little surprise that will help you act out the play better," and he put a small role of lifesavers into my hand and told me, "open your mouth for the next surprise." Naively and with complete trust, I opened my mouth as he said, "Close your eyes for the hidden surprise, and remember the real surprise is in your hand." Then he reminded me, "open your mouth for the hidden surprise."

In childlike innocence, I kept my eyes closed, waiting in anticipation for the surprise. Mr. Rice placed something in my mouth that was round as he said, "This is a heavenly wafer, my dear, a hidden heavenly wafer, in which you will appear." I didn't know what he meant but I began feeling very weak and funny inside, just like Alice in Wonderland did. Then he said, "Go finish your play now and act your part. Your part is about to start, so don't be late for a very important date or you will end up in trouble over and over and over again. Always obey the white rabbit, follow him inside for he has the time of day in which you will play. So go now and play your play. Which is it, play? The play or the play?"

In a confused stupor, I walked back over to my friend Peggy and entered the play again, saying my part, which was, "I'm late, I'm late for a very important date."

Mr. Rice was my date at other evening affairs with the Shriners, some where I was even the "altar girl" but it wasn't like a sacred ceremony at the Catholic Church, instead, I was taken to satanic rituals. They were really bad rituals where I was raped on an altar in front of lots of Shriners late at night, in dark outside places and they hurt and tortured me in the name of what they called, "the holy one."

Peggy and I also performed The Parent Trap for the Rice's. This was a way of cementing and concretizing the Susan and Sharon twin sister programming. I played Sharon in the backyard play and Peggy played Susan. We even cut my dress just like in the movie.

As I remembered what had actually happened, in full detail, instead of merely recalling the small slice of conscious reality of this past event, I could smell the Rice's home, Mr. Rice's alcohol breath, and his daughter Joanie's perfume, which was strong and also had an alcohol base to it. Hidden behind all the fairy tales and seemingly good things were painful memories of the places I was taken to for programming.

The Onset of Puberty

I began puberty around this time and my father snuck into my room like he always did at night. He explained to me while I was in a haze of sleep, that I was of the superior race, that I was of Aryan descent and that he was proud of my blond hair, green eyes, and fair skin. At the time, I had no idea what he was talking about and ignored it, pretending I didn't hear him.

I started menstruating at ten. This heralded abuse in rituals which involved being raped and impregnated, sometimes twice a year. When the fetuses were two to three months old, they were aborted at rituals and ingested by members of the group in order to fulfill the beliefs of the group; that it made those participating "more powerful." These were devastating, deeply traumatizing, and soulfully painful experiences, the memory of which was repressed along with all the other traumas. These traumatic events served as mind control reinforcement, to insure amnesia of my use in pornography, prostitution, and later projects I was to serve in.

By the end of the 5" grade, when I was almost eleven, I had gone through puberty, was fully developed and had already had my menstrual cycle for a year. Despite the abuse, I was programmed to be an average student, with many «school» personalities who helped me act like a "normal kid." Often I displayed behavior problems in school, as I acted out, due to what was secretly going on at home and at other dark, hidden places. My teachers merely passed off my joking and constant disruption as typical mischievous behavior and I won an award for class clown. I also had personalities who were totally amnesiac of any of my abuse who were able to function normally at school. As I entered junior high school, I did the things that normal kids do; I was a cheerleader, performed in the chorus, sang solos at school performances, won awards for the most beautiful smile and for being the class clown, and obtained other awards for service. And my mother had the cleanest house in the neighborhood.

To all outward appearances, all of these families I've mentioned, seemed to be normal, upstanding citizens of the community. NO one would have ever suspected that, in secret, all of this abuse was occurring. The mothers kept clean children and clean houses, smiled and were polite and caring in public, and the fathers acted charming and were considered responsible businessmen in the community. What went on behind closed doors-that no one wanted to believe or hear about, not even my school principal-was the spiritual, physical, and emotional devastation of many, many children.

In my desperation to obtain help or understanding, I started very early trying to figure out what was wrong. I kept bumping into mind control programming that re-routed my thoughts, and exasperated with my statements and questions, my mother constantly «re-minded» me from her own programming, "You just think too much!"

When I turned eleven, my father announced he was flying me to his small hometown of Correctionville, Iowa, to meet my grandparents. I was surprised by this invitation, as family problems had estranged my father from his parents for years …in fact, from even before my birth. My father never had anything pleasant to say about his parents. But I was excited to fly on an airplane (which I mistakenly thought was my first time) and curious about meeting my grandparents for the first time. The telltale fact that my father hated them, and had stolen their car and run away from home at

fifteen never entered my thought processes. Nor was I able to wonder why my mother and brothers were not invited to go along. Unfortunately, due to the mind control I was under, I did not have the ability to question or to wonder about anything along certain lines. I merely went along with what I was told to do.

I was impregnated several months before we were to go to Iowa. My mother took me shopping to a clothes store called Stardusters. It was like Hollywood there. The saleslady picked out dresses and took me into the dressing room and, in spite of my embarrassment, dressed me in outfits complete with accessories. My mother bought me several expensive outfits, complete with hats, belts, purses and fancy, frilly undergarments, although she wore old, ragged clothes and at home the word was that we were broke.

On the way home from our shopping spree, my mother took note of my maternally pooching tummy, and over the next few months, yelled at me constantly saying, "Hold in your stomach." Neither of us consciously knew that I was pregnant and I tried my best to hold in my tummy. During my teen years, I was usually anorexic, very thin, and didn't eat much, so the fact that I was pregnant for a month or two was not easy to detect, especially to those who wouldn't have ever expected it.

My paternal grandfather, Ivan Charles Eckhart, was a Jersey Ice Cream manufacturer, a multimillionaire and mayor of the town of Correctionville, Iowa, where he lived with my grandmother. Later on he won a landslide election to become the supervisor of the Third District and for years was involved in both local and state politics.

My paternal grandmother, Leah Eckhart, was a small but angry-tempered woman. Now I understand why. Instead of sleeping upstairs in the plush bedroom with my grandfather, she slept in the bare cement floored basement on a small cot. At the time I could not question or wonder about that either. My grandparents are now both deceased, left with never having the opportunity of understanding or healing the intergenerational abuse that created this problem to begin with.

I had many traumatic experiences on my visits to Iowa. I suppose, back then, my father's return visit to his parents appeared just to be a family reunion, but nothing could have been further from the truth.

While in Iowa, I had the first of several forced abortions, which was performed in a torturous fashion by a local doctor. Although I was actually raped and made pregnant at a ritual, I was humiliated and shamed for becoming pregnant. As in all trauma-based mind control, everything was a double-bind. I was blamed and shamed for everything that happened, none of which I ever had any control over. My baby, which was not yet old enough to be born alive, was nevertheless a perfectly formed fetus. My grandparents and my father performed a ritual behind their house in which they convinced me that I had killed my own baby (it was obviously born dead), and they ate it and forced me to participate. Since I was suffering from Multiple Personality Disorder, this traumatic experience, along with many others, was stored neatly away from my conscious mind, hidden in alternate personalities, and sealed away from my conscious awareness by programming that covered and hid the truth of my life.

One night after returning to my grandfather's house, somehow the experiences that terrified me were not so neatly hidden from my consciousness and in an act of panic and desperation, I frantically tried to phone my mother to ask her to help me. Overhearing me, my grandfather grabbed the phone out of my hand and proceeded to rip the phone out of the wall and in retaliation, tied me to the post of his iron bed frame for two days, while they went out of town. My grandfather was very brutal. But my father was very proud of the human technology I possessed. He was pleased to be able to show his father all of my «trained» abilities.

During the remainder of the time we were in Iowa, I was forced to entertain my grandfather's business and political friends. I danced naked on the table at meetings and performed sexual favors for many of my grandfather's associates. To demonstrate my abilities, my father prompted the men to use their cigars or cigarettes to burn my vaginal area as I kneeled before them. My father wanted to demonstrate that I would smile and show no signs of the pain due to mind control. After these meetings, I was connected to a higher level of politicians.

From then on, when my father took me on our yearly trips to Iowa, I was slowly connected to more and more political figures. In the meantime, he used me wherever he could to get cash, or more often, courtesies for favors. We started having enough money to go out to dinner, which was a treat we could not previously afford. It's likely that some of the money came from my father's payoffs from

my use in porn and prostitution.

Training Farms

There were child and adolescent training centers called "farms," that I believe were located in Montreal, a city in the French Canadian Province of Quebec. I was taken to one for "grace training," and to step up the etiquette and formal training I would need to be used a notch higher. Other teenage girls were also there in training. It felt like a prison. I think I was there for a week — it was difficult to determine the actual span of time. It had to be winter because it was chilly and windy outside, and the trees were barren and there were leaves on the ground. This place was located out in the countryside. It wasn't on the way to anything so if anyone came near they could easily be identified as intruders. We were seen to public eyes as unwed mothers. We even had to stuff a pillow in our pants and go into town every once in awhile. I slept with other girls in a white farm building that had cement floors and cots with mattresses that lined the room. We all compliantly took the medicine they gave us every morning. The people that worked at "the farm" changed daily, men and women both, but never the same ones two days in a row. We ate dinner and we all got into bed, then someone told us a story. They treated us like a herd of cows and we all totally obeyed instructions; there was no fuss and no fight, just total obedience.

I was taught how to walk elegantly with a book on my head and had to be able to squat down without dropping the book, and then stand up again. I was assigned to work with language input tapes in a small sound room equipped with headphones. I was given a mirror to look into to practice making certain sounds. All the instructions were given to me auditorily, even down to, "hold your mouth like you are saying A or O," and then I heard the sound I was to mimic. Once I learned the physical impressions of how to make the sounds they could easily attach language skills. I don't know how it all works, but later they had me lay down with headphones on while they played sounds so fast that I couldn't hear the words. Later they said that it had "worked," and that I had received French language enhancement. The lady explained that in most foreign countries it was proper to ask for a translator, but it was to be common background for the upper class to at least speak fluent French and Italian, and preferably German and Russian also. Since I was going to be used with foreign people and in foreign countries, I had to know their languages and customs.

I was also shown movies from a film projector onto a screen. I saw films on different foreign countries in order to obtain the necessary culture. They instructed me, "Put this in your China file," and then I would watch a movie intently recording all of it, the places, the names, dates, historical facts, everything. Then later on when Henry and I arrived in these foreign lands, I was familiar with their cultural background so I wouldn't make a faux pas.

All we did at the training farm was eat lightly, sleep and learn; input was ingested in large quantities for later use. Henry didn't visit me there. He said he might stop in to check on me, but he never did. Beforehand, he tied my Wizard of Oz programming to this event when he told me to believe, "I left my bed in Kansas, and went on the wings of a tornado to the farm." When I came back "to Kansas" I woke up in my own bed in California and was very, very sick. My mom took care of me and told me that I had the flu. I had a high fever and was a little delirious. I couldn't even manage to keep my eyes focused. I felt exhausted and so sick that I couldn't sleep, so I lay in my bed and prayed to die.

During summer vacation one year, Mr. Rice, our Shriner neighbor, re-introduced me to his daughter, Joanie Rice, who was visiting for the summer from her home in White Plains, New York. She was much older than I and was very attractive. She wore lots of makeup and jewelry, and wore a heavy perfume called Royal Secret. During that time, my maternal grandmother who lived with us had to be put in a rest home and my mother visited her every day, so Joanie, stayed to babysit me and played with me by our pool in my mother's absence. It all looked like a nice arrangement from the outside, but her presence was planned to further my programming. She taught me to be "dignified." I heard that word over and over and over. She taught me social etiquette-to act polished, to have good manners, and she was there to voice-program me when the men came with the equipment. At these times, she and a group of men held me down on the couch, drugged me, placed a band around my head, which they retrieved from a black briefcase full of special equipment including bright lights and machines which delivered different sounds and instructions. I was given names of politicians and programmed with instructions that, when I saw them on TV or heard them on radio, I was to become

completely amnestic of who and what I was involved in. She also programmed me from lists of numbers and codes. Other years, I was flown to her glamorous apartment in New York. She escorted me to Washington, DC at first, so I wouldn't feel afraid or alone and could work at my maximum capacity. My mother and I also began to wear Royal Secret perfume, like Joanie.

Twenty-nine Palms

My family bought property in Twenty-nine Palms, California and built a small cabin on the desert land. One weekend my father explained that my mom needed a little time to herself since her mother had just passed away. I, too, was sad that my grandmother had died. My controllers told me she went to the streets of hell as evidenced by the blood coming out of her face. She died of high blood pressure, which caused the bleeding. But they said she went to hell and I hoped she would come back alive so we could re-route her. But after awhile that didn't scare me because I knew my «Gram» didn't go to hell. Although in a programmed state, my grandmother participated at times in my abuse, I knew she was really a nice quiet, gentle woman, who like my mother, never would have intentionally hurt anyone.

So, my father took my brothers and I to our Twenty-nine Palms cabin and one day they involved me in a sex ritual. They got me drunk, then stripped and tied me by my wrists and ankles face up in the sand in the intense desert sun. They seemed so excited as they did this to me. My father painted a satanic pentagram and green swastikas on my body. Later on, as it began to get dark he poured gas in a wide circle around me and once it was really dark he lit a match which started a fire burning all around me. I thought they were going to cook me. They put a half-dead, sandy, horned toad in my mouth and told me to hold it there. My brother Rick was running all around in an excited frenzy and my brother Jim was there also. At this ritual, in addition to traumatizing me, they were being taught how to be in charge. I was raped by all of them and their friends.

My Future Marriage Was Arranged In 7th Grade

During this time, I attended Hale Junior High School, which was located directly across the street from our church, the First Presbyterian Church of Woodland Hills. It was at Hale, in the 7th grade (we were thirteen), that I met Craig Ford (Robert Craig Ford). One afternoon, my mother picked me up from school and I introduced Craig to her. After Craig left and I got into the car, my mother announced, "That is the boy you will marry." I laughed and asked her how she knew. She said she just knew. I never questioned further. Craig asked me to go steady soon afterward.

Over the next several years, Craig and I were «bonded» to each other through crossprogramming and shared trauma to insure that Craig was under sufficient mind control to later serve as my "handler." A ritual at the First Presbyterian Church served to seal our bond, and soon other more sophisticated means of programming were utilized.

White Programming Vans

Large white vans with men in suits in the back picked us up at differing locations in Ventura and Oxnard, California, and directed us into the back of the van. Specialized equipment in briefcases and other larger equipment in the van awaited us. They routinely beat Craig in front of me to demonstrate what a weakling he really was and how powerful and in control of me they were. They would slap me around in front of him, as well, to show him how powerless he was to help me and how much in control they were.

Electroshock was used on both of us, first by inserting and activating an electric prod in my vagina and then delivering the same to Craig on his penis. We were forced to watch in a dissociative, trance state as the other was tortured and traumatized as they readied us for programming.

The bond that was formed by shared trauma was profound. It created subconscious feelings of being in this whole mess together and enforced the feelings that we would never be able to get out. After they had sufficiently worn us down, they strapped us into sophisticated chairs and hooked us up to electrodes. Tones were combined with electroshock in order to create access cues that gave them quick and easy access to us both later on. Hypnotic suggestions and love songs were presented to us, in order to facilitate our "falling madly in love." In fact my controllers created an entire system of

songs intended to invoke selected, preordained feelings toward Craig and others. The list of songs was added to and cultivated over the years depending on what attitudes and emotions they wanted to create within me. These songs were some of the strongest measures of control and literally created what I thought were my own feelings about Craig, but which really were contrived feelings created to support the interests of my controllers.

Combined with scenarios such as this, my brothers and their muscle-bound friends would intercept us when we were parked after a date to kiss. They pulled Craig out of the car and beat him up as they instructed him not to touch me sexually. Then one of them would rape me in front of him as they restrained him nearby, rendering him once again powerless to help.

All these conditioning experiences served to «prepare» Craig to robotically deliver and hand me over to other men, then step aside while I passed messages or serviced them sexually. It was always his job to make sure I was delivered to the right place, at the right time, to the right person, and for many years, that is exactly what he did.

I didn't have sex with Bob Hope until later. Bob said the wait would do him good, "give him something to look forward to," and then he would lean down and poke me and do that ole' softshoe dance. He did that often. He said, "I like my fruit ripened, not plucked before its time." At other times he would say to his friends when I was around, "See, I know how to pick my fruit, huh?" Then he'd say, "Hey kid, get me some grapes," and I'd go get them and he would show off how cute and efficient I was. He was always showing off my new acts. He would say, "Do your Coca Roca dance." So I'd do a dance. Then he would say, "No, the other Coca Roca," and I'd take off my clothes while dancing. Or he would have me sing I Enjoy Being A Girl, which was a song I sang for a junior high school performance and later for him and others.

The Theater in the Round was built and opened in Woodland Hills and drew large crowds to watch the live action plays that were performed in the round theater. I attended the plays often and it was there that I was prostituted to Bob's friend, Sammy Davis, Jr. It was a brutal event that I «forgot» about as soon as he was through with me.

"Love suffereth long, and is kind…"

1 Corinthians 13:4

Chapter Six: JFK and the Sex Shuttle

During a demonstration of the high level of technology available to those willing to join the ranks, Henry masterfully delivered a slide presentation of the mind control technology. I sat in the darkened room in "park mode," with my conscious mind seemingly blocked from the information, yet carrying out the command of my master to perfectly record all that went on around me. First Henry flashed a slide of me in my normal California life. He said, "Who in their right mind would believe that this kid was having sexual relations with the President of the United States?" The men agreed. Then he followed by a series of slides of me artfully made up, dressed formally and in different disguises. The men were amazed at the difference.

Many men were brought into the cause simply because they wanted to own a piece of the rock and have their own robots to do their work or create their pleasures: At first they were given just bits of information at a time, to determine if they would be cooperative. Then they were given a little more information to test the waters to see if they were ready for the final blow. Usually dozens of meetings occurred on superficial levels before any real information was given out and that was only released when the men were "deeply committed," which meant that they would be compromising themselves or their family if they backed out at a certain point.

In the beginning when Henry was cultivating my relationship with JFK and insuring him of my security guarantees, Henry didn't fill me with much of an agenda except to give JFK the "royal treatment," which meant the same as Bob's (Hope's) full smorgasbord of sexual positions and favors. Henry told me to carefully note everything JFK said and did for debriefing afterwards. Henry had a challenge with JFK because as he said, "he's so damn self-initiating," and so Henry couldn't have me take the lead, thereby slipping in comments intended for Henry's covert purposes. So for awhile in the beginning, he just let me be with JFK so that he would get used to me, and Henry said, "Then a plan will inevitably open up."

Kissinger didn't spend a lot of time with JFK. They spoke but it was like they were "…polar opposites and constantly repelled each other," Henry said. But Henry, and especially Bob as the front

man, got to JFK and paved the way for his acceptance of me. Once we were in, then Henry started strategizing heavily. That is what happened after I began having sex with JFK. Henry said, "Mind files were created to delight the young president." As Kissinger counted on, JFK was a romantic and seemed to get caught up in many of the messages I delivered to him. The messages made him feel good and Henry wanted him to feel good and powerful with me. I was delivering high level Council messages created by Bob and Henry, that Henry instilled in me to deliver to "John-Feeee," that's what I called him. They got a war underway through JFK, a big war that was to influence not only America but also the international climate.

It was as common for foreign dignitaries, heads of state, senators, congressmen, governors, and other leaders, to ride the Lincoln Memorial (Oral Sex) Tour, as it was for them to get their shoes shined in the local hotels. In fact, that was one of the jokes I was instructed to deliver to get a man loosened up. I was programmed to say, "Want your shoe shined?" Then I would unzip him and begin. There were lots of men who wanted further servicing later on, but I was instructed to refer them to my boss.

I serviced many men on this so-called shuttle service over the years of my life that should have been filled with junior high, high school and college extracurricular activities of my own choosing. The elitists I worked for had an endless supply of slaves that kept the tour shuttle running regularly. I wasn't really giving tours, just sex in the limo. The men felt safe and protected from public exposure by their placement in the back of the limo because they couldn't be seen due to the security windows. They had privacy when they exited the limo so they wouldn't be exposed. Security employees would always await the arrival of the shuttle limo to open the door and coach them out when the "coast was clear," then transfer them immediately into their own personal limo so no one would ever detect.

There were times when Henry would have a driver take us from DC to his office in New York. He would work with me in the back seat after he told the driver, "I'll be busy working and I don't want to be interrupted." So the driver shut the window between the seats and Henry would debrief me and take sketchy notes, draw diagrams and plans while I was talking or he would touch his finger to my forehead and start uploading me for future assignments. Much of our work took place like this on drives between places usually just before or after I had been used at the White House or other places. It was convenient, as well as a security measure, because he could account for his time spent with me by saying, "I was en route to NY or DC," or wherever he was going, and since I was on the same time track as Henry it was all very time efficient, and concealed his activity and connection to me. To Henry the efficient use of his time was everything. He told me, "When people can master their use of time, they have the secret to success." He often talked on and on to me about his ideas, events and people, using me as a sounding board, completely assured that I couldn't ever break the security programming necessary to remember his conversations.

Henry said I was much more than his efficient secretary, I was a "diplomat extraordinare." I wore a brownish tan wool suit, tailor-made by my mother, to my first meeting in the Soviet Union. Henry taught me then that the Soviet Union, USSR and Russia basically all meant the same thing. He also told me that my mother was always with me giving me strength and maturity, and that I could feel connected to her by wearing the suit she made for me. I guess I was emotionally needing to be older than 10, my actual age at the time. So he bolstered me maturationally by mentally tying me to my mother. It was funny because if I wore wool pants or a wool jacket, I would scratch myself and I couldn't stop it. And no matter how many times Henry gave me the hypnotic suggestion, "it's not scratching you, the material is soft and smooth on your skin," it still itched. So my mom had to line everything she made for me that was wool.

JFK rode the L.M. sex tour regularly and while I was down on my knees he would pat me on the back and say, "You are really going to move up the ranks." Or, "You're really going to amount to something when you grow up, kid." He loved lunch-time oral sex and the secret service agents rode in the front with the limo driver and chewed him out royally for, as they said, "...breaking stride that is nullifying National Security, Sir."

To calm the disgruntled Secret Service agents, Jack would laughingly explain, "Relax, I deserve a relaxing lunch break, that's all." I can still remember his accent so clearly.

JFK was really gutsy. He would even sneak me into the White House for "nooners." Sometimes there was another sex slave with me and when we'd get up to the bedroom he would say, "We're just furthering your training so you'll be top-notch when you grow up." He taught me, "A man likes a woman who's aggressive sexually. My wife doesn't satisfy me. She just lays back and waits. But a man

likes a woman who takes charge." Then he would lay back and wait for the two of us to stimulate him, at which point he turned into an animal. Jack said he was training me for the future. I didn't know what that meant. He said I was serving my country by meeting the needs of their leader. He said, "By easing my stresses you help me make better decisions." Touching the tip of my nose he continued, "So young lady, you are very important to our nation." I was just out of braces.

JFK had a lean muscular body and a hairy chest. He worked out on the rowing machine. On one occasion as we were lying in bed together, he said to me, "You know, we both have the same kind of teeth." I reached out and put my hand into his mouth to feel his teeth and he was right, we both had big teeth-only his were more squared off.

JFK also liked anal sex, like his brother Ted. After he found out I was with Ted he asked me what his brother was really like. When I explained that he hurt me, he just shook his head and said, "I never could understand what happened to my brother. We both had the same parents, but we did go to different boarding schools and had different friends." He further explained that they didn't see their parents often and that their family had so much money that they chose the school that was the most fitting for their sons and sent them there. So as he explained, there weren't many family interactions. He said he felt lonely a lot when he was growing up, that he was closer to the maids and nannies than to his parents. He said, "The Kennedy Clan publicly appears to be a close knit family, but I never saw my parents except on holidays when they would meet in Hyannisport and us kids would be flown from our respective schools to meet them. It was more like getting reacquainted with strangers than meeting my family. Everyone was awkward and we really had nothing to talk about. I went out in a boat we had there and spent hours alone, playing all by myself. I was estranged from my brothers also because none of us lived together so when we came together we didn't know each other. Usually by the end of the holiday, we were friends again — like real brothers — but then it would be time to go back to our respective schools and it would start all over." Then he added, "I don't know why I'm telling you this, you're just a kid yourself and wouldn't really understand." He looked shy and vulnerable as he said, "I'm sorry for telling you all this."

I smiled and said, "It's okay." It seemed to be the fact that I listened and couldn't think to talk, that made these men feel good. All they really wanted was someone to really listen.

JFK never caused physical injury to me. He wasn't violent, just aggressive sexually but never brutal like his brother Ted. JFK liked all kinds of sex. He liked things varied, nothing routine. He got bored easily and asked for new things all the time. We had sex in many places. He got high on taking risks …the riskier the better. We even had sex in a public bathroom somewhere in DC. On those occasions, the Secret Service Agents were doubly mad at him. They would totally freak out and say to him, "We could loose our jobs when you pull one of your little disappearing stunts." And they would be really upset, sweating and nervous because as they explained, they'd been running all over the city looking for where he had ducked them. Jack just told them to relax, that he was fine and that they still had their jobs.

I went on late night walks with JFK in DC. Sometimes the cherry blossoms would be in bloom and it smelled so sweet. The Secret Service agents followed close behind us. They seemed irritated to be on duty for JFK because he was so uncooperative and unpredictable. We walked by a river or waterway. He really enjoyed seeing it at night and said the exercise did him good. The Secret Service agents complained of being tired and hated having to get up at 1:00 or 2:00 a.m. to go outside with him. But when the President left, they had to go with him. I don't know where Jackie was, but she wasn't always at the White House the nights I was brought in. Jack would sneak me to his room and supposedly no one knew I was there. Like I explained, he loved taking risks.

Sometimes I had difficulty understanding exactly what Jack was saying because of his accent and at other times, I wouldn't be able to hear for awhile from the noise of the helicopter or plane I had been flown in on. My hearing would feel muffled, like I had earmuffs on.

I felt so much older than my young years, but then I was totally physically developed by the 5th grade (ten years of age). The personalities that were created to be with JFK were created to be older and more mature than my actual years.

During my years at Hale Jr. High School there were times Henry Kissinger preprogrammed and sent me in with a message to deliver while I was prostituted to JFK. I was a cheerleader and was prostituted to the boy's coach along the way. I had a group of girl friends that were part of my Girl Scout Troop and one of my friends was named Beth. I wasn't ever allowed to go to boy-girl parties, but I went to a lot of sleepovers. Many times I didn't end up staying overnight, but was instead

shuffled off for a quick rendezvous to the White House or to Massachusetts or wherever the higher ups wanted me to go to be with JFK.

I called him «John-Feeee» (pronounced "John F.E."). Craig was «president» of the Student Body and it may have been a cover for my White House presidential use.

Beth's mother was an attractive petite blonde woman and she was hardly ever home. I think Beth's father was a pilot and maybe her mom was a stewardess, but she was gone most of the time. Beth had older sisters though and so they counted as adults in my protective mother's eyes, so I was allowed to spend the night when Beth's mother was not at home. One day I walked home from school with Beth, as she lived very close to Hale. We messed around and listened to records, and then, suddenly, I became upset and told her I wanted to go home. She said her mom wasn't there to drive me and she didn't want me to go home, but I called a number from her kitchen phone and a yellow checkered taxi came to the house and picked me up. Beth followed me out the door crying and said, "Do you want me to call your mom?"

"No, I'll be home in a minute anyway." I handed the driver a note I had in my overnight bag and he took it from there. I was driven to LAX. The airport was much smaller in those days, but still busy on Friday's and weekends with lots of traffic. The driver dropped me off in front of TWA and asked if I needed any help. I said no, I was fine. I walked up to the desk and told the woman my name, "Sharon Weatherby," and she had a ticket waiting for me. She asked if I knew where to go and pointed me in the direction of the gate.

I usually flew TWA, United, or Continental on national flights — not international — and I even had a little pin with wings, that a pilot who knew me gave me because he said I was an honorary stewardess. He had sex with me on the way back from assignments but no one had sex with me before JFK. There were usually pilots on commercial airlines that were "regulars," which meant they knew me and were instructed to keep me under their wing. Sometimes I helped the pilot on flights, but usually I slept up in first class. I think one of these pilots could have even been my friend's father, and he was told to keep an eye on me. I usually curled up in first class and slept for the long flight. When I arrived at the airport in DC, I was met by different people. This time it was a blonde lady in a uniform and she walked me out to a waiting black limo and opened the back door for me to get in. I did and she put my bag in next to me. This was before I met Craig so I was eleven or twelve years old, going on twenty-five.

I wasn't taken directly to JFK but was taken to the area where they operated the "Lincoln Memorial Shuttle" (oral sex ride). A limo pulled up and I was whisked into the back of it. Once inside I saw that «JohnFeee» was there and he said hello and began tickling me. He played with me and teased me a lot. Then he pulled me over close to him and said, "Now it's time to be more serious." And he started kissing me and slipped his hand inside my shirt and felt my breasts. Then he unfastened my bra and pulled my shirt up and began sucking on my nipples. He said that really got him hard to see young, firm breasts and he circled my nipples with his fingers. I didn't like it when I saw his wedding band on his hand while he was doing that to me because even under mind control, I knew who his wife was. Henry had told me to emulate her and so I felt bad… like here was this innocent, beautiful woman and I was having sex with her husband and there was a feeling of guilt-even under mind control.

That day, JFK took sexual initiative and liked being in charge. Before he closed the window and left us alone, the driver had said to him, "Jack, don't you think we should connect back up to your security?" meaning the Secret Service.

JFK said, "No. Hell no. I deserve to have a life." And so we toured around the city while «John-Feee» got himself warmed up-sucking and licking me all over and I gave him a «preview» of the coming event by way of oral sex, backing off just before he orgasmed. He loved to run his tongue over my belly because he said, "I love young, firm, tummies," and he loved mine especially because he said it was so tan. He said I had a "golden tan."

After awhile, JFK tapped on the inner window in the limo to get the driver's attention and said, "Stop here."

The driver said, "Here, Sir?"

JFK commanded, "Yes," and opened the door and grabbed my arm and took me into this small motel. He already had the key to a room and went right to it and opened the door. It wasn't a very nice place but he said we wouldn't be looked for there, that "certainly no one would come looking for

the President in a place like this," and then he laughed, lit up a cigarette and sat down at the small table and chairs. Taking a puff off his cigarette he said he wanted to take a break to "enjoy the view" and indicated I was to take off my clothes in front of him.

Slowly, I began removing my blouse and then my skirt, bra and then my nylons attached to my lacy garter belt and then my panties. I had on those plain white ones and for some reason he liked them, so Henry had me wear them with him. Then I stuck my finger into my vagina while I had one leg propped up on the bed and the other holding me up. Then I put my fingers to my mouth and that's when he jumped up and came over to me and said, "You're a big tease."

I smiled seductively and he put his arms around me and held me for a long moment and then when he moved back I began unbuttoning his shirt. It was a bit stiff like it was heavily starched and then I rubbed his chest and belly and talked to him about how his hairy chest and hard belly turned me on. I put my fingers in my mouth again. He said, "I'd like to be where those came from." I can remember his accent so well. He laid me back on the bed after he pulled the sheets back and he began oral sex. I told him how hot I was for him and began wiggling and moving all over, while I moaned. He said I was making him dizzy and he came up and began kissing me passionately, hard, almost roughly. Then he went inside me and satisfied himself. After he came he pulled back and said, "Sorry it couldn't have been longer, but I've got to get back." So he dressed and stepped outside the door and whistled. The driver came right up to the door. He went out and opened the door for me, and we got into the limo and left. The driver dropped him off at another limo to a bunch of Secret Service agents all in a tizzy over where he had gone. He shut the door and walked into the center of them without saying goodbye or acknowledging me.

These agents were really angry with him. I could see him using his hands and speaking to calm them down. JFK escaped from his Secret Service agents often. I heard one of them say one time, "I don't know how he does it, one slip and he's gone."

The driver put the window back up and drove me directly to the airport. I picked up my bag and he let me out and said, "Will you be needin' anything, ma'am?"

I smiled and said, "No thanks, I have everything I'll need." And I went to the ticket counter and said, "You're holding a ticket for me? Sharon Weatherby?"

Handing me my ticket the man smiled and said, "Your gate's in that direction."

Henry had me think of the gate numbers as the numbers on billiard balls and all I had to do was follow the line of numbers until I got to the one that matched my ticket. Sometimes I got lost but someone always helped me, often saying, "Excuse me, miss, but are you lost?"

I'd say, "I'm looking for gate eight," and they would point me in that direction. Once I got onto the airplane it seemed like there was always someone there to watch over me and I would go back to sleep. The return synchronization between my mother and me had to be perfect and this time I was driven back to Beth's house to wait by the curb for my mother.

The driver said, "Just sit here and wait, your mother will be here any minute." He pulled away from the curb and went and parked nearby. I saw him watch until my mom picked me up. She, too, always waited for me to get picked up when she dropped me off at places. Everyone always waited to make sure the exchange had taken place and I was in the correct hands.

JFK was my first presidential assignment. After having sex with Bob Hope in his 50's, a younger President wasn't as bad. Sharon was the personality programmed to be with JFK and due to the reality that was created for her, she had a lot in common with him, like being Catholic and from an elite family. One time Bob arranged for him to have some time out with me in Key Biscayne. Bob flew me there to take care of him, keep him happy and entertained. The Secret Service agents stood outside. JFK started by shaving and I sat on the counter and watched him. I giggled and hugged him while he stood in front of the mirror with a small white towel around his waist. I licked the shaving cream off his ear and then put my fingers into the remaining shave creme and licked it. Gently, he took my hands away and laughed softly as he explained that you weren't supposed to eat shaving cream. I thought it was whipped cream, like I had tasted in the pornography I was filmed in, and mistakenly was triggered into reciting my program, "Lick it and suck it, 'til it's all gone, yum, yum don't miss a drop, or you will stop; your heart that is." This must have been a program glitch because I wasn't suppose to recite this program out loud; it was supposed to just drive me from inside. Maybe JFK knew how to handle me nicely because of his sister who seemed like she was retarded. They didn't let her out much, and later I was glad when they didn't have her at their reunions, because I didn't

understand what was wrong with her.

During this time, I wasn't allowed to eat as much sugar as I had been previously used to. I was told to be repelled by it and that, even as my hand reached for it, the sugar would move away and I couldn't ever get it so I should quit trying. Before this programming I was used to eating tons of sugar, so it was a major adjustment. Also, my mother used to get so angry with me for not eating enough at mealtimes, but I couldn't, as my programming dictated. She said I didn't eat enough to keep a bird alive. But when I tried to eat I usually felt sick.

Catholic girls had to act proper and Jack never had any cause to be embarrassed by my actions. He was spunky and aggressive and tickled me a lot, often until tears were falling down my cheeks. Then he would lay me on the bed, kiss my tears away and start having sex with me. He said he liked my short hair — that it was stylish — and he would play with my hair and mess it up. I'd just get it done again; in those days I didn't even know how to do my own hair. I never had to, my own personal hairdresser, a family friend, came to the house and washed it, cut it, curled and styled it.

Afterwards, JFK and I ran around naked, playing like school kids, and when it got dark we walked on the beach and the Secret Service agents always walked close behind. Boy did they get an eyeful. They would wink at me sometimes if I turned around to see if they were still there, when I was getting ready to make a move on John-Feee.

One night, Henry let me off at the White House to target JFK. I didn't go up to his bedroom, we had sex in a room near the kitchen that had two beds in it. I had on a short white crop top and low hip hugger jeans. My belly button showed and he said it turned him on. He would stoop down and lick my "bare spot," he called it. His pronunciation sounded funny to the personality dedicated to him because of his accent. I was tan and slim, and he said he liked that my tummy was flat. He said he hadn't had such a flat one in awhile and it turned him on. After we had a quick sexual encounter, I had to hurry to get my clothes on and exit real fast. He would open the door and look down the hall to see if the coast was clear. Then he would say, "Okay, now." And, I would run down the hall, out the door and down the steps to Henry waiting for me in the limo smoking his cigar. He would usually say something derogatory about JFK and tell me to button my clothes correctly. My bell bottoms had buttons on the front and if I was rushed I had trouble getting them buttoned right. I was always skipping a button. Henry would look down at my buttons and tell me to straighten up. Then I would button them correctly. I couldn't help that JFK had rushed me — I think he enjoyed that part as much as the sex. He seemed to like the adrenaline rush.

There was a very close call on another night. Jackie was down the hall calling out, "Jack, Jack, Jack!" Looking surprised, he grabbed me and put me in the closet, fixed the bed and answered her quickly before she opened the door. You could hear the sound of her shoes when she veered off the hallway runner and onto the wood floor. I was in the closet when she came in the room and asked, "Jack, what are you doing?

I heard him laugh and say he was looking for John-John's shoe. He said one was missing. Jackie asked him to come upstairs and he told her he would just look for a while longer and then he would be up. This guy actually let his wife out of the room, pulled me out of the closet and started having sex with me again, this time with more passion than ever before. He seemed to thrive on the risk factor. When I left, the Secret Service agents usually walked me from the White House down the block to a waiting limo, unless Henry was waiting for me outside.

Henry was cultured. There were little blue vases with flowers in the back of his shiny black car. They had a little light next to them and you could see the flowers in the dark. If after one of these escapades I began talking silly and sexual, Henry would give me the sign to hush up by simply buttoning or zipping his lips and then I knew to be silent and obedient. I could be turned off or on, volume up or down. I ran very mechanically like a Rolls Royce. Henry didn't like noise or children so he created me to be quiet and dignified. As I grew older it wasn't as hard because I was more fully trained and didn't get my personality switching messed up. I got used to being silent with Henry. But it was a difficult transition after I was in the presence of JFK because he was wild and noisy, and his playfulness put me in the same frame of mind, until Henry toned me down.

Why JFK and His Brother Really Got Shot

JFK had ties to Frank Sinatra and his group. I was shared around all these type groups because of Bob's and Henry's influence. The Kennedy’s were highly mob connected, especially Bobby, as

surprising as that might seem for the family man image he projected. JFK took a mob dispute with him clear to the White House and attempted to use his political power as President to shut down his enemies. He publicly appeared to go after the Mob, but he was interested in shutting down only one enemy faction. But he had to publicly say he was going after all underworld crime in order to be able to legally do what he tried to do: dismantle the Mob that opposed the Kennedy family clan. I overheard Joe Kennedy yelling at JFK at a family reunion when he was President. He told him to stop messing with the Mob, to leave it alone, that he didn't know what he was doing. It was shortly after that that Joe Kennedy had a stroke or brain seizure, and Rose blamed Jack for causing it.

Joe Kennedy was very happy with the marriage of Jackie to Jack because Jackie brought with her a faction of mob that would help build up Jack and the future Kennedy dynasty. At least that's what I heard him say. Joe Kennedy was big on mob connections, like his friend J.P. Morgan, who was an important mob buddy and supporter. They supported each other.

As Joe Kennedy got weaker, the tight rein of coexistence he held with the Mob began to loosen and his sons became sloppy and careless, and didn't take seriously the rules of the Mob. Like Uncle Frank (Sinatra) said, "You don't ever try to go against the Mob or you'll wind up in the morgue or worse yet, sleeping with the fishes." I was born into Uncle Charlie's mob connection and he heavily influenced my life because of his arms, munitions and drug connections all over the globe. These were some serious connections that made him sought after by members of the Council. In those days, the Mob made the money and powerful connections. Different mobs supported each other like allies from foreign countries do. They were the power behind the Council, initially — the connections that allowed the Council to get such a toehold, as the mobs worked cliqueishly for or against one another. The Mob provided important funding in the early years, but later the Council took away much of their power over monopolies when the Council outstripped them of their power through intelligence and outsmarting them with technology.

The Mob couldn't begin to compete. In the beginning the Council knew how to work the different factions of the Mob for the Council's benefit and gain. Once the Council attained the strength they needed to get over the hump and into the big money, they outsmarted the Mob with their mind control technology and were then able to control the Mob. It was a game of intellect and the Council won-checkmate!

Joe Kennedy, William Randolph Hearst, J.P. Morgan and others were part of a powerful underground group. They created their own revenue and their own justice, and they knew how to play by the rules to stay alive and in the game, but the rules suddenly changed with the power created by the Council as they utilized the Mob's success and made it their own. People like Jack (JFK) didn't play by the new rules so they got snuffed.

Often when I was sent in to target JFK, I would be loaded with messages from the different mobsters like Uncle Frank (Sinatra). I gave instructions for JFK to do some favor for the Mob or else, he was told, "the small, sweet favors will dry up." JFK scared me because he always laughed and acted like he didn't take the messages with the seriousness I believed they carried. I had seen Uncle Frankie in operation and he had friends, lots of them, who killed people for nothing much at all, and I was afraid that if JFK didn't listen and do as they said that they would kill him, too. But he didn't seem the least bit concerned about them …ever. I took them even more seriously after JFK was killed. Then I knew they weren't joking but were very serious and meant what they said about doing everything they said or be killed.

I heard Uncle Frank talk often about people's positions in the Mob. He talked to lots of Mob buddies in front of me. I was used for dangerous connections and, as far as Frank and Dean Martin were concerned, I knew far too much, so they wanted me to "sleep with the fishes." But Henry wouldn't hear of losing his "personal computer" and threatened serious retaliation if they harmed me. Henry had a new kind of power that the Mob didn't understand at first, until they got burned a few times. Then they understood. But some serious action had to be taken to prove this power, like, as I overheard, "the assassination of a President and his big mouth brother who just wouldn't listen," in order for the Mob — a strong political faction of it — to see where the new power lie, so they would know to back off. By then the banks and newspapers were taken over and reorganized by the Council and their constituents, and HIGH LEVEL TECHNOLOGY took over — something the Mob knew nothing about. It took the wind out of their sails. This was happening during the 60's and early 70's, when I was only a teenager approaching early adulthood, and listening and recording everything I heard per instructions from my boss, Henry Kissinger.

One day in his office, Henry said, "You won't be servicing him (JFK) much longer. The higher ups have some alternate plans for him." At the time I felt he meant death. Henry said, "This will lock you in for life." Later, they used JFK's death on me heavily.

When JFK was killed I was in junior high school and my controllers told me, "If we can take out the President without anyone knowing, who would miss the likes of you?" They told me I was dispensable, easily replaceable, and that no one would ever miss me if I were gone. To give me a clear example the suited man reminded me, "Does your mother even have a clue where you are right now? NO. So who would miss you? Not even your own mother."

In order to insure that I was under program and their total control they continued the ritual torture and trauma. Then they tied the ritual trauma that occurred at home or at the church across the street from my junior high school to songs or hypnotic commands, like "If you try to begin to recall this area of your mind, you will immediately recall this horror scene," which they reminded me of in complete detail, in order to keep me terrified and programmed.

Most people are now familiar with Marilyn Monroe's connection to the Kennedy family and her use with the President. It has been said by insiders that Marilyn was one of the first programmed Presidential models, created under mind control for sex with the President and use in Hollywood connections. While I did not possess the physical beauty that Marilyn Monroe did, I had the mind files and all the right connections to further my controller's interests.

For my assignments, when I wasn't flown out of LAX, I left from Van Nuys Airport, John Wayne Airport, or local helicopter pads that were atop buildings in Los Angeles. My mother took me and picked me up and nursed me back to life if I was hurt or really messed up mentally or psychologically. She would try to make me eat if I couldn't and she put me to bed. I was usually so out of it from the food and sleep deprivation and electroshock done for "National Security purposes" to keep memory of the events safely away from my conscious awareness, that I often couldn't think to bathe, eat or get into bed to sleep. My mom would tell me what to do and the parts of me that participated in these escapades always felt so relieved to be back in my clean bed at home. In my attempt to create some semblance of safety and security I slept against the wall to remind myself I was in my own bed and safe. That was, until my father came into my room at night-then the nightmare started all over again. More than anything in the world I wanted my mother, or someone, to help me-to protect me-to stop the nightmarish experiences. But she never could.

I will do everything in my power to stop these atrocities from happening, so that my daughter, my sons, and any future children born into our family will not have to suffer any longer. I am sure the Mob with their huge capacity for family love and loyalty will understand and pardon this need I have. And to Dr. Kissinger, Bob Hope, UCLA, CIA, NASA, U.S. Department of Defense and all those who participated in my family's high-tech programming, I ask that you honor this request for my family's freedom and safety. I will hold you in prayer, asking God to show you the ramifications of your actions.

"Be ye kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Ephesians 4:3

Chapter Seven: All the way with LBJ

Lyndon Johnson was a very tall and large man. He had a pocket watch on a chain that he wore in a high pocket in his vest or coat, not in his pants. He wore glasses to read. I remember him sitting at his desk reading on into the night. The rest of the room was dark except for the light on the desk that he was reading by. He liked to wear his hat even when he was inside. He just loved his hat. He told me his hat was a Stetson and that back where he came from it was the best… "Like a Cadillac," he explained. His clothes smelled of cologne and his suits were often gray or brown and he often wore boots. He wore big white baggy boxer shorts and they didn't ever look new, as one would think a person in his position would wear. He had a bridge with a few false teeth on it, smoked a cigar at times and other times he puffed on a pipe.

On this occasion, he kept me in the bed in the darkened hotel room while he sat at the desk to finish up reading his papers. Then he turned off the light and came over to the bed where I was tucked in, wearing a skimpy teddy. It was cold in the room. All Lyndon had on was his boxers and brown socks. He laid his clothes by the table and chairs, and when he walked to the bed he pulled his

penis out of the hole in his boxers and pulled my head over to him. He commanded, "Suck," while he pulled my hair to bring me closer to him. He stood, moaning with pleasure and then complained that he was needing to bend over too far so I got up on my knees and finished. He gratified himself in my mouth and liked to watch me swallow. Then LBJ climbed into bed and held me like I was a teddy bear and asked me to rub his back. One time he had me get out of bed to get him a cigar. He wanted me to light it but I wasn't very good at it because I was just a kid. I coughed a lot and nearly choked to death, but I got it to him in bed all lit. I handed him the cigar and he said, "Thank you, little lady." He usually called me that. He didn't want to go to sleep right away and had me turn the TV on for him. He never took his socks off the whole time.

One time when I was with LBJ he asked me questions about school and seemed to like to hear me talk about it. He also liked for me to wear my black and white saddle shoes. I had very shiny patent leather ones. This was during the time I was still attending Hale Junior High School. Lyndon liked that I was very young. At this time I was around 12 or 13 years old. I was with him quite a few times.

Another time my father took me to Texas on the flight back from Iowa. That's when LBJ showed me his Cadillac convertible. He kept it parked in a separate garage away from the ranch so it wouldn't get so dirty. "Hell, everything gets coated with dirt on the Ranch," he said. He had on his dress-up cowboy clothes and said that "Lady B" was off at some china convention. He drank beer in the car when we went on a "joy ride," he called it. I sat next to him and gave him a "super-duper," which was complete oral sex gratification. He said, "Be careful, I don't want to get any on the seat."

I laughed and teasingly said to assure him, "I know. I'm an expert in this area. Remember?" "Well you sure do have spunk, I'll say that for you," he replied. LBJ smelled but not like body odor; it was just a strong male smell. He had his arm up over the back of the seat and we only rode for as long as it took to satisfy his sexual urge. Then he took the car back and had me keep my head down so no one could see me. I didn't go inside the ranch and when we got back he said, "This is as far as you go, little lady." I let myself out of the car and slammed the door. "You could have waited for my assistance," he said.

I laughed and said, "I can do it myself." A suited man escorted me into the back of a black sedan that was waiting under a tree at the front of the ranch and I was taken away.

Another evening as I waited for Lyndon, dressed scantily in a black lacy bra, garter belt, black nylons and red high heels, he declared I was making smoke come out of his ears and that, "it shore wasn't from his cigar." He wanted me to keep turning around and around and around while he looked at me. "My, my…" he said, licking his lips and as he put his hand to his mouth he continued, "My Lord, what do we have here?" The heavy stench of his cologne and smokesaturated clothes followed him over to me as he told me to bend over the bed with just those garter belts on and he stuck his penis in my bottom and then into my vagina but I had to give him oral sex in between, "to clean it off," he explained. It was disgusting and vile, even under mind control. Then we had intercourse and he liked it when I made noises. He had a cattle prod or some sort of electrical device nearby but didn't use it much. When he pushed the lever it made a crackling sound and what emerged looked like a jolt of yellow fiery-type electricity. He said he didn't have to use it with me much because I was so good.

He asked me if I liked what I did. I shrugged my shoulders and said, "Yes," but due to the mind control I was under I was unable to really think about his question. He told me he loved the young ones, "…beautiful little lady." He liked to kiss open mouth but he tasted yucky like cigars. His private parts smelled, too. But then there was the cologne to cover up the smell. He was pretty fat from my perception, but big and tall. Lyndon had a medium to small penis for his big body, but he said he used it well. He wasn't really hairy and the hair on his head was thinning. He used something like Vitalis on what was left of his hair when he combed it. I think maybe that is why he kept his cowboy hat on all the time, even in bed.

I usually slept all night with him because he wanted me to. He slept really close and held on to me. I spent the night and then in the morning I was taken home. When I was in the 10 " grade, I spent the night with him more often — even sometimes on school nights. I didn't go to school until 11:30 a.m. anyway and no one could ever seem to tell I had been gone. Sometimes I missed a full day of school and no one at Hale or Taft High ever said anything to me. Another form of trauma was added when one day after school, I was forced to watch as the men in suits roughed up my junior high school principal.

I was taken to the White House to be with Lyndon. One night he told me all about this lady

named Agnes who he loved before Lady B. That's what he called his wife, "Lady B," instead of Lady Bird. He said he never got over Agnes, just couldn't forget her. He said Lady B fit into his future plans and worked out better but that he just really loved Agnes. When he talked about Agnes he had a goofy faraway look on his face.

Lyndon told me his wife had grown to act old early on in their marriage when something of a maternal nature happened to upset her. He said from then on she wasn't much for sex, so he took care of his needs elsewhere. He told me so much personal stuff that I think he must have forgotten how young I was. A lot of what he told me I didn't really understand. But I listened, apparently to his satisfaction, because one day he complimented me by saying, "You are a very good listener, young lady."

Lyndon also liked for me to cuddle on his lap while he fondled me in an armchair as he watched TV. He usually covered me with a blanket. It made it more secretive and he pretended people were present in the room with us watching but they didn't know what we were doing. Then he would ask me if I liked it.

I would smile and was programmed to say, "of course," or, "do more," or, "you're so big." He loved it all. I wore Unforgettable perfume with him. It was pungent and strong but he liked it. He especially liked sex when I was menstruating — he said it turned him on. He liked to do all sorts of perverted things to me during that time, which I don't feel comfortable sharing here. He also suggested that I do whatever I usually did for the cameras and take charge of our sexual activity. "You're in charge of the whoring, little lady," he would say as he smiled and tipped his hat. That hat was such an important thing to him.

He talked to me a lot and told me all kinds of stories over the time he was President. He liked for me to call him "Prez." He said when I called him Lyndon it made him feel guilty about Lady B so he said to call him Prez and I did as he commanded.

Sometimes he wore those dumb elastic things to hold his socks up like Bob (Hope) did. He looked so ridiculous wearing those dumb socks, his boxers and his hat, while he sat and smoked. He must not have cared what he looked like. The room was always kept pretty dark. He said he was most comfortable like that, but my eyes would adjust to the dark and I could still see how silly he looked. The teen personality programmed to be with him during those times was respectful and performed as her programming dictated, but through her teenage eyes, felt he was just a dork.

I did things that made him laugh. They were really dumb things but he seemed to like them. Like once I pulled my hair over and around and onto my upper lip and scrunched my lip up, pinching the hair under my nose to make it look like a mustache. Silly things made him laugh.

He tested my programmed capabilities. He burned me with a cigar one time, because he said he was told to try it to see what happened. He looked pretty amazed when I took off my clothes, sat down, got into position and told him to go ahead and stick it in, that it wouldn't burn me. So he pressed his cigar to my vagina and it didn't burn me. The pain didn't even register — "it didn't even hurt," is what I told him. That made him turned on and he said, "Little lady, you give me a big boner." He told me there was an endless stream of young ladies who liked his "big boner."

He liked the song that goes, "I'm a long tall Texan, and wear a 10 gallon hat." He also liked Born Free and Burt Bacharach's Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head and Blue, Blue, My World is Blue. He also liked hot dogs and hamburgers, but hot dogs best. And he told me he liked dachshunds, those little wiener dogs. I often felt like a dog with him because he was always patting my head. I joked with him about it and started barking when he patted me. I could really get off-the-wall with him and he seemed to love it. He laughed and laughed like Nixon and Reagan did at the silly things I was programmed to say and do. I don't know if he was aware that I had been programmed with most of the jokes.

The men in suits usually took me to him at a hotel. They put me in the room to wait for him. I'd say the suits were the Mob, but Secret Service agents waited outside the door once the Prez got there.

Once we were alone I was programmed to say, "Hey Prez, got a big boner for my little pussy today?" He would get all excited and start kissing and licking me. Yuck, it was gross. But it was the saddle shoes that really got him every time. He liked me to wear my school-type clothes and so I did. I was helicoptered from somewhere near Woodland Hills. Usually I was not flown in on a big commercial airline to see Lyndon. I don't know why but it was usually private planes. Then I would

sleep with him all night and be flown back to California. There were times when, after I was used, the men in suits would let me out of the car near school and I would have my school clothes on from the day before, and I would just walk to school and go in like nothing had ever happened.

One time when I was sent to Lyndon, somehow I ended up wearing the St. Christopher metal that my programmed boyfriend Craig had given me for going steady. The men in suits would have normally taken away any personal item of this nature, but for some reason they missed my necklace this time. Johnson examined it and asked me what it was. Unable to think to lie, I told him it was a necklace my boyfriend gave me. Immediately he looked depressed. So I climbed into his lap and told him not to worry that my boyfriend couldn't hold a candle to him and that I was forced to be with my boyfriend, but that I choose to be with him. He smiled, pulled his hat down over his face, and leaned back in his chair ordering, "a blow job a-la-carte." So I performed as commanded. He said most women didn't love it the way I did.

Lyndon thought Texans were the best and most powerful type of men. I was taken to Texas to be used sexually by the Prez at a cabin or ranch out in the middle of nowhere. It had fences and horses and a woodcabin type house, but there were hardly any trees or greenery, like in California. The cabin was wood inside and he had a lamp that was made out of a bootleg. He loved it and I teased him about it, "Who's leg ya' got there holding up that light?" On a table there was a picture of Lady B that had been taken at the Ranch. We had sex there on occasion, because, as he explained, it was a place he could go and not be seen or bothered by anyone. The Secret Service could guard him well there since there was nothing else around and no one had any business going there unless they knew LBJ and had been invited. Despite the security there, LBJ often wore a small gun strapped to his leg by his boot. He said he enjoyed carrying it. He waltzed me back to his room, to the bed he shared with his wife. He said, "By sleeping here with you, when I'm f- king the little lady, you can bet I'll be thinkin' of you."

There were white limos with Johnson. He liked oral sex when we rode in the back. He made the Secret Service agents ride up with the driver instead of in the back with him and he would have them close the tinted window behind the driver. He told them he didn't want to be disturbed because he and the "pretty little lady were going to have a nice quiet chat," which in actuality was a sexual encounter. Usually he was being driven to some location and upon reaching his final destination would debark the limo, leaving me in the back, or I would be kept waiting in the back for more when he returned. He could handle up to three oral sex encounters a day without any problem. He had his pocket watch on a chain in his vest pocket and would check the time to inform me if we were rushed or not. Usually he would say we were rushed which meant I had to work quickly and get him aroused and satisfied rapidly.

Later, he wanted me to dance cowboy style with him and I tried but wasn't very good. He said, "Don't worry, you know how to do the most important things — you've got what counts." One day he gave me an iris from an arrangement on a hotel table. He bowed and did a little dance as he held it out to me. It was really out of character for him.

At the end of "the Prez's" administration, I was also filled with more mind file information. I was taken to different offices in DC to be imprinted with more top secret, classified data by a female administrator.

LBJ also told me that the White House was a very lonely place to live and that he really wasn't very happy there. He said he was most at home in Texas at his ranch. Occasionally he had meetings there and other men were present. I had to give oral sex to many of them. I was usually there for one overnight and then driven back to town by limo, then flown home. Before I was put on the plane to California, the men in suits always took me for a coke and french fries at McDonald's. This was part of my programming to believe I was at McDonald's in California, so I wouldn't remember where I really was. The fries and coke were delicious since my programming required that I was food deprived before and during the time of my use. Then the men put me on the plane with the suggestion to sleep and forget. Because of our programming my mom never noticed I was gone and neither did I … not until 1991 … over twenty-five years later.

"This, too, is apart of "The Truth that will set you free. "

John 8:32

Chapter Eight: Brain Surgery at UCLA took away my Father's Free Will

Bethesda, Maryland

In my early teens, one of the places I was taken to was a hospital in Bethesda, Maryland. Two men in suits met me at the airport, drove me there and waited while a nurse helped me out of the car and took me into the emergency room. I was doubled over in pain, having trouble walking because the men in suits had just slugged me in the stomach. They told the old greyhaired nurse in the pink uniform with the little white apron, that I had appendicitis and to take me immediately into the emergency room. I don't know why but the men put a blond curly wig on me. I had on blue jeans, tennis shoes and a T-shirt.

I was terrified and couldn't help myself. The nurse took me in and waved me through all the paper work. Two doctors, clad in full surgical garb met me at a door to emergency surgery. They told the nurse they'd take over from there and laid me directly on an operating table and put a mask over my face and a needle in my arm. I had needles put in my arms all the time so that wasn't anything new, but it hurt. They told me they weren't who they appeared to be and then they put me to sleep with some sort of anesthetic, but parts of me from inside watched and knew exactly what was happening. There was great fear that they would really cut me open and take out my appendix when I didn't need it taken out. But instead, they put electrodes on my forehead, temples and head, and headphones on my ears that delivered one sound to one ear and another sound to the other. Then they varied the sound volume, quickly bringing the volume up so loud that it was excruciatingly painful. I felt like I would go crazy. They kept delivering electroshock to my head. Then they inserted something into my vagina and shocked me vaginally, then shocked my head, and they kept that routine up for what seemed like eternity. I could smell the alcohol and could feel when they put a cold scissors-like thing up my nose. It tickled and itched. Then a doctor said, "It's in place."

Everything inside of me felt psychedelic from the drugs they gave me. There were lots of colors and flashes of light that caused a very unreal feeling. I don't know how long I laid there. Eventually, they called for a nurse and told her to help me back out to the car. They said that I checked out fine, that I must have just eaten something that made me sick. The nurse put my arm around her neck and helped me outside. I had trouble walking but managed and she delivered me back to the two men in suits.

They, in turn, brought me to a darkened room all alone for awhile and then hooked me up to some of their own equipment. I sat in a chair while they put a band around my head and wrists, and shocked me while I listened to something they played through headphones on my ears. I couldn't understand the words I heard, as they were all mixed up and it made me nuts to try to understand. Then they unhooked me and said it was time to go home. I was put onto a military helicopter with two rotors, one at the front and one at the back and transferred to another plane that didn't have regular seats like a commercial airplane. There were just a few seats on either side and all sorts of straps and equipment on the floor. I laid on the floor during the whole flight.

My mother picked me up at the airport and I slept in the back seat of our Cadillac all the way home. She put me to bed and I could hardly move. I was in lots of pain and was nauseated, sick, and exhausted for the next two days. I couldn't eat or get out of bed. I just slept it all off in a hazy, drugged sleep. Mom just thought I had the flu again.

There were lots of times I was taken to places for programming. They had all sorts of schemes to get me to the programming sites — even getting me to pull my car over to the side of the road, after I learned to drive. I remember how one man told me to get out of the car, while another man pulled my hood up before taking me away in an ambulance to Westlake Hospital. Then they flew me from there to wherever they wanted me to go.

I remembered an incident where I was on an operating table and I saw a whole roomful of women like me who were also laying on gurneys with white sheets over them, and we were all linked up together through a single wire. There were mirrors all around and while I was deprogramming I realized that these other women were all parts of me; they all looked like me but had different lives and different jobs. That's what my programmers told me in order to create and enforce my multiple personalities.

Sometimes there were groups of doctors or scientists watching from chairs in a circular arena that extended upward. In this setting the doctors made presentations on their findings in order to display the research and show their progress so they could get additional funding or permission to do more mind research into areas they wanted to explore. The stage where I was being tested and

displayed to the doctors in long white lab coats was low and as I looked up there were rows of ascending circular chairs in the arena from where they watched. Sometimes while I laid on the gurney, they would shine lights into my eyes and tape them open so I couldn't avoid the lights. They blinded me with one color for a long time, like white, and then added in another color like red or green. It was painful, so I escaped like I had been trained from birth to do, into mental dissociation so I couldn't feel the pain. Often they paired electroshock with the bright lights and music or word phrases. At appropriate times, they displayed a picture of Craig onto a holder in front of me while I sat in a chair that spun around and around. They played love songs while they spun me and when I came to a stop, I would see the picture of Craig and feel relieved. They told me Craig was my lifeline and to sever a connection with him was equal to death. Later on in my life, they did that sort of programming with my children's pictures.

My Father Has Brain Surgery

UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute 1967

The summer of my 16th year, our family physician, Dr. Stoddard referred my father for brain surgery to UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute. Dr. Robert Rand was the Neurosurgeon who performed the operation. My father never had a chance. Suited men came to visit and monitor us at crucial times. They were always watching and they gave him shots in his thighs and then asked him questions over and over, and told him what to do with me. Very scary and frightening events happened there to keep me further under control. I can only imagine what they did to my father's brain. The day before his scheduled surgery, a nurse came into his room while the whole family was visiting before surgery. He held out a box and explained very matter-of-factly that the hair in the box was my father's, just shaved from his head, and in the event that he didn't make it through the surgery they were keeping his hair to put back on his head in his casket. These insinuations, coupled with the ritual abuse I had previously endured, were enough to further dissociate me. There were other horrifying events performed to frighten me into further dissociation, creating even more control.

My mother and I were told to wait in the hospital lobby until they came to tell us the surgery was over. They called a code name for me over the loudspeaker and responding to the call, I walked up to my father's hospital room. A doctor in a white coat met me in the room and said he wanted me to enter the surgery room and watch. As I entered, I saw my father with his head cut open, with tubes in him everywhere; in his head, in his nose, in his arm, and they told me that my father would no longer hold authority over me. Now he was totally under their control and, now they would be in total control of me. Then they strapped me into the bed next to him and gave me some sort of gas through a mask they put over my nose and mouth. They told me to turn my head so I could watch everything they did to him that day — they took my real father away from me and the doctor said that they would be in charge of everything that happened to me and all my progeny from then on. I didn't know what that meant, but I knew it was bad. They performed some sort of surgery on me, too. They inserted something under my nail bed and later they told me they moved it somewhere else and I would find places on my body with skin flaps where I figured they had put them in. They tested and experimented with implant after implant on me. With some implants they were trying to see if they could totally control me from a distance.

Later when my mother came to look for me, she found me sitting in my father's room bent over with my head down to my knees, while a nurse standing by me explained, "She fainted, that's all. She'll be all right." My father made it through surgery and was placed in intensive care.

Soon after, my controllers told me my father had died in the surgery, that all I had to do was remember how he looked with his eyes closed to realize he was dead. They told me that my 'real' family would take over now and that I needed to understand that it was really best that way. And, although everything outwardly appeared to remain the same, nothing ever was again. The life essence of my father was totally gone; he was not in control of himself any longer. My brother Rick took over the family business and I began traveling more, internationally.

Months after my father's release from the hospital, he came into my room and sat down on the floor next to my bed while I was studying. Upset and very emotional, which was very unusual for my father, he said, "Honey, big things are happening and I've lost control of you." Tears were streaming down my strong father's face. I didn't know how to react. My macho father never cried. I couldn't

think to question him or to wonder just what it was he was trying to tell me. So I let it go, along with hundreds of other questions and thoughts that any normal, unprogrammed daughter would have thought to ask.

Institute Of Higher Learning

Sometime later, I was taken to a hospital in Montreal. My controllers called it an "Institute of Higher Learning," but instead of higher learning, I was put in a hospital gown and kept drugged and in restraints. A very important French personality inside of me was created and enhanced there. If I didn't cooperate they put me into a padded cubicle in the dark until I "came to my senses" and began behaving properly. I'd seen over the years just what they had done to my father and I couldn't take anymore. I had nothing to lose by not cooperating. From one of his personalities that was 'in the know' and before brain surgery took his free will away, my father told me, "You don't have to do anything they say honey, they want to take your mind." Years later as I retrieved pieces of my memory that allowed me to see the bigger picture, I remembered numerous occasions when my father laid in programs to help me exit my abuse. He even gave me suggestions to heal and bring my personalities together. I've often wondered if this was a more significant contribution to my successful healing than I could ever imagine.

"All that is now hidden will someday come to light!"

The Living Bible

Chapter Nine: They didn’t see me as Human

Sweet Sixteen

Bob Hope was one of the first high-powered men Craig 'delivered' me to. This, of course, was by no means my first meeting with Bob, but it was a test for Craig and the first time my young 'handler' would use the programmed skills he learned to take me to my assignment. For my 16t' birthday present in 1967, Craig surprised me with a trip, by train, to the San Diego Zoo for the day. Consciously we were programmed to be committed to a non-sexual relationship, waiting for our projected wedding date to consummate our marriage. At least that is why we thought we were only spending the day, and not the night in San Diego. Due to our programming, neither of us had any conscious awareness that anything other than that was occurring.

We boarded the train, and after a while Craig delivered me to a private car where Bob Hope, Senator Alan Cranston, and a couple of other men were waiting. Craig left me with them and then robotically left the room. I had sex with each of them as the others watched. They were all old men, even in those days.

Later, Bob said he had a little job for me to do and the next thing I knew I was in a big office with wooden floors and a desk with an American flag beside it. When Bob introduced me, I shook hands with the man behind the desk. He impressed me then as an important man, like the President, but he wasn't. Bob left me alone with him. The man asked me all kinds of questions and I told him that I had been insurance company bonded as a requirement of my Christmas employment in a jewelry store. He seemed to like that. He also wanted to check out my body. Following his instructions, I removed my clothes and he 'checked' me all over by feeling. He put his hand behind my neck and pulled me over to him and began kissing me.

This dark-haired executive was much younger than Bob. He turned me around facing away from him and I could hear the noise of the zipper as he unzipped his pants. He pushed me over at the waist and began having sex with me from behind. He explained that he was checking the fit. I didn't know what that meant but was very embarrassed, as evidenced by my red cheeks. He commented on how he liked it when I blushed. He said it meant that I was naive and innocent, and explained he liked them that way. When he was through 'questioning' me, he opened the door and went and got Bob. He told Bob that I'd be fine, that he was very pleased, and went to his drawer, took out a folder, and wrote out a check. He carefully put the folder away, handed Bob the check and said, "Here's a check for the cause." I didn't know what that meant either but they shook hands and both seemed pleased.

When we left in the limo, I couldn't see where we were going, because Bob pushed my head down on a man's lap for me to perform oral sex. The rest of the day was a blur. I didn't know where

my boyfriend Craig went or if I would ever see him again. I was exhausted when we finally got 'home' and that night I 'slept away' all memories of this experience just like I had been programmed to do.

During my teen years, I remember Craig and I would lie around my backyard pool for hours, swimming, talking and playing. At the time, that was all I consciously remembered. But, when I woke up to reality years later and began recalling what fully happened, I remembered Craig holding a small brown bottle with a dropper in it. He put some of the clear liquid from the bottle onto a piece of celery and peanut butter and gave it to me to eat. After I did, everything kept moving, like a movie, except each frame was moving in a fractured, uneven, hazed way. It was hard for me to even walk to the pool. I bent over, my stomach cramping and everything was spinning. I wasn't suppose to notice that he had given it to me, but I did, and later I remembered other tunes.

Happy Daze

By the time I entered William Taft High School in Woodland Hills, my life began to change even more dramatically. Due to the mind control I was under, I constantly had a smile plastered on my face whether I was happy or not. The ritual abuse became minimal during this time, done only on occasions that were required to maintain my mind control. Through a vast array of the latest in human programming technologies, I was well on my way to becoming a total and completely compliant, efficient and multi-tasked robot.

Looking back now, high school felt like one big blur to me. I remember having only one close friend at a time, and knowing that I was «popular» but never feeling that way. Instead I felt ugly, stupid, awkward, shy and set apart from the other kids at school that were my age. I was made part of the Student Council so that I would have a public school image. Often my picture was posted on walls to announce upcoming events, or to announce contests I was entered into. My presence leading and organizing certain school functions served to allow many of the students to know who I was; yet very few students really knew me or were close to me. A whole strategy was devised to keep me popular in the eyes of my schoolmates and most of the faculty by making me a continual face or body by plastering pictures of me all over the school; yet, I was not in attendance on a very regular basis. Henry said it was for my protection, so others would feel below me and many wouldn't even approach me as if I was a celebrity, and I was instructed to «act» that way also. I was known in school, without ever really «knowing» anybody because of the projected image that was publicly created for me. I felt isolated and alone, in a daze, like I really didn't exist.

I was programmed to act snooty and too good for people, to remain very aloof. Yet I was deeply locked into my own inner world, constantly mentally working to keep all data filed correctly in all the areas Henry created. I was so inwardly focused that I had a very hard time in the physical world, hence the reason my mother did everything for me at home. Henry told me to spend all my time tending to the mental files. And while my mother did all the domestic chores, I did as Henry commanded, often floating on a raft in our backyard swimming pool, sorting mind files all the while in a trance state. I had many mental exercises Henry assigned for me to perform at home. The system he created and used during my 16th to 22nd years was extensive and required mental work to keep organized, cleaned and neat. Henry said it took mental muscle to keep the files in complete order.

I was elected Vice President and then President of the Girl's League Association at school, and was part of the Student Government. I was voted 'Princess' at the prom, was paraded in a convertible at a football game and had my picture pasted all over the school for fashion shows and contests I was in. But, I never felt like I belonged; I just felt like a robot, living in a complete fog, and looking back that is exactly what I was.

As Girl's League President, I was in charge of a fashion show that was called "Tivoli Gardens," a foreign affair that was so named in order to scramble a lot of the international work I was doing with Henry abroad. They even used times I was supposedly buying flowers in downtown Los Angeles at the flower mart as a scramble. My mother reluctantly accompanied me on the stage at the fashion show to introduce the models. She was so shy and embarrassed but she did it for me because I asked her to. Henry had already taught me to see the audience in totality as one person I was comfortable speaking with and to begin my speech as if the two of us were alone. And I was instructed to wear my speaking dress to give me confidence and poise. Armored with these inner crutches, I could speak with no hesitancy, no shyness, and no apparent problem at all.

I also spoke publicly for Henry at other occasions where he would load me up and book me a

time slot on stage. Sometimes it was a debate between fellow robots on political issues but I wasn't trained like they were — I was trained only to deliver. Many others were adroit at debating, but I wasn't. So I'd go up on stage, deliver my pre-programmed speech, everyone would clap and later Henry would say I did a great job. But I had to have on my speaking dress, and no matter what I was really wearing, it became "my speaking dress." If he was present, Henry commented before I went on, "My, you look lovely in your speaking dress," and then my speech would be internally engaged and I'd be ready to deliver. I performed in these ways for many "show your latest technology in robots" shows. After I passed those, I got to move on to more diplomatic matters.

Henry used me to warm up groups that his constituency was going to speak to and I often wore several different disguises and always looked different. Henry was the puppeteer and I was his puppet and at anytime he wished, he could pull my strings and make me change into a different puppet, with a different face with which to meet the public. And like Mr. Potatohead, he could order what kind of face he wanted me to put on. "Squint your eyes a bit, curl up the ends of your mouth, flair your nostrils, pull your jaw forward"…all sorts of different facial mannerisms and contortions that I was programmed to perform, combined with wigs, glasses, body padding, hats, etc. It was all quite effective as I played my role creating different faces to present to the public. Not many people know about this technology yet and Henry said we had a definite edge on the others. He said that it was always important for us to strive to reach greater and greater knowledge and awareness, to stay ahead of the pack in being the first, the best, and the brightest in our latest endeavors. He was constantly experimenting with me and adding things like archival information and classified documents, in order to have the latest information to draw from.

Henry said, "You're the leader of the pack in this diplomatic endeavor and as such we will continue to update your system in order to insure that you stay "the leader of the pack." In a hypnotic session, he said to me, "Each and every time you hear the song, "Leader of the Pack," on the radio, you will think of the motorcycle bikers only and will remain in the dark otherwise." The word «dark» was internally linked in my system to all sorts of ritual horrors and terrors, thereby plunging this information that was subliminally linked to it deeply into the recesses of my subconscious mind. I could not consciously retrieve it; yet it ruled my actions. In this way the ritual tortures that I had endured as a child and as a young adult at my church were linked to these other memories. They tied the ritual trauma to these memories by saying, "If you begin to recall such and such, you will immediately recall the ritual, and they would go into great detail to remind me of the tortures that happened at those rituals. They used the ritual tortures on and off at strategic, necessary times to either bring to the forefront an old group of personalities, or to create a new group. A traumatic ritual could effectively create a whole new group of alternate personalities, since it was such an extensive trauma. Henry often spoke to his colleagues on this subject, advising them when and where to use trauma. Henry consulted with other men who needed guidance as to how to create and maintain a robot or group of them, as in Bob Hope's case.

Bob had a whole group within me, eight personalities at one time, but Henry advised him to cut it down to four because he said he couldn't effectively maintain that many until the level of technology rose, allowing for more of the programming and maintenance to be performed by machine rather than by man. Henry said my prototype was not new but was highly expanded and more technical and he was building on an older model of a sex robot and mind computer prototype, combining them within me in hopes of expanding technologies and coming up with a more versatile workable model. He actually viewed me as a machine.

Dr. Olmstead, our principal, gave me orders in his office. When he did I would go into robotic receiving mode and record all the data he gave me. I transferred what was appropriate to my blue inner calendar and filed the rest of the information into the suggested files for use at the correct time. My Student Government (Student Council) teacher, Saul Rowen, would drive me, to catch a plane or, more often, to a helicopter port where I was then transported to a government approved shuttle plane to Washington, DC or New York. Usually I was taken to Nixon for sex and to straighten out his often dour attitude and then to Henry and the research team for further instruction.

Back home Dr. Stoddard prescribed a continuous supply of the antibiotic Tetracycline. He said I had to take the medication so I would not have pimples. I never was able to question this at the time, could not think to, but realized later on, as I healed and integrated, that I never suffered from any type of acne and must have been given this antibiotic to insure I did not infect the government leaders with any "social diseases." He also prescribed mood elevators and mild tranquilizers for me

during times when I was extremely depressed as a teenager. These helped to keep me "happy." During the times I was being used by others, they utilized personalities that were cheerful and energetic, so my moods were never a problem. Dr. Stoddard also gave my father shots of testosterone to boost his sexual desire.

Looking back, my high school years had a very unreal feeling to them. I didn't eat much in those days, in obeisance with programming, and was very thin like the popular model of the time, Twiggy. I had programs in place that guaranteed that my physical body would maintain a perfect size 6, or less, and usually in those days I wore a size 2 or 4. If I ate very much I became nauseated and could eat no more. When I went for a few days without eating while I was on assignment, my stomach shrank and so it was difficult to eat much, plus I would often be very sick and shaking from the high voltage I was subjected to. My mother often got into my twin bed next to me and held and rubbed me to get my body to calm down. She also kept saying, "You're home honey, you're home." My body often convulsed and I had dry heaves but after I slept I was usually better.

Rocketdyne/Rockwell International

Ken Golliher was a nuclear physicist and a Mason who was respected as 'the brains' behind a lot of scientific plans or inventions while employed at Rocketdyne in the Woodland Hills area. He worked with Ellsworth Ford, Craig's father, who was plant engineer, and Mary, the women I've previously mentioned, our neighbor who for many years was my 'second mother. Ken's daughter Shelly was a member of the young women's Masonic organization, Job's Daughters, and attended the same school as Craig. Through their friendship I came to know her.

But it wasn't until some twenty-five years later that I began remembering Ken Golliher, adorned with a white lab coat, white hard hat and goggles, waving me through the security guard at the front guard gate at Rocketdyne. From his lab coat pocket hung a plastic badge with his picture and other information on it. I don't know what he told them to gain entrance for me, maybe that I was his daughter or something. Anyway, they let me through the security gate driving my family's old 57 Chevy. I must have been around sixteen years old.

Once inside the building, Ken showed me the monkeys in a cage and one monkey was sitting in a chair with its little head screwed into a metal framework that wrapped around his skull. Ken told me it didn't hurt the monkey at all. Before I knew it, I was strapped into a chair, with electrodes positioned on my head. They told me that I was strapped in so I wouldn't move around. Ken was an excellent photographer and before me was a slide screen. At first I was shown slides of nature scenes like flowers with bees on them and then they began flashing technical slides with pictures of moon landings, instrumentation information, satellite diagrams, craft designs, mathematical equations and all sorts of technical information. There were slides of page after page of numbers, formulas and diagrams of assembly information for certain projects. One picture was of a mechanical chair that a robot-I mean astronaut-could maneuver around on the moon. It's possible that some of the astronauts are human robots, because I saw the formulas for programming them so they could be controlled from earth and scientists would never have to rely on the astronauts human emotions' or human errors in thinking. I saw a whole set of plans for training and conditioning an astronaut.

The United States actually sent many more people and animals onto the moon and to other planets than they let be known to the American public. They were experimenting with all types of life forces on the moon and didn't announce many of their experiments, or findings. The ones that were made public were strictly to control the feelings and beliefs of the American people. Unscrupulous scientists sent «indigents» as they called them, to the moon and other planets, and they usually didn't return …or if they did they tested them to see what killed them. So great was the desire to explore other planets to beat the Russians, or to quench the curiosity of some totally left brain scientists, that they didn't care who they killed or hurt to get the desired results.

They were doing initial research and used mind-controlled slaves to explore the possibility that humans could live in outer space — on space stations and other planets. This was done in preparation for the elite families to have a place to go should the need arise.

Even back in the late 60's they had tracking stations on the moon that were highly sophisticated, and used to measure many things. Somehow they were even able to monitor the 'feelings' of a population. They monitored the earth from the moon much more than they monitored the other planets. This monitoring system was set in place to control a society-to control their feelings and

thought patterns. They rationalized these actions explaining that in this way they would be able to create a society free of crime and violence, but that is because people won't be able to think for themselves. Their plans are for a society of mind controlled robots. I saw them perform studies on hamsters and rats where they totally controlled them by these means. Now they can do it with human beings and create any situation on the globe they want to peace, chaos, violence, whatever they want and then they can go in with their invisible frequency warfare and publicly visible police force and take control. In this way people could lose all the freedom they once had. It is already happening. Without knowing it, people are loosing freedom over their own thoughts and emotions and will become controlled instead by technologies that they could never even have imagined, let alone thought possible. It is a sick, twisted, and sinister scheme of global mind control. (See Nick Begich's book, Angels Don't Play This HAARP.)

Back then, Rocketdyne had a test site in the Santa Suzanna Mountains, a missile range firing plant where the scientists had the privilege of quickly testing their inventions on the spot without having to wait for them to be sent to other firing locations. The scientists liked that instant gratification. They could see how their blueprints worked right away. So they had a total loop from blueprints, to manufacturing and then to launch — and it was more than mere missiles they were firing off.

Ken got me into the facility over and over in my teens, to hook me up to equipment that bypassed my conscious mind to record in my "top secret mind files" information about their ideas which needed to be passed on to alternate sites or the Department of Defense. They were all secretly inter-connected with a huge web of criminals on the inside and at the top who operated without the knowledge of the public.

Army Base Programming

More programming took place on an army base where I was escorted past some men in army uniform to an underground facility that we arrived at by walking down a steep flight of stairs to a large cement and grey metal-walled warehouse. I was taken past a room with desks and computers to a room behind where the programming equipment was kept. They put me inside large cylindrical machines where I either laid or sat while they did all sorts of things to me. One time they put me in a decompression chamber where I felt like I was getting squeezed to death and then they put in some gas that made me laugh and feel weightless. They hooked wires and electrodes to my head and limbs and they used loud sounds intermittently with soft sounds, then blasted the loud sounds again during which time an army officer in a brown uniform delivered word phrases to me that were inaudible to my conscious mind because of the other loud sounds I was being subjected to. They put me through a series of machines …ones that spun me, rolling me tumbling head over heals, for long periods of time. Then they laid me on a table and shined bright lights in my eyes and loud sounds again in my ears. At the same time, the officer yelled at me. I was so confused and out of it that another officer tried to calm me down on the table so I could dress and leave. I was escorted out into an awaiting limo. I did notice that we were in an area that looked like the California desert.

I watched and recorded in my mind files, much like a court reporter, while the American doctors in coats mapped my forehead and face and hooked me up to electrodes. There were other people in the room sitting like zombies all with their heads mapped out. We all have numbers that follow us no matter what research projects we were assigned to. They were studying our brains in a variety of different contexts, in all different environments, with different stimulation. They were also studying genetic effects, cultural effects, nutritional effects, every effect of environment and genes on a person's brain function, their life function, their longevity, their functionality and productivity. They monitored (by the electrodes) and registered and mapped lots of data that was imputed on brain function. This also furthered their understanding of how humans would do on other planets and space stations. The movie Coma (1978) was later used as a screen memory (to scramble this abuse), but the experiments were reality. Some data was taken much later on at Pepperdine University in Malibu, where I attended as a college student in 1985-87, and some at international locations; one, a big huge room with dark marble floors in England.

Back At Winnetka Tech

Jokingly, people referred to my high school as "Winnetka Tech," and in essence that was an amazingly appropriate title for a high school that had an inner group of teachers and faculty whose agenda it was to create "enhanced minds." The high school was a factory of "young adults," as Henry Kissinger called us. In junior high Henry began creating my friend Candy's mind files, but said she was too robotic. Henry said I was a natural and ran smoothly with no rough edges. Then there was Helen, the student who was Girl's President before I was and there was also a male student, whose name I can't remember. Henry worked on them all but I was chosen above all of them because I appeared so natural and All-American, while the others he viewed as too ethnic or too robotical. Henry said he could still use them all at different tasks, but I was the most versatile and would fit into most situations. One of the women astronauts also graduated from Taft High School.

At other times in high school I was driven on those small 'special' Los Angeles School District buses — the kind they used for kids with special needs — to the Van Nuys Airport, or to LAX, or to different heliports on top of buildings in Los Angeles. During the late 60's I was taken out of school often and bused to different places for all sorts of different things; sexually servicing important businessmen or politicians, or meeting Nixon at some place on the beach in California, or meeting Reagan at the Motion Picture Country Hospital, or meeting Bob and his friends somewhere. There were lots of important businessmen in Southern California, Northern California, Sacramento, Santa Barbara, Ojai, San Francisco, San Luis Obispo, Santa Cruz, Carmel, etc., that I was delivered to for sex and to deliver Council messages. Suits, suits, and more suits! I never knew where I was going and the driver of the bus was usually a different person each time. One time the driver was a lady who said she came all the way from the inner city to drive me. She said, "You don't look handicapped to me." I didn't respond, couldn't think to, instead I just walked off the bus and into the courthouse where I was to sexually service and pass a message to some circuit judge. Often I would get out of the special bus and later another special bus would pick me up and I would be taken back to Taft High School. I didn't spend a lot of time in class, but my teachers didn't say anything when I didn't turn in my homework. I don't know why, but they didn't.

There were times in high school that I was dismissed from classes for an entire week and spent the time traveling internationally with Nixon and Kissinger. While I traveled at times with Nixon, I was programmed to carry Henry's strategic plan for Nixon to tap into, whenever he needed to refresh himself with Henry's plan. I often stayed in hotel rooms, or waited in nearby rooms or the lobby, appearing to be a regular person. Nixon would access me, before, during, or after a meeting, always leaving the sex for much later on. But I was at Nixon's fingertips, armed and loaded with all the possible input and data any one man could ever want. That's how Henry described this when I accompanied Nixon to China, USSR, the Far East, Vietnam talks, etc., always disguised as someone else in order to serve Henry's interests.

So, in addition to my secret life during my so-called studies at Taft High School, I was flown all over the country and internationally, serving those individuals Kissinger set me up with. I was having routine sex with the health and government teacher, Mr. Saul Rowen, who later became the owner of Cali Camp, an exclusive children's camp in Southern California. Some days when I was at school, during lunchtime, I was filmed pornographically by my brother and others in the photo lab at Taft. And I was having sex, all the while unknown to my conscious personality, with members of the business community, and earned myself the D.A.R. award for service, from the Woodland Hills Rotary Club, upon graduation.

Rockefeller and Kissinger Confer on My Future

Uncle Rocky was my corporate sponsor and was in Henry's office one day when Henry turned to me and said, "My dear, don't you have something to say to Mr. Rockefeller, here?"

"Yes, Sir!" I exclaimed all bubbly and excited. I took his hand and said exactly as Henry had preprogrammed me, "Mr. Rockefeller, I would like to ask you if you would sponsor my further education?"

"Of course," he said, "I would be most delighted to be a part of your future growth and contribution to mankind." Standing, he went on, "For me to finance your education means that you are now part of my family and any young lady as bright as you are should call me Uncle Rocky," and he shook my hand. Now I knew that he was part of my real family that Uncle Charlie (Charles Lilley Horn) had spoken of.

My reliability had been tested for several years and I seemed to «graduate» to a higher level of use. What could be higher level than the President of the United States? In my experience, the Council, and certain international individuals like the Rockefellers, was a higher level, standing head and shoulders above the government and United States politicians.

With this 'honor' bestowed upon me, it took just three days for this highest level of programming to be accomplished. I'm not sure where I was taken but the walls in the room I was taken into were white like in a hospital. There was a flat silver metal band that was fitted to the top of my head with adjoining circular outer bars that haloed around it. They coupled that with finger connectors joined to wires that delivered electroshock to my fingers and toes. They sent electroshock first to both of my smallest appendages; my little fingers and toes. Then they simultaneously sent electroshock to my next finger and toe, and continued in succession until all paired appendages had been included. At the same time they delivered the electroshock, they shined different colors of the red spectrum, which went through blue to purple, while they were flashing the light. Next they did the yellow spectrum paired with a different set of fingers and toes. They completed the whole 'rainbow spectrum' using each finger/toe paired in sequence. I overheard them mention something about creating a perfect coordination between not only left and right brain motor symmetry but actual motor functioning, paired with brain wave patterning so that, "the android robot appears perfectly normal and human." I had to sit in this electric chair for what seemed like hours while they did all this to me.

It was also during this time period that I was introduced to Ronald Reagan.

"Faith comes from hearing the message, and the message is heard through the word of Christ." Romans 10:17

Chapter Ten: Introduced to Governor Ronald Reagan

I was slowly introduced to Ronald Reagan when I was a teenager. Private meetings were set up by Bob Hope, for me to meet with Reagan at the small theater that is part of the Motion Picture Country Hospital (MPCH) located in Calabasas, California, just 10 minutes from my childhood home in Woodland Hills. The hospital is owned and operated by the Screen Actor's Guild (SAG). After my father suffered a heart attack my mother took a job and worked there for 10 years, in the late 60's and early 70's, as secretary/bookkeeper to the Assistant Executive Director.

I was programmed to walk or ride my bike to the hospital to watch some of the movies that played in the small theater on the hospital grounds. I was instructed to watch many movies that were used for 'programming purposes' to instill certain preferred attitudes or moods within me. Among them: My Fair Lady, Gone With the Wind, The Unsinkable Molly Brown, Disney movies, and the Wizard of Oz. Often during the showing, a man would come up behind me and zap me with an electronic piece of equipment. At other times, seeing a movie was just a cover for privately meeting with Ronald Reagan. I was also instructed to read the book, Flowers for Algernon, which was intended to scramble, cloud and cover the memory of experiences that happened at the MPCH and elsewhere.

It was there, in private, at the MPCH, that Ronald Reagan began to get acquainted with me, and with many of my created personalities. I was instructed beforehand that I would have "an important guest" and that I was to "make a good impression on him, to give him the full treatment." The Council had big plans for Ronald Reagan and he fit the requirements for what they were looking for — someone who was pliable and could be directed. He proved that by following their directions from the beginning, even before he was elected Governor. He was a person who was patriotic, personable and was seen as wholesome, good and genuine in the public eye. He was a "good actor" and was willing to jump through their hoops without question. They always told him he was working for the "good of his country" and he never seemed to question anything. But I am getting ahead of myself.

That first meeting, Reagan and I were alone in the small theater. When the lights were lowered in the audience section, that was my cue to begin my routine. The "full treatment" consisted of singing and dancing on the small stage for him, ending with a striptease dance. After my seductive act, I walked out to where he was sitting all alone and climbed, naked, into his lap to recite my program. Following my programmed instructions, I told him that I could satisfy every desire or whim he could imagine, that I came complete with instructions and top security, and was referred by his friend Bob Hope.

He seemed embarrassed, a reaction that would follow him over the years in relation to me, and a bit overwhelmed, but his response was, "I'm sold …tell Bob I'm sold!"

Having carefully recorded his exact response within my photographic memory as instructed, I clambered out of his lap, collected my clothes from the stage floor and got dressed.

I had several personalities that were specially created to please Ronald Reagan sexually. One was created for total devotion to him over the years.

I was used extensively on and around 1968, at age 17, by then Governor Reagan and soon after with United States President Richard Nixon. These top politicians were guaranteed that my training insured the highest level of security. The high level of mind control I possessed guaranteed that I could be used with these leaders who were involved in some of the highest levels of national security, without my own awareness, therefore creating the most sophisticated level of security our nation had to offer. The spy doesn't even know she's spying!

Rendezvous with Reagan occurred often at the MPCH but the way it was set up was very secretive. On Sunday afternoons, or in the evenings, I accompanied my family to the small movie theatre on the grounds. While we were waiting outside in line I was instructed to say that I had to go to the bathroom and instead I would slip into the backside entrance to the little theatre and wait for him to show up. Often he was waiting in the back of the theatre and I'd quickly deliver the message and return to my family. Other times, I waited for him in the back of the darkened theatre. He would arrive looking secretive like he was trying to travel "incognito." After we connected I would get up and go to the front of the theatre to join my family and he would sit down in my vacated seat. During the movie I would announce to my family that I was going to the restroom and I would slip into the row of seats in front of Reagan. As soon as I was in position in front of him I rattled off a bunch of information meant to guide him. If he passed these tests by doing what he was told, then he could enter a higher level of the political arena. He was slowly informed that I was a robot who was merely reporting to him from the higher ups. In the beginning they told him not to underestimate my abilities just because I was young, that I had years of powerful training to make me the way I was and that he was to utilize me to the fullest.

Once he was elected Governor, they had me working between Nixon (as President) and Reagan (as Governor). They worked them together and were able to effect powerful change and legislation between the two. That was escalated when Reagan got into office as President and later they utilized Pete Wilson in the same way. Lots of legislation was pushed through and by the time Wilson hit the office of Governor and Reagan hit President, they had the channels cleared to get through laws, bills and whatever else the Council needed for their own advancement.

There was an older gray-haired, feeble looking man with a diamond pinky ring to whom I frequently reported at the MPCH. He often brought my mom a paper to sign. At times he coordinated and delivered me to different rooms or cottages to meet with different people. He told me to go inside and wait. Often Reagan was the person I was to wait for. Other times he would say, "Wait in here," and I sat in a lobby or room where a Secret Service agent came to deliver me to then-Governor Reagan. They took me often to a little housekeeping cottage to have sex and deliver messages to Reagan. Later the older man with the diamond pinky ring would come and take me back to my mother's office. He didn't even see who I was delivered to meet. The Secret Service said they liked it better that way because they said it was "once removed," so it wasn't as risky.

There were instances where my mother would pull open a file drawer in her office, remove a file and lay it on her desk for me to read and record. Displayed before me were logs of upcoming dates and times I was to meet Reagan or others at the MPCH. At other times I viewed papers full of instructions of things to say, including specific phrases, to certain people, or lists of columns of four figure numbers that I was instructed to encode and decipher.

At some meetings Reagan would practice a speech in front of me in the theatre. I'd take it all back to the Council and they would correct a line or two, give the exact wording to be used, and I'd deliver the message to Reagan again and he would modify his speech and deliver it as they dictated.

Other times I was instructed to ride my bike to the MPCH or I accompanied my mom to work when she had extra work to do and I'd say I was going outside. She never questioned me. After I started driving at 16, I was instructed to report to my mom's office and ask for money or permission to do something, be ore I went to the theatre so she wouldn't suspect anything if later someone told her they saw me. The man in the theatre who let me in during off-hours 'appeared' to be a janitor, but I guess he was a part of it. Sometimes a group of men at a round table met as I sat off to the side in "park mode," while they discussed what needed to be done with me next or they'd argue about what I was being 'exposed' to. One man ended the argument explaining, "that's what the boss

ordered." The boss was Bob Hope. These men seemed to know all about me. But Bob didn't like to meet or have sex with me at the MPCH because he said, "Frankly, the people there are too old." It seemed to depress him to think about old age.

Million Dollar Babies

I overheard conversations where the President of the United States and other top politicians were offered the services of "escorts,"-the CIA's latest human robot technology-programmed sex and espionage slaves. They were encouraged to use these escorts to satisfy their sexual and emotional needs, instead of exposing themselves to outside individuals, because these escorts were guaranteed safe — had passed many tests to insure security, were able to provide guaranteed secrecy and were safe from venereal disease.

The presidents and others were highly discouraged by the CIA from other avenues of sexual indiscretions for fear of public exposure. This fear of the consequences of seeking «outside» sexual gratification, fear of adverse publicity or disease, and other security risks, created a heavy demand for the use of this latest human technology.

As I later learned, Project Monarch beta trained sex slaves were called "million dollar babies" referring to the large amount of money each slave would bring in from a very early age. In the 60's the use of a Project Monarch presidential model sex slave cost around $1200 for an evening. Henry called me his "million dollar machine."

My father and his controllers had done their homework, insuring I was Multiple Personality Disordered, certifiably under total and complete mind control and ready for use by certain individuals in top political and entertainment positions, by the time I was a preteen.

But what many of the CIA officials may or may not have been aware of was that a powerful group of men, whom I refer to as "The Council," secretly ran the government. They were also able to access the "mindcontrolled escorts" and program them to subversively influence top government officials in ways that benefited the Council. The CIA's latest human technology was now being used against our own government.

"Each of us will one day be judged by our standard of life… Not by our standard of living; by our measure of giving… Not by our measure of wealth; by our simple goodness… Not by our seeming greatness. "

William Arthur Ward

Chapter Eleven: Mind Control in the Prisons

Wearing white sandles, a red shirt and skirt, I was flown by helicopter up near Sacramento, California to the Vacaville Prison. It was another mind control experiment only this time not on me. Mind control programs were tried out on the inmates — programs they wanted to implement with criminals, soldiers, etc., if they worked. Governor Reagan, who was busy touring the facility, wasn't around when they tortured and programmed the prisoners. He went off with a prison official while I was taken to deliver the verbal portion of the program to the men.

On one side of the walkway the inmates were left alone and on the other side they were hooked up to electrodes, with a band around their head and wrists, and were shocked. Then a guard took me to say programming phrases to them like, "I will not commit a crime. I will behave in society like a good citizen. I will no longer offend. I will not rape. I will be calm. I will be peaceful. I will not fight. I will not swear. I will be an asset to society. I will follow orders. I will obey commands. I will serve my country to the best of my ability." They even hooked up their penises to electroshock as a trauma-programming tactic. When they were tortured, the men broke out in a sweat and some even cried, and after the trauma, they had me deliver the program phrases. Whenever I was alone with them, a renegade personality within me that could relate and sympathize with their plight, slipped in the suggestion, "I will fight for my own freedom."

One man was sitting holding his head in his hands and crying. His toe was being shocked through a cuff that went around his toe. These men were writhing in pain and were emotionally broken by the time they brought them to me to deliver the program suggestions. I was told to deliver the messages slowly, distinctly and quietly so their subconscious mind would have to reach for it. Their conscious mind was way out of the way by then. Some men urinated in their cots while they were being

electroshocked. Their bodies jerked, they sweated profusely and cried. A man who could still talk afterwards begged me, "Why are they doing this to me? Help me. Please help me get out of here." It was awful.

They helicoptered Reagan and I in and out. It was a top-secret project. By the time they finished with these poor men, they didn't even need to lock the jail cells. They looked and acted comatose.

At one time they said it was cheaper to keep criminals in prison than to sentence them to death. That was probably so they could further their experiments on the mind.

Ottawa Prison System

In the early 1970's there was a penal colony in Ottawa, Canada that Reagan corresponded and collaborated with to compare their rate of success with ours. I was flown there with Reagan in order to completely and efficiently retain all the statistical data on their inmate projects. In the early 70's the inmates were heavily targeted like the preschools were in the later 70's. Once we got to the prison location, he had to show a special clearance badge to the man at the door. It was a door inside, not the door anyone could pass through upon arriving. The area we were escorted to was maximum security, which sounded like it was labeled that because of dangerous felons, but it actually held a top security status due to the sensitive nature of the experiments that were held there. Reagan said to the guards when we passed by, "It's okay, she's with me." They usually just waved me through on his word alone. One time in one of the prisons we were in, a black guard said, "What the hell…?" when Reagan showed his badge and then tried to get me waved through.

It made Reagan so mad that he looked at the guy and said, "Do you have a clearance?"

The guy said, "No."

"Well that's why you're behind that desk and I'm cleared to go through." Reagan responded angrily.

The black guard just said, "Suit yourself, Sir." And, we passed by. After that they got a phony clearance for me so there wouldn't be any more problems or questions asked when we went through together. My job once we were in the secured area was to record with my photographic memory all the «stats» on the projects. Later in New York, I filled Henry in on the latest data. Henry took brief notes, maybe to follow up on certain statistical data, I don't know.

Reagan and I went into secured NASA areas the same way. I was waved through in order to photographically record the data into my mind files in those areas, also.

Sometimes we wore white hard hats and sometimes safety glasses or goggles were required in different areas. I liked when I had to wear them because then I didn't stand out so much. It was generally not as acceptable or understandable why I was there since I was a girl (later a young woman) …that's why they created my son Danny with the mind files. It was awkward to have so many questions asked where, if I'd been a man, people would not have wondered so much.

The Canadian prison officials were very cooperative in the effort to share data on mind control of criminals. They saw mind control as a means of benevolent restraint of a population that was destined to fail. They saw the experiments and research as helpful to these criminals as it would eventually allow them the means to move more freely within society without endangering that society. These statistics laid the groundwork for a much higher level of technology to proliferate than had been previously possible. They began working on pre-school children who would have the basic programming structure set in so that in later years they would have the foundation already in place for future use, with a solid structure upon which anything could be built.

Kissinger was totally in alliance with the pre-school targets because he was sure that the system was foolproof and self-contained, whereby he constantly saw the prison system as an area of vulnerability since the subjects were older and didn't have the basic programs locked in and attached to much of anything except drug barriers and torture. Lots of these men were put into padded solitary cells and were drugged, electroshocked, and experimented on. They experimented on the effect of drugs, music, implants, and hypnotic suggestions in conjunction with these other stimuli.

Many countries were interested in the mind control technology. In some places it was traded for favors or different deals made with a country, but we kept the leading edge technology.

NASA

In later years, Reagan brought some of the prisoners to a certain location to demo them to the officials at NASA. He showed them the progress he was having artificially «lobotomizing» these criminals (who Reagan often referred to as "indigents"). It wasn't actual surgery, but instead, implants that were somehow controlling neuro-responses to the brain, making the prisoners incapable of doing anything they weren't told to do. He demonstrated how when angered they wouldn't respond violently. He even had other people throw things (like a bucket full of some liquid) at them — something that would have normally made anyone angry. He described how he could justify laying off some of the prison staff, thus eliminating some of the costly prison system overhead in order to reduce the state budget. I carried the state budget in my mind files that were used extensively during the time Reagan was Governor.

Mind Control Demonstrations

During one demonstration Reagan said, "Strip for the surprise effect, drive those scientists wild like you did me the first time." They were demoing all the uses for mind control application — like for behavior (violence) control, or for intelligence operatives like me, a mind file or sex slave for the government, so the men in high offices could have their needs met without security risk. These men felt they were that important. The elite, in fact.

Reagan said, "Our jobs are so vital to meeting the needs of the majority that having a little help like this really makes a difference in how we can perform in our chosen field of employment. You will see that this is the technology of the future."

At another of these demos, there was a military man in a green uniform with a bunch of those colored bars on his pocket and an admiral in a white hat and uniform adorned with all kinds of metals. They were there for the demonstration of mind control slaves and to see what could be done to help them get the most out of their "boys." They carefully took notes while Governor Reagan spoke and they watched as he demoed me.

When demonstrating me after 1976, Reagan explained to the audience, "Now this one has had a child and you might think that as a sex slave that puts her out of commission. Not true. What occurs is they become as maternal towards helping the government grow as they do helping their child grow and as I am sure you all well know, nothing gets up a mother's dander more than having someone mess with their young. And that gentlemen is precisely what we do. To the extent that this mother loves her child is the extent to which she will go to protect that child. All we have to do is alter her perception a bit in order to make her fear injury will come to her young and you've just tapped into the highest source of dedication and intense emotion that can be regulated to fit the occasion."

He went on with the following 'pep talk: "Many of the top minds in our nation are supporting this endeavor, both through scientific research all the way to financial banking and these men are among those who will insure that we in this country are not overrun by Communism. That will be our demise should we fail to continue this valuable research, for the Communists are already in the lead in the area of behavior control. They've already sent a monkey to the moon and we understand that they are making major advances in the field of the control over the minds of their victims. So we should not fall prey to their evil intent — we strive to stay steps ahead of them. We owe it to the people of our country to have the best technology man has to offer. We cannot wait. We must do it now in order to preserve our freedom."

Somehow, Reagan actually believed he was championing prisoners' rights and furthering the safety of the public. He talked about finally putting to ease the troubled minds that these criminals were born with — by altering their brain function. "Lobotomies without a lobotomy," those who spoke of this technology all said.

Kissinger thought the prisoner stuff was "a waste of precious time when more productive technologies could be applied to 'brighter subjects, instead of wasting the technology on the prison population." Henry said he thought Reagan was an absolute imbecile, who didn't have license to operate. I didn't know exactly what he meant by that.

Reagan did horrific things to demonstrate his progress with the prison population, even to the extent of sticking one of the prisoners with a long needle to show he couldn't any longer feel pain, inside or out, and would no longer be a problem to himself or to society. Reagan talked about how they were able to lay in a new framework for life for these people. He was talking about the mind control projects done to «normalize» prisoners that were to be put back on the streets. That way they

felt they would be able to empty the prisons and reduce a large percentage of the state budget, and it would help with federal funding as well. His vision was that one day all criminals could be «cured» in this way and go on to live a life free from crime within society, not locked behind bars.

There were actual programs instilled into the minds of the prisoners with the use of audio and other equipment, located in various areas around the country. Some of it looked like electric chairs but they were modified to deliver regulated doses of electricity to simply slow or alter the mind in certain areas. He said these men were simply "routinized," which meant they awoke the same time each morning, ate breakfast, went to work, came home, watched television, ate dinner, went to bed. Reagan laughed when he said, "We even go so far as to suggest they keep their lawns and yards well manicured in order to keep the neighborhoods up." He said, "This spills over into all areas of society. These people will become productive and the cost to all of us taxpayers will be greatly reduced and, eventually, as we become better at this, we may not even have further need for our prison system. We will have a crime-free society-just imagine that!!"

Henry cringed when he heard Reagan's ideas and often berated him in front of me for acting irresponsibly by putting out a product that was not time-tested. Henry said an experiment on the public (although criminal) sector was risky, as there were no controls in place to insure the person's memory would remain locked up. Nor, Henry reasoned, "do ve have the test of time to know how the experiments vork. You're sending these people back into society vithout any exterior controls and no means of monitoring them. It spells disaster, Ron." Of course I never mimicked Henry's accent when delivering messages, but this is how I heard them.

But Reagan had the power to do what he wanted and so he did, and Henry just constantly shook his head and said, "It's people like him who will ruin this whole area for the rest of us."

Henry worked behind the scenes trying to align other powerful California politicians, like Alan Cranston, against Reagan in areas that wouldn't be detected but would be felt by Reagan. He wanted to get him out of the way before he, "ruined the prospects of the future." Perhaps Ronald Reagan's recent demise is more than Alzheimer's disease.

Kissinger and Reagan often had heated arguments where Henry gave him a piece of his mind, but Reagan just rationalized it all away by saying Henry was "an unbalanced egghead," or an "unbalanced intellectual," depending on who he was talking to. But publicly he acted like he got along well with Kissinger. He never did, although Henry prepared me for a lot of seeming «favors» with Reagan, like using special mind files and sexual pleasures. He didn't let his disdain for Reagan get in the way of using him for his own benefit. While Reagan was carrying on and on about his great contribution to society, Kissinger was slipping in all sorts of information for me to drop on Reagan. I was meant to get him to change certain laws or to veto certain bills or to get friendly with some politician or foreign leader — the list was endless and Henry Kissinger «worked» Reagan for years. Since I was so intimately linked with Reagan over the years, Henry "seized the golden opportunity" to influence Reagan in the White House. Henry felt it was important to see beyond Reagan's apparent weakness and capitalize on it for his own benefit.

Henry Kissinger and the New Age Craze

Henry Kissinger also manipulated the New Age craze. Henry said people who would believe that guides and masters were leading them should be guided by masters, and he considered himself one. Henry said I could trust anyone who wore a crystal as part of my 'family of man'...that's what he called our mind controlled group because it was a family experiment in dynamics, breeding, rearing, etc. These experiments encompassed how everything effected a person, and they felt they might as well learn on the slaves what would be the best for their future progeny.

A whole business was made of the New Age to the slave community. As books and items were created for those searching for truth, the self-appointed 'enlightened ones' who were 'in the know' manipulated the spiritual ideologies in order to hide many of their mind control realities. What was behind much of it was really a group of men, controlling mind-controlled robots and herding them in the direction they wanted them.

I was programmed to deliver to a famous Los Angeles channeler, the words to say just before a Whole Life Expo event where he channeled the message to a very large group of people in an auditorium who were in an altered meditative state. Henry gave me the exact words to say. They were targeting high-level slaves and it encompassed those programmed with whales and dolphins,

angels, ascended masters, eastern religions, energy, quantum physics, UFO's, aliens, channeling, and listening to your guides and angels. They felt if Los Angeles failed then the rest would because most were patterned after Los Angeles.

I have met persons suffering from Multiple Personality Disorder that felt they were channeling entities, when in fact they were channeling parts of their own personality structure. One day a woman 'channeler' named Shirley graciously offered to channel privately for me. Earlier, other people had paid her $50 to channel for them, but I was not among them. I told her I would be glad to ask any questions she had of herself while she was in a channeling state of mind. She agreed. The answer to the question when posed about "if Shirley had been involved in any of this ritual abuse stuff," was, "Shirley is not ready to face that reality yet." Channeling can be a very clever way to cover the reality of Multiple Personality Disorder and offers a way of covering up when personality systems break into conscious awareness, explaining it away as 'an entity.

When a slave is told "it is destiny that your guides and masters brought you here," or "feeling drawn to a place" or being told, "You know it's no accident that you are here," it can really flip them out because unconsciously they know it's not an accident that they are there, and they know they are not supposed to tell and so it does a double whammy on their mind-controlled system.

When I arrived on Kauai, people I had never met before warmly and lovingly came up to me, hugged me and dropped the message, "Welcome Home." I was conscious and recovered enough to know that they were unaware that they had just delivered a very powerful Oz programming word phrase intended to lock down my programming, insuring I couldn't access the deeper levels of my mind that were being used for "national security" and were not supposed to be my own.

The New Age was used to help usher in the New World Order. It was part of a miniexperiment on total and complete mind control. Henry created lots of concepts to use. It was implemented in Los Angeles as the pilot experiment using a new form of philosophy to direct the people into mindlessness until the higher technologies could take over creating by the year 2000 'the perfect utopia. The New Age was the formula for complete takeover — a way to lead many in the ways they needed in order to be in total control of Los Angeles by the year 2000. While I still lived in California, I was given instructions for New Age things to read, watch, and places to go, etc.

They were beginning to get people to identify with 'globalism' as associated with love, peace, and good feelings. Many songs also readied people for this one-world, global reality with powerful love harmonics. I, too, believe that the earth and the people living on it in harmony is a beautiful idea, but we need to insure that we don't loose the freedoms that we all hold so near and dear to our hearts, especially the freedom of our own minds and to know where our thoughts come from.

Many slaves were also being used in projects for remote viewing, one of the CIA's secret weaponry, and in experiments in regard to parapsychology. Many of us were taught to telepathically communicate, as a means of reading the enemies' minds. While the media cast a negative image on psychic ability, our own government was dabbling heavily in it, using mind control operatives to participate in their projects.

NASA Future Technology as Seen from the Past

Lyle Curran, a NASA employee and Craig's uncle, often tapped into my NASA mind files when we went to their home in Los Alimitos or when we met up with them on our numerous trips to Mexico, mostly Mazatlan. From the information Uncle Lyle accessed from my mind files way back in the 60's, 70's, 80's, rockets and missiles were a thing of the past, and directed energy in the form of weaponry systems was what they were planning on using as the new weapons of the future. No one can see it coming, nor defend against it. They could take out the lights in entire cities and blame it on UFO's. The Department of Defense experimented for a long time, until they mastered this technology. It puts nuclear weapons right out of business. I am not saying that I don't believe extraterrestrials exist, because I think that would be extremely ignorant. All I am saying is that there are real live human beings that need to be taken into account for the evil deeds that were done. They can do surgery with energy, making no incisions. They can insure a body doesn't disease by monitoring the electromagnetic field variations. I witnessed awesome medical feats, but even as they are funding these projects, the public is still not benefiting from the use of this technology. This information is held in top secret clearances.

"But I will restore health to you and heal your wounds," declares the Lord.

Chapter Twelve: Nixon, Kissinger, and International Business

All roads lead to Hope …Bob Hope that is. President Richard Nixon was connected to Bob Hope also — it seemed like everyone was. President Nixon used me sexually from approximately 1969 until he resigned in 1974. I was with him in many different places and sometimes Henry Kissinger was with us also.

Henry Kissinger never used me for sex; it was always strictly mind file use. At times, Nixon participated with Henry in utilizing and accessing my computerized "government mind files," but both functions (sex and mind files) could not be used at the exact same time, there had to be time in between uses.

The Council

The Council accessed me many times without the knowledge of the politicians who were enjoying my services. In this way, the Council was having direct access to information channels with and about influential people, like presidents, governors, senators, foreign leaders, and celebrities.

Looking back, I was likened to a satellite orbiting around the globe, used by then Governor Reagan (for sex and messages), President Nixon (for sex and messages) and Henry Kissinger (for mind files). Later, the Council would access me and send me back to the politicians with different messages and motives than the ones originally intended by the Government.

The Council had me delivering messages between President Nixon and Governor Reagan. The Council worked them together and was able to effect powerful change and legislation to suit their own needs, by manipulating the two of them.

Sometimes there was a problem if I was programmed by two different factions for the same event and was instructed to target two different people-or worse yet, the same person. In this situation, I would carry programmed messages from two different groups, with one group's message contradicting the other group's message. This type of situation created terror and confusion in my inner system of personalities, and I was usually punished by one or the other faction for not delivering the information correctly.

This happened at a Gubernatorial Ball during this same time frame. The Mob/CIA had one set of instructions I was to deliver to President Nixon, and the Council had a whole different set of messages for Nixon. The Council programmed me way in advance for this Gubernatorial Ball, but the Mob's/CIA's programmed instructions came to me last and closest to the event.

Like a jammed computer, I sat in a chair in the corner, afraid to move, until a Secret Service agent came over and hand signaled me as he rubbed his finger under his nose a few times, cleared his throat and said, "Are you lost, little lady?"

The Secret Service agent's prompting got me "back on track" and I was triggered into action. I delivered the message from the Mob/CIA instead of the Council's message.

This particular occasion was around a time when the Mob/CIA wanted to control a drug line going through Nicaragua and Paraguay to the United States (Chicago). They were trying to ignite terror in that area, via civil unrest, in order to create a situation where the United States would be persuaded to go into the foreign country to supposedly "protect them." What would really be happening is they would just be opening up a «legal» but hidden drug pathway into the country so they could have free access to their drug sources.

In light of this set of covert 'goals, the Mob/CIA programmed me to approach President Nixon after this gala event and after sex, report how admirable I would find him and our government if he would authorize our troops to go in and help the Nicaraguans-to give them the aid that they so desperately needed. Per program, I relayed innocently and sincerely that I felt it was our duty as a free nation, concerned with maintaining freedom for all people, to aid those less fortunate, since we held so much power. I continued persuading Nixon that all Americans would be proud to have a president who was so conscientious, reminding him that other presidents before him had gone down in history as heroic defenders of democracy and freedom.

It was a very "patriotic speech," a slick story, intended to appeal to his well-known sentiments.

He seemed to fall for it; at least he seemed inflated and inspired by it.

Although I did not have the ability to comprehend or make decisions on my own behalf due to the mind control I was under, the delivery of the Mob/CIA message was a fortunate choice for my personal safety. The Council was more forgiving but to get caught not delivering a message from the Mob/CIA was like stealing the drugs or money at a drug deal. There were severe consequences, and often I was violently punished. When they debriefed me in order to get the information about what I had or had not delivered, and what the reaction was of the person receiving the message, I operated like a machine, with no defenses of self-preservation and no ability to lie. So I reported exactly what happened and ended up getting beaten up or tortured in some way if I made a mistake. They were very brutal.

I was in yearly attendance at the Celebration or Birthday Party of the Elephant, the Republican Party — the GOP. The large room was decorated with red, white, and blue banners; the decorated tables set for dinner and celebration. There was also a large stage, decorated for the political speakers. It was crowded, noisy, and people were taking pictures with camera flashes going off all over the place. I was sent in to be a sex/espionage agent.

It was strange to see people there I knew like Governor, and then later, President Ronald Reagan or Senator Pete Wilson, only I was programmed to not consciously recognize them. In fact, I was programmed not to be able to even see them at all. "Just ignore them," were the rules …unless they approached me. Although I obeyed my orders at the time, the fact that I was Multiple Personality Disordered allowed other parts of me to not only «see» them but register these occasions into photographic memory as I had been trained.

Sometimes at these conventions, I never made it out of the back of a limousine or was restricted to a separate room away from everyone. Men, usually politicians, were brought to me for quick sex. They called this activity by names that are not appropriate to print here.

This particular evening, I was programmed to target President Nixon. I wore a blue, off-the-shoulder dress with a diamond necklace. I probably looked like just some other young girl, partying at the convention. There were other slaves there also, to perform quick sex for other politicians. I don't know if the Council was also accessing them.

Pat Nixon accompanied President Nixon, so he had to break away from her to have a «quickie» with me in a back room. Nixon did things like that before he got depressed with the Watergate scandal. After that he started acting old and beaten down. It was like the life just went out of him.

President Nixon accepted me with smiles because he was grateful for the times I had been able to help him quickly recover from depression or negative emotional states. I could perk him up so he felt better and could more efficiently function in his important job. At least that is what they always told me.

The Council made sure I had the road paved to President Nixon, free and clear, and over time he listened to me despite the fact that I was only 18, 19, 20, 21, or 22 years old. I helped him with what they called "his difficult times," until the end when he had to resign the Presidency.

Henry Kissinger Took Up Residence in My Brain …and Never Paid Rent

In the late 60's and early 70's the mind control programming technology was advanced, but certainly not as advanced as it was in later years. Instead of being hooked up electronically to a machine that could automatically program information into my mind files, like is available today, my programmers used the less efficient, but only tried and true method available at the time. They used my programmed ability to have personalities who were equipped with photographic memory, read or scan documents to memorize them. To accomplish this a personality was put into a receptive mode and told to look at a document as a whole, like I was taking a picture of it in its entirety. That way, later on, I could look inside my mind files, see in my mind's eye the picture of the document and read it to Henry or report whatever information he requested. For Henry, it was like having his own invisible laptop computer (within my mind files) available whenever he needed information.

In the beginning when I was first being programmed with mind files, Henry took me to different places with filing cabinets, and instructed me to go through certain file drawers to digest information. He put me in the mode to store data in coded mind files and then left me to absorb information.

The "government mind files" that I possessed were created from being put into rooms in

Washington, DC at the National Archives, Pentagon, State Department, the Federal Reserve building, Rocketdyne/Rockwell in California and other places. I was also instilled with information at military bases around the United States regarding top secret project's. So, I had the latest information regarding top secret experiments and defense and space information if Henry needed it for reporting to others at meetings. Kissinger arranged a special clearance to get me into these top security places. He also took me into some private offices at night in the dark. We had to be very quiet while I digested huge amounts of private party information.

Some of the files I have been able to identify are information regarding: history; foreign countries; travel information; federal and state documents; visual orientations to certain locations; maps of foreign countries, including information on climate, terrain, ocean access, mountain access, etc.; individual person's profiles listing preferences, perversions, place of residence, friends and connections; a postal file where those involved all over the globe could log on to send or receive messages from each other; peace talks files; foreign leader files; research findings and experimentation files; strategic logistics files; banking systems files; etc. It was a wide and vast assortment of information to be accessed easily by Henry. There were hundreds of files and many new files were added over the years from different agendas between the Council and Henry.

Kissinger was more familiar with how to access the information than anyone else because he created my internal system. He knew how to access me for different functions, in addition to keeping the plan of the global elitists organized. This form of communication allowed them to secretly communicate around the globe at times when they didn't want anyone to be able to publicly associate their connections. I not only kept rooms full of information, neatly tucked away in my brain for easy access, but it gave Kissinger and others an advantage as it appeared they were less prepared and had less data at their fingertips than they actually did. No need to carry armfuls of books and brochures. He just brought me along and utilized me when it was time to recite information he wanted on any subject he had programmed into me. Plus, he and others who knew my programming could instill and retrieve arcane 'e-mail messages' from around the globe, often with the latest top secret knowledge gleaned from classified experiments and projects or messages in regard to the New World Order agenda. I was a REAL robot.

At one time, Henry had a dark wooden desk with a glass piece covering the top of it and his big chair squeaked when he sat down. There were lots of wooden floors where Henry took me initially — "old culture" places. Nothing was ever really new looking in those days but that changed over the years.

Henry brought me into his office, sat me down at a chair across from his desk while he pulled file after file out of his filing cabinets, and laid them open on the desk in front of me. Then he said, "Quickly memorize this data, we're going to a meeting." He would also categorize the data by saying, "File this under A-3," or whatever name or code number he labeled it. He meticulously named each file and when he would loan me out to people he would tell them the file identifier so they could access the information they needed. He usually would leave me alone with the files to memorize. When he returned, we went to the meeting.. Henry rationalized this, saying this way he didn't have to hold trivial details in his mind but could save it for more important matters, such as strategizing. That's how I heard him explain it to others who knew about the mind control technology.

At times he would hand me top-secret documents and say, "Record document #1-12," and then he would leave me alone to photograph them in my memory. Later when he needed specific wording from one of them he would call me over and, if he wasn't talking to someone or in the middle of something, he would have me read the information from my mind aloud to him. If he was in a meeting or was busy he instructed me to write the information on a note pad and then later when he needed it he would pick up the pad and read the information from it or refer to it and people present would just think I was his secretary or aide. This happened for years.

At night, Henry snuck me into lots of top secret places where documents were stored and gave me a flashlight and instructions to go through and memorize documents. He let me into these places and then would leave me alone, recording documents into mind files, often for hours at a time. Later he came back to get me. There were times he was sweating when he returned and was in a real hurry to leave, even if I was right in the middle of a document. Then, when we got into the car he would sigh like he was relieved. He would become very nervous, though.

Henry always readied me for the Rockefeller Christmas parties, but so would a group of other men who were sometimes with him and knew how I worked. It depended on who was to attend the

party. When they obtained that information, they went about strategizing and deciding what I should say to whom. The Rockefellers have been in a position of power for a long time. Kissinger seemed to work hand-in-hand with them often, in order to "satisfy their goals in the most efficient manner."

There were times Henry loaded me up with information specifically for someone and then I would be the secret liaison between the two. This occurred between Henry and Pete Wilson. Pete was often Henry's California arm. This way Pete could carry out his wishes without it being known where the instructions were coming from.

The White House

When important meetings were held at the White House, sometimes Henry took me along if he felt there might be information that was «crucial» to have at the «ripe» time. He told people I was in training or some other excuse. One time he even had me write information on a napkin under the table so as not to be noticed. This specific napkin event occurred around 1971, because I remember that I had my hair done up with a hairpiece full of curls on top. I was 20. Henry had my clothes ready for me; usually very tailored, conservative, dark clothes, most often a navy blue jacket, skirt and low navy heels, or a disguise. He laid my clothes on the bed in a room with two twin beds with white bedspreads — the bumpy kind. He told me to get dressed and left the room, closing the door behind him. Later he returned to get me.

At other White House dinners, I wasn't present at the table with the other guests, but Henry was. When I didn't fit into the plan of the evening in order to sit at the table, Henry still «prepped» me and kept me in the kitchen or another room in the White House, close to the dining room so he could come and access me if necessary, without anyone knowing. So I sat there in 'park mode' and watched the White House kitchen staff cook and serve. At those times I was dressed like a kitchen staff member with a black skirt and white blouse, so I didn't look out of place. Henry explained that if I didn't stand out no one would notice or pay attention. My "attire," as he called it, was never meant to call attention to my presence but instead was to make me fit in and look like I belonged. Over the years Henry parked me in some pretty strange places. When he would arrive to access information, I would scribble it on a piece of paper he would take with him, or if it was brief he would access me verbally and would simply remember what information he extracted. Henry often said, I was his "left brain," so he could use his mind for more important matters.

At times while I was sitting with he and others in the dining room, Henry would often leave the table to go make important phone calls. He would either leave me at the table to smile and be pleasant, but instructed me to avoid conversation, or he would take me with him to obtain further input via the telephone. Sometimes he would carry his linen napkin from the dining table and looked pretty dumb but no one seemed to notice.

The White House was a place I was taken to in order to "do a job" on certain leaders — some foreign, some domestic. I was given very clear suggestions and instructions on who to target and how to go about it. I was briefed on their likes, dislikes and preferences and was told certain phrases or key words to use throughout the conversations I was programmed to have with them.

Henry was often invited to the White House when the President was entertaining foreign guests, even after Nixon wasn't President any longer. They felt, and rightly so, that Kissinger was well versed and knew many of the cultural customs of foreign dignitaries so the risk of making a faux pas could be avoided. Henry was confident and seemed to know everything about foreign policy. When he was invited to a dinner with a foreign dignitary that the Council wanted to have me privately entertain later on in the evening, he wouldn't use my mind files at the end of the evening so I could be used for sex.

Henry secretly knew that messages conveyed to targeted individuals during the 'behind-the-scenes' sex stuff meant more to people because then they psychologically interpreted and categorized personal experiences such as sex in with their memories of personal or family experiences. Thus the message became stored as more valuable since it wasn't strictly business. Henry said combining his messages with sex would store it in a different part of the brain, with the personal experiences being filed with more importance emotionally and so it would carry more weight or influence.

Usually arrangements for a sexual encounter with me were made secretly between Henry and the foreign guest. Then the guest and I would be limoed away somewhere to a hotel or taken to another place. But most of the people at the White House gathering were unaware this took place as we would all leave separately, and rendezvous at another location later on. Or, Henry would have a limo

waiting and I would enter and wait. Usually I was put in the limo first and waited for the dignitary. Then we would spend a few hours or the whole night together, while I dropped a preprogrammed message at the perfect time to the leader. Then I was flown home.

One day I was in the White House delivering a message to Nixon from Kissinger. Nixon and I were standing in a large room where there were some tables lining the walls and couches and large rugs covered the wooden floor. Old pictures dotted the walls, fresh flowers were in beautiful vases and heavy drapes covered the windows. I guess Nixon thought we were alone as we stood facing an oil painting on the wall by a long table. Dick had his arm around me as he was inputting a reply back to Henry through me. A hand on my right shoulder was standard procedure to encode incoming messages and Nixon was doing it all properly, however, halfway though the message, his daughter Trisha came into the room.

She looked very pretty in her nice dress, but she didn't know I was there and when she called out, "Dad," it startled her father and I, and, in turn, she was surprised and shocked. It was one of those very awkward situations where it appeared she instantly summed up the whole situation and thought her father was being romantic with me. Nixon acted extremely guilty and stammered uncomfortably until he finally introduced me as someone from the State Department. She didn't seem to buy his explanation and left the room annoyed and upset.

Nixon said to me, "Don't worry about her, I'll take care of this." But he said it with his hand still on my right shoulder, so instead of it just being a casual statement meant for me, it actually became part of the his message to Henry. After that Henry began to devise a way for messages to be encoded without having to touch my shoulder in order to avoid these types of situations.

International Assignments

There were times I was flown to foreign countries so Henry Kissinger or President Nixon could utilize my computerized "mind files" at meetings they were attending publicly or later privately. On the flight to these countries, it was my job to make the President comfortable. I took off his shoes, rubbed his feet, pampered him and brought him anything he wanted. Secret Service agents surrounded him.

When I flew with Kissinger and Nixon was not there, I was told to sit or sleep quietly next to him. Henry often slept on the airplane. Nixon did not.

I believe that the Secret Service agents at times knew what I was really doing sexually with Nixon because occasionally they witnessed when I came on to him. Like one time when I leaned over and put my head on his shoulder and reached down to unzip his pants, a Secret Service agent who was just walking up from behind, laughed and said, "Excuse me, Sir." At this point Nixon took my hand away and quietly said to me, "Later, dear."

Beijing China

There were dirty waterways in some parts of China and the streets in some areas where I was taken were dirty. One square was full of flags in the courtyard. I was there on foreign assignment with Henry Kissinger. I flew independently and was taken to a hotel by a Secret Service agent. The Secret Service registered me in the hotel under a phony name with a phony passport. Henry met me there. Usually I flew privately on a chartered jet with Henry, but this time it was last minute notice so we flew commercially but separately.

We were there to swing a deal with the leader of China. Henry told them I was a foreign correspondent and we sat at a long table with lots of Chinese men and I sat next to Henry. I always sat to Henry's left for his convenience in tapping me with this left hand leaving his right hand free to write or smoke his cigar. He told me to smile, look pretty and "take it all in," which meant record data into my mind files. He notified me who to zero in on and "listen intently" to. He also used access codes to refer to my mind files. No one knew that I was a high tech programmed computer that was carefully and precisely recording details and spewing information when my mind files were accessed and called upon.

President Nixon's Loyal Friend Bebe Rebozo

BeBe Rebozo was President Nixon's good friend. He was present on many occasions when Nixon

used me for sex. One such time was in Miami, Florida. I was flown into Miami and taken by limo to the beach where I was to meet Nixon.

As usual, I was put into isolation before my use with VIP's and this time was no different. BeBe Rebozo and his men took an active role in my «preparation» for Nixon.

Rebozo was violent and cruel to me, slapping and hurting me. He took me to a totally dark, windowless, cement room and left me there, naked and alone in the dark. Before he left, men injected drugs into my lower arm and left me for hours without food, water, or clothes. This was before I had children, so they could not yet use that powerful maternal bond to keep these programmed secret events amnesiac, like they did later on. Because of this, the physical torture to me during this time was accelerated, but was never as painful as the things they later did to my children in order to "keep me in line."

Rebozo dressed in fancy expensive suits and wore gold jewelry. Subconsciously I hated him.

On this occasion, Rebozo came and released me from isolation and took me to a restroom to clean up. I showered and put on the bikini they left for me and soon was readied for action with Nixon.

I don't know exactly where we were because I was programmed never to look or notice our location, but I was taken to President Nixon at a private beach house. My instructions were to "tease him, please him, ease him and help him relax in the sun." It was on this private beach, watched from every angle by the Secret Service, that I seduced Nixon. I was laughing and joking with him as I undressed him from his suit, tie, and dress shoes. Then we slipped into the water while I further seduced him. After he was satisfied, I was removed and taken somewhere to get «prepared» for an evening event with the President.

Nixon had dinner in his room and I accompanied him while he ate, then satisfied him sexually and was taken away. Nixon was not as passive sexually as Reagan was. He made an effort and took initiative. He preferred the missionary position. I suggested we keep the light on, but he always wanted to turn the lights out, so he did. I never slept in the bed with Nixon after sex — it was his rule. I never did spend the whole night with him, like I did with some of the others. I was instructed to wait until he was asleep and then to very quietly notify the Secret Service agent at the door to the suite. The agent took me out of the room and I was flown directly back to California with all details of the event carefully tucked and hidden away within the personalities programmed for Nixon. Per program, I slept the whole flight home.

In the beginning years with Nixon, I was programmed to make him happy and to satisfy him in the ways I had been trained and programmed to. Just as the Council anticipated, over time, Nixon's trust built in relation to me, paving a way for me to be used in ever more influential circumstances with him.

There were times I was taken to Key Biscayne, Florida, to service Nixon. He was with BeBe Rebozo there and it seemed that BeBe was in charge of the events that occurred while we were on his turf.

Each time, Rebozo put me into isolation in a small cement room and slapped me around before he left me alone in the room naked, cold, and hungry, in his words, "to get ready for 'the boss," as he called Nixon. Rebozo would tell me how "the boss" deserved respect and whatever it took to make him comfortable. He spoke in broken Mob language. He acted like a really tough guy and was very loyal to his friend Nixon.

When he came to release me from isolation, BeBe instructed me, "make yourself presentable," and I was cleaned up and dressed. Then, I was taken by limo to a beach that had palm trees on it. We arrived at sunset. Since I was programmed not to notice where I was geographically, I had no way of knowing where I was, but at times I overheard others speak of our location and that information was stored along with memory of the event. We pulled up to a very secluded house where there weren't a lot of other people around. The house was on the beach and a lawn surrounded by a short fence led out to the ocean.

Miami meant more serious business, but Key Biscayne laced pleasure with business. Deals between the Mob, Council, Rebozo and government officials or other interconnected mob factions took place in Miami or Key Biscayne.

At times, the "big guys," very important or influential people, would join in the business and pleasure at Key Biscayne. Connections were big business with the Mob. I was instructed to sit with the

guys and make them happy by giving them whatever they wanted.

Men with guns stood in windows in the back of the house to guard Nixon. The Secret Service let the Mob protect Nixon up close and they kept guard further away. I think Rebozo arranged this protective situation but I do not know why it was set up like that. Rebozo was very protective of Nixon; he even rode in the back of the limo with Nixon while I was with him. BeBe was only nice to me when Nixon was around and he made it very clear that he didn't trust «dames» and that I was only there because Nixon wanted me to be. BeBe watched protectively when Dick and I went for a swim together. Rebozo did not go in the water. I guess he didn't want to get his guns wet! He never was without them.

During these times, I was instructed to come on to Nixon, and thoroughly and enthusiastically excite him. He liked it and said I was "good for him," and that I helped him a lot when he was upset. Nixon said I could pick him up when he was down and refresh him. I was programmed to be funny and silly, without a care in the world. Nixon said I made him laugh.

Rebozo was most often present when I downloaded Council messages to Nixon. BeBe seemed to understand "the language" and so Nixon wanted him to be present when I relayed memos because he always had to make the decision and give me an answer before I could go back. That was the rule. I gave the message to Dick and BeBe; then the three of us stayed together until they were able to come to an agreement. Usually it was a yes or no question. But no one could leave until I was uploaded with the return message.

When it was time for me to leave Key Biscayne, an agent whose job it was to prepare me to go home, took me out for a walk on the beach. He bent down and holding up a shell he picked up in the sand, 're-minded' me that all events that happened there were now out of my head and forever locked in the shell. To finalize this compartmentalization of my experience, he threw the shell out into the surf, in an effort to keep the memories hidden from my conscious mind. From there, I was helicoptered to an airport and flown home. This all happened before I was married at age 20.

Watergate Created a Depressed President

During Watergate, Nixon had a very hard time. He looked gray and dismal, and it was very difficult to cheer him up. But after a drink I could lighten him up a little. I teased President Nixon in his down months, telling him how cute I thought he was when I saw him on television, even when he was in deep trouble and was being publicly challenged over the scandal. Due to my programming, I was not really able to ever «see» him when I watched television, but was programmed to say that. The things I would say to him were so opposite the truth that, as he said, he found my statements "refreshing and funny." These statements seemed to be just an added bit of entertainment to cheer up old Tricky Dick. In those days, it wasn't much else with Nixon; just delivering sex and messages.

BeBe Rebozo loved Nixon dearly. He was very protective of him and had tender, emotional moments with Nixon that I was present to witness. BeBe cried when Nixon told him he had to step down from the Presidency. I can still hear BeBe now as he said, "Oh no, Boss, not after everything you've worked so hard for." He touched Nixon on the shoulder and was genuinely concerned as if it was happening to him. That always confused me about Mafia guys — they would torture or kill someone one moment and then turn around and show deep, caring concern for one of their own the next. To them loyalty was everything.

Henry Kissinger was not involved with BeBe Rebozo. Henry was "too intellectual" for BeBe. Kissinger said he did not like to mingle with the Mob. When Kissinger was present it was strictly business, concentration, work and strategizing. Pat Nixon was never around at these times either.

Richard Nixon was manipulated by the Mob and by the Council. He was part of their intricate network and when Watergate came down, he was the most dispensable. They viewed Kissinger as more important, someone they vitally needed to protect and so their strategy dictated that Nixon would take the public fall.

I was not sent to sexually service Nixon after he resigned the Presidency.

International Mind File Postal System

Henry created a mental postal exchange system inside my head. He created it first visually by

telling me that there was a large box in my head with separate boxes inside of it and they each had a different key. He explained that there were rows of numbered boxes positioned layer upon layer. Programs were attached to numbers or people, places, or documents, etc., which were attached to numbered boxes. George Bush wanted always to be #1 in everything so Henry had to change someone else's number to give George the #1 box. This system worked like a post office so that people had a box and they could receive or send information at their box. This system was the way the higher ups kept their communication clear and anonymous when access was necessary. It kept the Council's messages clear for me to deliver accurately or to receive a message to take back to them. It kept messages clear and straight to be delivered between people who were involved and who didn't want to be identified as knowing, or communicating with, each other. I met with and delivered messages to the Council, at times, on huge ships out in the middle of the ocean.

I was most often helicoptered to ships, hotels, islands, or wherever I was to deliver this anonymous information. Once the information had been exchanged, I was helicoptered back. Henry created the programmed system for these communications. He was the mastermind of lots of their plan, and used me to further it. Kissinger, Bush, Reagan, Carter, Thatcher, Mitterrand, Trudeau, Gorbachev, Salinger, Ford, Nixon, etc. all participated.

Sex Paves the Way for Diplomatic Relations

I was briefed, in advance, about the customs of the countries we visited, in an effort to further diplomatic relations. At many foreign meetings I was told, "be invisible, and smile when smiled at." I was also instructed to hang back, be quiet and just listen, unless I was cued to report information. I was further briefed in detail if I was to be sent in on a foreign leader or diplomat. In addition to all the sex training I had acquired over the years, Henry added his 'two cents. He said in many foreign countries lovemaking is an art form. Henry expounded, "To the degree you can match that slow deliberateness, is the degree that you can sexually gratify your partner." Henry spoke of sex like the art of eating. He didn't show any emotion, or embarrassment; it was something he instructed me about very openly and plainly. He explained that the slower and more deliberately a person performed sex, demonstrated their level of self-esteem, selfassuredness and that, as a woman, I had to balance that with a fair amount of shyness, in order not to appear bold. Shyness was what Henry said would soften what otherwise would appear as being too forward.

With one leader (a king) I was sent to, Henry had me say, "May I have the honor, Your Highness, of pleasuring you in the American way? We have many means of pleasure." Henry said this was to deeply seal an attitude that America equaled pleasure, so diplomatic relations would go smoother. He often called it, "paving the way to diplomatic relations," and he used sex as a means to accomplish that. The statement quoted above also allowed me to ask for permission, so as not to break cultural rules without having set up a framework for taking the King into a different experience. I was told to strictly avoid oral sex until close to the end and then feel out if it was appropriate or would be accepted.

Henry said, "I wish I could give you precise instructions, but the research team is only able to get certain data. Some is not available so I will have to trust your judgement along the way in some of these areas." And oral sex was one of those areas. In front of me, Henry explained to his research team that to get in close enough to someone who would have knowledge of that level of intimate detail about a target would be a risk he would not want to take. I overheard him say, "She will have to be briefed on the cultural mores and then her own expert skill and timing will have to take over in limited areas such as, if or not to offer oral gratification." The research team was present often when I was prepared or briefed for an assignment because each would often have their area of expertise to instill into me, especially in the area of foreign relations and cultural differences. The research team even had foreign members who Henry heavily relied upon for certain «key» countries he was targeting. These men often had been born in the foreign country and so could easily and accurately relay all customs. Henry explained, "Every country of the world has different customs and our job is to ensure that you are fully aware of those customs before you are sent in." The members of the team changed at times as we moved on to different countries.

Henry had many ethnic traits, yet was polished to an almost non-cultural bias on the surface, so as not to be encumbered by his ethnicity. He treated each person as a challenge to face and beat, even if they were from a culture he couldn't understand until he studied it. The more exotic and

different the culture, the better. Then, he would go to extremes to study it, in order to emerge the victor because he would understand them totally, often understanding them more than they did themselves. Henry usually won, and most people, totally unaware that there was a game of wits going on, would have sex with me for the night and not even know to take the message bait when I threw the line out. They were what Henry called "simpletons." And he said he despaired of them. At other times he was grateful for «simpletons» if they were in strategic positions and he could use them in the power and control game. Then he did what he knew best researching until he devised the ideal strategy, and finding the best person to pull it off. When he knew, he put the strategy through whomever would deliver it with the most favorable outcome. Within me he had two distinctly different agents — one being Susan, the serious, conscientious, motherly, intellectual, organized, loving and understanding type, and, Sharon, the clever and often humorous and entertaining sex slave and friend of the elite.

The World Health Organization

The World Health Organization (WHO) was a cover for bringing together an inside group of people whose purpose and intent was much different than what was generally thought and publicly portrayed. Lots of illegal activity went on without detection and across borders internationally as this inside group hid its covert operations under masked projects, purportedly for world advancement. Among other things, it was also a cover for drug deals, child prostitution, heinous experiments on human beings, illegal sales of babies, etc. Some of the players I saw participating were a select group of politicians, celebrities and leaders worldwide.

I sat in on many meetings. I heard Ted Kennedy speak, as well as Henry Kissinger, and there was a group of women who worked for the WHO that did not seem to have a clue about what was actually going on behind the scenes. Many were naive, honest, pliable people and actually played into the hands of the corrupt inner group without being aware that they were being used.

Masked behind the publicized "do good" activities were illegal ventures intended to fund this corrupt group, with their secret, hidden motives and agendas. So while the United States appeared to be having benevolent beliefs and actions, these activities were put into motion. They sent a group to «aid» children in foreign countries, but behind the scenes what was actually taking place was a masked drug connection or some other illegal enterprise that brought top dollar to this group of self-selected men who seek to eventually control the world.

Some meetings of the WHO were televised, but the agenda the public saw and heard was not the complete agenda that was secretly carried out.

I heard and recorded into my mind files, the words that a man spoke. He was standing at a microphone in a large room filled with row upon row of stationary, red upholstered wooden chairs, arranged in a semi-circular shape. I was there for Henry's usage of stored data in my "government mind file system." I suppose an individual at these meetings who was not aware of this type of technology; using human beings for storing and hiding information known only to the National Security Agency and others, would have just assumed I was an aid or secretary to the UN, or an assistant to Kissinger.

One day I heard a man state, "Mr. Speaker, I would like to speak to the issue of free trade, internationally, between countries." Most of the free trade these men were REALLY alluding to was in illegal drugs (cocaine, heroine), pornography, prostitution, and weaponry. They used anything that would cull large sums of money to fund their causes and their desires with no thought of the human or financial cost to others — like the violation of basic human rights — and had no regard to others' pain and suffering. These men had no scruples, no compassion or ability to empathize with the feelings of others; instead they were self-seeking and ruthless — without conscience.

The following is an example of the kinds of flashes and memory retrieval that continued to flood into my mind. One day, Bobby Baker, House Appropriations Committee was at a meeting. He was wearing a light tannish-brown suit and he argued with everyone about everything, and Henry felt he disrupted their meetings so that nothing ever got accomplished. Henry didn't like him at all.

At another meeting, I heard, "Mr. Speaker, I would like to address the subject of the arms control race," Baker said. Then he spoke of his concerns about Russia escalating the arms race, that they were gaining speed and technology at such a pace that we the United States would be in serious jeopardy and at a disadvantage if we didn't set up immediate appropriations for arms research and

arms production. Baker appealed to the United States' fear of being "taken over," in order to get money appropriated for arms; when in fact, much of the funding was not used for what it was designated for, but instead was used in hidden, covert activities for the benefit of the Council and those politicians that were supported by the Council.

At the time, the World Health Organization was often an excuse to bring together people from all over the world. This created an opportunity for the "inside group" to secretly meet and intertwine their agenda with the public agenda of the WHO. Those in attendance who were unaware of the New World Order agenda, were also unaware that there was a small cadre of people dominating the group and making sure they had enough key players on the panel or board so they could win when votes were cast or decisions made.

In those years, I was not able to understand these people or political issues in the general historic way that the public remembers or understands. My perspective was solely from my personal experiences. I was generally programmed to not listen to political information I heard or saw. Consciously, as my programming dictated, I was not interested or involved in politics or public news in any way. So this information comes to you, the reader, from my personal experience at these or other meetings. After I downloaded this data from my mind, I actually had to ask others, or research to find out what the common public historical belief was, as portrayed by the news media back in those years.

I believe most California Governors that I worked with were a part of the WHO and other such groups. It seems to me that these men and their functionaries, who seek control, hook into every individual and key organization that they can use in order to maintain control of their interests. They were strategically placed, often under the direction of Henry Kissinger and others, in order to insure they got what they wanted, when they wanted it. It was like a game to them, and they were all on the same team, in the same way a crime syndicate operates.

Nuclear testing sites, Energy Commission, NATO, Council on Foreign Relations, House Appropriations Committee on Foreign Trade, and the Trilateral Commission, were just some of the organizations whose meetings Kissinger took me to, both in the U.S. and abroad.

Henry used my mind files at meetings of the Trilateral Commission. We sat at a table with a group of men. There were microphones sitting on the table. What went on behind the scenes at these meetings often had nothing to do with what was outwardly portrayed. There were meetings within meetings and secret meetings were held behind the scenes of other credible public meetings. Often, the Council (not to be confused with the CFR) was involved in directing the way things went although no one knew they had any part in the outcome.

They all spoke their lies publicly, often directed by Kissinger the strategist, Hope the entertainer, and the Council from behind the scenes.

Kissinger as Global Mastermind

I was in Henry's office often in my final years of High School, while he worked heavily with Nixon on foreign relations. I would meet him in New York or in Washington, DC. Sometimes the team would brief me a month in advance for different assignments, but Henry always said, "It works best and is most ideal when she is prepared directly before the assignment and then goes from here." There was very little I knew to do on my own because the team had usually filled the agenda in order for me to deliver culturally specific or personally specific words and physical acts to entice the target. The team heavily researched every detail and it sounded, from their conversations, like they used separate espionage agents to collect some data they didn't want to ever be connected to or associated with, as it would have completely blown their cover. Henry used every means available, even down to manipulating a person through his or her own religious beliefs.

Henry's strength was that he was able to remain detached and able to pull from a wide variety of cultural differences in order to create the end product. Whereas, he explained, most Americans just went in to grab for the product and failed, due to their lack of cultural understanding. Henry said to me, "The closer you can align yourself with the subject in every way, the more successful you will be. Therefore you have to know him or her as well as possible before you are sent in and that is our job. You will only need to be the actress, the point person carrying out our plan. You will think only in this area we are working in. All else will fall away as you are focused only on this one particular area. You are beautiful, young, and have expanded sexual capabilities and we will supply the rest. All you have

to do is receive the instructions." Henry Kissinger groomed me to be culturally adept with each foreign dignitary he sent me in to be with. He said, "This is where the success rate lies — firmly in cultural understanding first, then complying with their culture's mores second, and third, is equally your physical attractiveness and your sexual expertise." Henry told Nixon in my presence that this was the reason for my success and he told Nixon that sometimes it took him hours to have his researchers gather the data necessary on a foreign target in order to begin to prepare me for the assignment.

At one particular meeting, we sat at a large table with a group of men and I was seated next to Henry. President Nixon sat on the other side of Henry. Henry did not smoke his cigar at this meeting.

Nixon told him it was much too sensitive a meeting and for some reason Henry complied and didn't smoke. He usually smoked regardless of who objected.

At key junctures in the meetings, Henry would reach over and push his finger into the top of my hand. In response, I began reciting my programmed information or message. The message I delivered at this particular meeting was in Chinese or Japanese and, since I did not consciously speak these languages, I had no way of knowing what the content of the message I was delivering was. At this specific meeting, the foreign leaders listened to my message, and spoke back directly to me. Although I did not understand, I smiled and looked at them as if I was very interested, like I had been instructed to do. An interpreter would then translate the foreign leaders' response and then Nixon or Kissinger would speak. At other meetings, sometimes the interpreters were women but mostly in that country they were men.

Whatever messages I delivered seemed to be a softening agent in the talks because the foreign leaders always smiled or laughed. Sometimes, they were touched so deeply by whatever it was I was preprogrammed to say that they took my hand with tears in their eyes. Due to my lack of conscious knowledge of the different foreign languages, I do not know what it all meant.

If anyone ever questioned where Henry got me and how I was so advanced for my young age, Henry told them I was a child prodigy and that I had completed my university training abroad at a very early age and was good at my job, but socially shy. That explanation served to keep them from asking me questions later that I could not answer. Henry usually took me out of the meetings when they were over, in order to avoid situations where I would appear ignorant, should anyone ask me questions with any substance to them. For the truth was that I attended public high school and later junior college and was of average intelligence. I just had the advantage of programmed capabilities that served the interests of my controllers.

After we broke for lunch, Henry took me to a pay phone and dialed a number, and the person at that location began giving me additional data in the foreign language. I was instructed to remember what was said, verbatim. Each subject was given a marker number for identification. Henry took the phone, talked a bit, and jotted notes in a small black book, before he hung up.

These foreign talks really challenged Henry Kissinger and the Council, but they had done their homework. Kissinger did the same sort of diplomatic work with Reagan when he became President.

At many of these talks those representing our country said we were creating peace, but what they were really doing was opening up trade with these foreign countries because we needed resources they had. Our leaders turned it around to make it sound like the United States was doing them a big favor and we were being gracious to them. Expensive gifts were often sent ahead to foreign leaders, to arrive just before the President did, but I think that is as far as the real favors went.

There were times at night in foreign countries, when I was programmed to have sex with Nixon. Then I was returned to sleep in Kissinger's room. Even though I was being used like a machine, I still had very sensitive olfactory senses and Henry Kissinger was at times nearly intolerable to share a room with because he smelled so bad from cigar smoke or gaseous explosions that erupted from his body.

I was taken in and out of Russia during the Nixon years with Kissinger to attend NATO meetings, SALT talks, peace talks, and the secret hidden meetings of the Council. Henry brought me to the meetings to recite any pertinent information I had stored in my "mind files."

It was easier to justify my presence to people like Nixon's wife after I started working with Henry. They would explain I was at a meeting because of my work with Henry or in preparation for an international trip. It worked the same way with Reagan, justifying my presence for business reasons, but I was mostly there to pass messages or keep the President happy …whatever it took.

There were times when I was limoed to the airport and when Nixon stepped off the plane after a foreign trip I would be in the back of the limo waiting for him. I was told to crouch down so there wouldn't be any way of spotting me and then Nixon would get in and give me a message for Henry or I'd give him a message and often we would have sex later. He would go to the White House and shower and freshen up and I'd be held in a "state of suspended animation" unless there was another job for me to do. I'd sit blankly for hours in the same place until I was directed that it was, "time to move into action."

Henry Plays Chess with Real People

During those years my work with Henry Kissinger and others continued, although Henry had to begin taking more of a back seat position in the public eye for awhile after the Watergate scandal. His position within the outskirts of the Council did not change. He was an important man for them and they utilized him because he was an expert strategist. I do not know exactly what that meant but I heard many men say that about him over the years. I guess it means Henry knows how to get people to move around and do things he says without them ever knowing they are being manipulated or controlled …like a puppet master or chess master.

Henry knew how to think ahead in regard to key moves with key players. I watched him. It was akin to watching him play chess with real people. He knew how to get the desired outcome by motivating certain key players. He used researched information gathered on targeted individuals to manipulate them however he wanted, through their own weaknesses, addictions and/or obsessions. Targeted people did not even know that they were being influenced because he sent in people like me who looked naive and innocent, like they were just being kind or nice or sexy and cute or whatever was called for, but it was not really what was happening because there was always an ulterior motive beneath the seduction act or plan. Henry and the men in suits always sent in the perfect match. They hired whatever kind of girl or woman would turn their target on. Obviously, I was not «hired» or paid, I was just slave labor. I saw lists of "programmed slaves," with numbers by their physical descriptions, programmed expertise and usage capabilities, so they could be matched perfectly for certain situations. Unfortunately, their identities were in code.

Henry said if you really wanted someone to believe you about something that was not true, you convey it the first time as a Freudian slip. Then you attempt to conceal the fact you made the slip, but you make another Freudian slip. Then you try to say what it was you were originally going to say and they believe the first statement regardless of your attempt to simply state the truth. Then Henry said the last line saves your neck legally.

One day, I sat next to Henry Kissinger as we were seated before President Ford. Henry always said that he had to work harder than with any previous president to «guide» Ford where they wanted him to go. He said Ford kept going off in his own direction. Henry said he was glad Ford was not in office long. He said Nixon was easier for him to work with and guide.

Henry thought Reagan was a «bimbo» and "stupid ignoramus." Those were the words I overheard him use to describe Ronald Reagan to a group of men. But, when we met with the Presidents he never let on his true feelings. Instead, he always «acted» the role of diplomat all the way around so that the plans of the Council could be carried through as easily as possible.

Henry Kissinger was known for looking at documents with a "magnifying glass." He was able to find loopholes and incorrect wordings that would not be to their advantage in agreements, treaties, etc., before the United States signed. He was very thorough. Often, I sat by him the whole time he was reviewing a document so he could reach over and tap me to gain access to some needed information stored in my mind files.

Henry was very slow, deliberate and methodical. He thought that way, talked that way and moved that way. He ate European-style with his fork upside down, like I was taught was bad manners. And, he was obsessed with business. He was usually very serious; I do not believe I ever truly saw him have any fun. He avoided social occasions whenever possible, attending when necessary to further political agendas or the cause of the New World Order.

In the beginning Henry had to install huge amounts of data into me, but as time went on he didn't have to place in as much because the database was already in place. I heard him explain this to people who were "in the know." I also overheard him say that a man might have served the purpose better because there were certain times he said my presence as a woman was questioned when the

subjects were sensitive. I am sure they remedied this situation by programming more males for the job. Henry was less interested in how I looked and more interested in how I worked. For mind file use he programmed me to dress very tailored and conservative. They dressed me in attire to fit specific assignments.

There must have been other girls and women being used for the same thing, in the same ways, because I heard Henry compare me, saying I was more reliable than the others-more able to capture the details and never make mistakes. He used to say he was saving me for the important assignments because of my reliability. I now believe the fact that I was poly-fragmented contributed to my success. I could only be used on a limited basis because he was afraid there might be questions asked. To others, I just looked like I was smart. They did not know I wasn't operating in a conscious state, but instead had been programmed, drugged, and electroshocked to maintain THETA brainwave patterns used to retain the vast amounts of data and keep it hidden from my conscious mind.

He was proud of himself for the way he had loaded me up with data and could access my mind files in public without others knowing what he was doing. He used different techniques over the years but one he was most proud of was what he called "time programs."

Some mind files were organized by a numerical system and Henry could access them by calling out a certain number. He combined this concept with the time of day in order to remain less conspicuous. He would point to his watch and say, "It's 1:30," and that would correspond to file number 130 in my system of mind files and gave him automatic access to that particular file. Henry thought the time reference to accessing my files was brilliant. Using this method, no one could tell that he was doing anything other than simply stating the time of day for that particular day or some other hypothetically scheduled date. This way his uninformed peers would not be able to find out what he was doing and what type of secret technology he possessed.

Henry had to be very cautious with whom he shared information about me. Most people did not carry the clearance to be allowed to know about the top secret government projects that created such technology as programmed, robotical slaves. People saw me working with him at meetings and other places, but very few knew how I worked or that I was a government programmed robot. The only ones who I knew were aware of this technology were certain top politicians, Bob Hope, some of his 'cronies, and the Council. Henry kept the technology very, very secret and if there were any problems with me while we were in public, he would escort me out of the room and go about resorting and/or refiling my mind files to get them straightened out.

Henry gave me instructions at times from a closed circuit television before I was flown to DC, and at other times he waited and instructed me while I sat next to him at a round table with other men present. These four or five other men in suits knew exactly what was going on and why I was being briefed. At times, each of them would have different input to instill into my head. After each had put in their information, I was told, "And when the time is right, it will all come out just like clockwork." These were the words they used to program the correct delivery of the material they had just instilled. They said I was doing a good job in getting information from people as well as delivering information.

There were times when I was let out of the limo and escorted into the White House by a Secret Service agent. This agent knew he was just «acting» as my escort for the evening, and would conveniently disappear when I was targeting some man (or woman) I was told to give a message to, and then the agent would reappear to take me home after I was finished. I was often dressed in very sexy evening gowns, gloves, and high heels. Sometimes the dresses were totally backless and I would be dressed in sexy nylons, undergarments, just in case my assignment required later evening sexual attention. I was taken to a beauty salon and had my hair, nails and make up done before being dressed. Sometimes the Secret Service agents took me to get ready.

There were times Henry gave me little pills and instructed me to slip them into my glove to use if the person I was targeting was not cooperating in giving up information. I rarely found the pills necessary. After sex the men seemed to listen intently to the words I was saying to them and would open up and give me the information I was instructed to get. Henry explained to the men in suits that I could say things after sex that "influenced the men deeply."

It was at the White House that I did my best work and met the people whom I was to influence or as they called it…"seed." Over time I learned that seeding meant to drop an idea that would start an individual thinking in a certain direction that would support my controller's position. For example, information that would influence a person's thinking about upcoming legislation, or information (false or true) in regard to key individuals (politicians, leaders, wives, husbands, etc.).

The White House was an easy place to work because there were so many side rooms we could secretly slip into. Sometimes I would get some «target» into a room, like an office and lock the door behind us and seduce him right there. The men usually got very excited, especially if it was their first escapade. I would assure them that this little secret was safe with me because Senator so and so (my escort) wouldn't like it if I was fooling around either. This assured them that 1, too, had a good reason to keep the secret to protect myself, which usually made them feel more willing to take the risk. Sometimes I had to take the targeted person outside the building to another location and have sex with them. That was a little trickier, but I could do it.

As far as I know, the «targets» never did know that in having sex with me, they were really being taken advantage of, or politically raped and coerced by the Council itself-five men in suits who cleverly installed their own agenda. In this way, the Council controlled money and/or coerced many people in key places, often without the person ever being aware of it.

Henry usually seemed very proud of me after I delivered messages or extracted information successfully from people. He acted like a greedy old man when he debriefed me. Often, he insisted on debriefing me himself because he said the words that came out of me were «fresh» in the first debriefing and were key to issues at hand. The debriefings could take up to an hour for just one evening spent with a targeted individual.

Henry said I helped him do his best work.

Accompanying Henry to Foreign Countries

Sometimes when Henry and I traveled internationally the time difference worked in his favor. For instance, we could leave after I got out of school on Friday, reach our foreign destination the next morning and it would still be Friday when we arrived. Henry worked it so I wouldn't miss more school than necessary, and he made sure I slept on the 8-12 hour flight. We always flew first class when we flew as private citizens. At other times we flew on military or government aircraft during times he was in public office. There were occasions when I would leave school and fly with Henry, or my mom would put me on a plane and I would meet Henry somewhere like New York and then we would fly the rest of the way together. Once seated on the flight, he would press the top of my hand and I would go to sleep as commanded. When he pressed my hand in surroundings where I had been commanded many times for the same thing, he didn't have to give commands — like sleep. I automatically knew, so over time, things became pretty routine. I didn't eat while we were out of the States, when we only went for one meeting and were gone 24–48 hours. He would simply tell the stewardess I was sleeping and my sleep was more important than food. So she would bring him food and I would sleep. And although I was asleep, I was aware of what happened around me; I was recording, as commanded.

There were occasions that we didn't fly back in time for me to go home and I was taken by limo directly to Taft High and dropped off a block away from the school to walk the rest of the way, just before school began on Monday morning.

Henry took me to France, at times to Marseilles in the South of France, to meetings of the elite. We often met with bankers, as well as other leaders and key businessmen. They met at round tables and each pulled papers from their briefcases to share. Henry sat his briefcase by his side on the floor because he had me and had little need for papers unless they were presented merely for the effect that it would have to help influence someone. If papers were needed, he always had the best, the neatest, cleanest, most professional paperwork money could buy. Everything was planned for effect. He gave varying reasons for my presence, explaining when asked who the young lady was, that I was his personal secretary and that I was advanced far beyond my years and was quite a help to him. When he began the meeting, if none of the men objected to my presence; as instructed, I sat next to Henry and took notes. While I appeared to simply be taking sketchy notes in shorthand at the meeting, when he debriefed me later on, he had me recite, verbatim, what each and every man said at the meeting. Henry liked for me to be present at meetings when he felt that sort of information could later be important for his use. Henry loved to come out of meetings and go immediately back to his room to debrief me. He would sit at a table writing diagrams as I recited what I had heard. Then he would have more data to use to strategize with. If there was to be a second follow-up meeting, he would be on top, ready to drop his carefully planned ideas and solutions into the meetings with foreign leaders or businessmen. Henry called this "International Business."

At times when I was sent alone, he said the information he got was better than if he had gone himself, "because it is distilled," he explained. So he sent me to many locations as a "presidential model" to Presidents, and to many leaders at parties at the Rockefeller's and Bob's, and also sent me abroad. I knew whom I was to target, because Henry had shown me a picture before. I was sent to foreign embassies to entertain foreign ambassadors that were working for Henry. Often they worked for the United Nations in order to have some peace-loving humanitarian effort that justified the U.S. presence in a foreign country, and then Henry and the others would go about doing their real business.

There were other times we traveled by trains in different countries like Russia and Henry would debrief me in his private compartment. We slept on the train and traveled to meetings during the daytime. Henry said the food was bad, so he would often bring some of his own food in a brown paper bag that he kept in his briefcase. At the meetings he didn't need papers because I was with him. People thought he was really smart and had an excellent memory because of that. It got to the point where I could literally "read his mind," as he termed it, and give him a simple answer on paper that others wouldn't see and then he would take off on the data or idea.

We also traveled to China (both sides), Japan, England, France, Italy, Israel, Germany, and wherever else he needed to go to do his "International Business." Often when Henry was extended an invitation to attend a social event in a foreign country, he declined saying he was tired and suggested they take me instead. Then he got what he really wanted anyway — the information from them without having to expend social energy to get it. Then, before I went he loaded me up with questions to ask the leader and instructions about the stance I was to take sexually with him or her. Dressed in appropriate clothing, I was off. There were bullfights with leaders in Spain, polo games to watch Prince Charles, and golf with others. The events I attended were indigenous to the individuals and their countries.

At the end of trips abroad, if there wasn't a McDonald's to help me remember that I was really in California (wink), then there had to be some type of trauma to seal the experience off from my conscious awareness. Henry had others perform the trauma; he wouldn't do it. He said it was out of his league. So the men that accompanied him "took care of me" when the need arose. When we finally arrived at McDonald's, I was usually starving. There, I was told I was in Woodland Hills in order to “re-mind” me to forget. McDonald's spelled safety and the end of my assignment.

Because I was a robot, and so, "security proven," I was allowed to function as the go between for Henry and the Council. They even gave me things to bring back to Henry that couldn't be safely delivered any other way. I was flown to remote places to meet with them and then flown back for debriefing by Henry. He always seemed so pleased with the information, like he was getting just what he wanted. The Council often sent messages to people directly, bypassing Kissinger. When I would deliver the message I would tell them it was from "the group." That was how the Council often identified themselves to insiders who knew how the group functioned, but didn't know their actual identities. Over the years they changed their 'nickname' so as not to be conspicuous.

From my perspective, no one in government office knew as much about mind control as Henry Kissinger. They might have been told "the basics" but it didn't seem like most of them were aware of the extent to which a person could be enhanced with programming and used especially that an individual could possess the capability of organizing and recording the conversations of a whole group of people at a meeting.

Kissinger: The Council's Top Dog

One time at a Gubernatorial Ball, Henry got very mad at Ted Kennedy because Ted tried to take me off to another room to have sex with him. Henry got very angry with Ted who was a Senator at that time and threatened him with exposure if he did not back off. As a result, Kennedy left me alone, at least for that evening. At other times Ted Kennedy forced me into very violent and sadistically torturous sex. It was often scary for me when Henry wasn't around to make sure certain people didn't rough me up.

Bob Hope didn't seem to care or at least he didn't watch me as closely as Henry did when I was with him, but Henry did not seem to know this. Bob lied to him sometimes about who I was seeing, and sometimes Bob used me with people Henry wasn't supposed to know about. Bob had his own separate interests in using me with people who would benefit him but Henry told Bob what to do as

far as government issues went. Bob was just a useful servant who had a lot to offer …connections, money, fame, and slaves. Bob suited Henry's needs to a tee, handling the social scene and celebrities. Bob's social elite contacts greatly added fuel to Kissinger's long range plans as he found places to use different people of influence in strategic positions. He just waited for the right opportunity to arise.

Henry didn't view the President as anyone necessarily having any power. He knew how they were manipulated and he liked to be the one who was pulling the strings. He told me once that ambassadors to foreign countries have more power and control than the President of the United States. I didn't understand then what he was talking about, but just listened and nodded.

Henry was the top dog as far as the Council was concerned. He had the mind they needed that could so carefully strategize plans far in advance and so he usually got the desired results. In the Council's eyes, Rockefeller was more dispensable because he had money and power but didn't have the mastermind that they saw in Henry. So Henry was given everything he needed in order to fulfill their plan. If he wasn't in office it didn't much matter — he always had access to the person sitting at the reigns of political power. Behind the scenes, Henry controlled decisions and actions taken by the State Department in matters of foreign relations, always attempting to bring about a situation where the Council was in total control globally. They saw it as a game, a lifelong plan, with the outcome hopefully being that, finally, this generation of the global elite would succeed in the game that their forefathers had not been able to pull off. It created ambition and drive among them.

All I saw these men do was manipulate and control people by covert means. It seemed that most people they targeted had no idea they were even being manipulated or set up. When a country needed some shoring up, messages, or coercion to further the implementation of their plan, then they would send Henry or me or both of us, depending on the importance of the situation. I was merely an extension of Henry, delivering "strategic influence" in ways he said he never could. He felt that he would have more influence with many of the men he wanted to coerce or manipulate to see or do things his way by sending in a soft, cuddly, human sexual toy. He often joked with insiders that his sphere of influence was limited but he could use me to get in those "hard to get places." Henry said I could make those men twist into a pretzel and so he used me in many foreign countries to tap into vast resources, the human resources he needed to puppet. He felt that those human resources would lead to natural resources and that's where the money would be. Henry was often referred to among the insiders as a "genius of his time." So the presidents came and went but Henry was there behind the scenes molding me, with Bob's help, for the Council benefit. Mind control was the secret weapon that Henry perfected over the years.

Usually the individual would be so busy focused on what was planned that he would miss the hidden agenda that was taking place. Henry loved this tactic. Sometimes these guys would be taken into Henry's confidence (the oldest trick in the world to get people to be on your side, and feel important so they will cooperate) and told I was an espionage operative, but he didn't tell them my capabilities so they wouldn't be able to imagine what I was really doing or what I was capable of.

Henry and Bob often did deals together, sometimes involving «influencing» our troops overseas, or influencing a Senator, Governor, celebrity, a President, or a world leader. Sometimes Henry Kissinger told Bob Hope to make certain connections for me in regard to people I was to be placed with in and out of California.

"I am the light of the world. He that follows Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

John 8:12

Chapter Thirteen: Bob Hope "Let me entertain you."

Bob Hope involved me with many celebrities. His parties were star-studded, filled with the glamorous, the famous, the rich. If people did not have a title or talent they could buy themselves into his circle of "exclusive people."

ZaZa Gabor was often in attendance. Lucille Ball was his friend also. She was often drunk. Also present were Peter Finch, Alan Arkin, Dezi Arnez, Bernadette Peters, Suzanne Sommers-to name a few. Bob rarely drank at his own parties. Perhaps he wanted to stay in control.

One night at a party, the trees outside began moving from a helicopter downdraft. Lights from the ground illuminated the helicopter and the extravaganza that followed. It was an extraordinary show. Guests were gasping, "Oooh, ahhh," as they watched beautiful women dropped by tether down

into the party, wearing very skimpy, elaborate, glittery costumes that were set aglow by the lights.

Bob liked fanfare. Some of the women wore only body glitter in scant places. The "elite," as they were often called, were encouraged to choose a girl, any girl they wished for their 'personal party favor' and enjoy her as they wished. Girls in skimpy aprons, but otherwise naked, served champagne and chocolates on silver platters. If a man wanted her in addition to the candy or drink, she complied. Every desire, every whim was satisfied. These girls were totally compliant.

At times, children were there. After I had children, sometimes even my daughter Kelly was there to be used. The children were held in reserve in a back room for men with 'alternate' sexual preferences. From a very early age my daughter was well-trained sexually, just like the other children. It was all very bad, but Bob's contacts were paid-in favors or connections. Bob didn't need money, but connections always came in handy.

At many of Bob's parties there were no rules, no restrictions, no boundaries. Sex was allowed anywhere and everywhere. To partake only required an oath of secrecy. And many partook.

Bob was in charge of me at these times, but I also had an alternate agenda as dictated by the Council. I was often preprogrammed to target certain key individuals at these parties that they wanted to influence. Some people spent the night at Bob's house if they were too tired to go home.

U.S. Senators like Alan Cranston, governors, congressmen, celebrities, even foreign ambassadors and dignitaries, were in attendance at different times. Military people, also. People were invited if they had something to offer to Bob or "the cause"…the New World Order.

Reagan attended Hope's parties at times. So did Nancy.

When the parties were over, Bob liked for me to sit on his lap and feed him his favorite piece of See's candy, followed by what he called, "his favorite piece of ass." He always laughed when he said, "You feed me and I'll feed you." But I never got to eat the candy, only him.

Bob liked for me to take off his watch (per program) while I was sitting on his lap and carefully put it on the table by the chair. He loved it when I was silly and giggly and teased him, but he did not like me to carry that attitude to bed. Bob always asked me to do things nicely the first time. He said, "There won't be a second time …that you'll remember," and he held up the zapper (stun gun). Some nights he teased me and said it was really just a bug zapper, but then it would bite me, and it hurt.

In bed I was supposed to be serious and passionate, not silly. He would say, "Show me your tail feathers," and I would take off my panties and turn around. Then he would hold me on either side of my hips to "examine the merchandise," and give it a "stamp of approval," which was a spankie. Bob loved to give me spankings, not real hard ones, just enough to activate my sex program.

Bob liked for me to put on the pretty lacy nighties or teddies he left out for me. So I did. He had a butler who would bring him drinks or whatever he wanted before bed — he often liked a "hot toddy." If he wanted a regular drink, he would have me pour it for him from crystal decanters that he had in his room. Bob snored at times while he slept. I was usually taken away early the next morning, sometimes even before Bob woke up. The butler or some other man in a suit would come to get me and deliver me to the waiting limo. Sometimes I would fly home by plane, but was often helicoptered. Endless songs that commanded my mind played inside my head at appropriate times to 're-mind' me. When I was taken to the Palm Springs area the song lyrics, "In the desert you can't remember your name… " helped me forget — until I remembered.

Pornography, Hollywood Style

Late at night, I was programmed to walk out of our Woodland Hills home and down a block or so to Royar Street where a black sedan picked me up and whisked me to Universal Studios or other locations, to work for Bob filming porn. The sedan took me through a chain link fence and past a security booth where the driver had to stop and check in with the guard to gain clearance to the lot. Then he dropped me off in front of a very plain-looking building, with just a door to it. There were wooden step platforms up to the door.

Bob often watched while pornography was filmed. They usually filmed at night so they would have, "more freedom," as Bob would say. Men at the studios, wearing t-shirts and jeans, dressed me in all kinds of sexy garments and made my body up with all kinds of make-up. One night a man handed me a beautiful, thick wooden and gold hanger from which hung a small teddy made of nothing but a series of vertical strips of ribbon that created a see-through effect. Bob followed me into

the dressing room while I slipped on black stockings, garter belt, heels and then the teddy. The black-ribboned teddy was belted at the waist but I was naked underneath and you could see through and between all the ribbons. I was instructed to lay out and get a suntan before filming, and I wasn't allowed to have tan lines on my back or shoulders. They put makeup on my breasts so I would appear tan all over. The make up they put on my body was really put on heavy and was very itchy and uncomfortable. The oily kind was less itchy but didn't stay on as well as the drier type. There was another man who did my hair, often in curls or in a side ponytail. They used curling irons and designed all sorts of hair creations. I just sat there while they chose how I would appear; my hair, nails, toenails, make-up, and costumes. And then, I did whatever they told me to do. Finally, they draped me with whatever jewelry they decided on. At times body jewels were glued onto my body. Once they glued little sparkly rhinestones all over my skin and filmed me in a skimpy white bikini-type outfit. The costumes were always different, unique and original. Bob wanted me to be like Dorothy Lamour, but I didn't know who she was. He talked about lots of old actresses that I'd never heard of. There were lights and cameras all over the place in the halls, and backstage was full of all sorts of costumes on racks. Bob liked pornography with feathers so he had a man work with me on the act, including songs and dances. Bob said it was, "porn for the sophisticates, not just for low-lifers." Bob saw pornography as an art form and went into a very deeply loving, emotional mode while it was filmed. When they finished filming that's when he wanted me the most.

Another man was assigned to "work me up," training me for the act. This porn was filmed Hollywood-style all the way, with glitter, diamonds, flair, special props and stage lighting. I usually sang beforehand and Bob made sure that I had a pre-recorded voice tape so I could sing but not have to be concerned with putting power behind my voice while I was doing the sexual acts. The whole show was directed by another man who told the male porn actor and I what to do. The prop man listened to the director and moved props all around, while the camera and lights men fell in line. There were many different themes and many nights when pornography was filmed. One night Bob showed Hugh Hefner some of his porn in the back room at one of Bob's parties. I was in the room, but Bob acted like I wasn't real or really there. I was.

USO Tours

In my late teens and early 20's I was taken aboard U.S. Navy aircraft carriers when Bob was doing a show on his USO tours, to "entertain the troops." I had several personalities who were specially trained to sing and dance, and many personalities who were expertly trained to dance and strip. Usually Bob and I were flown into a base and then helicoptered the rest of the way to the ship.

On tour with Bob there were large bands, with lots of music and lights. Red, white, and blue banners decorated the stage where we performed. Sailors stood packed together to watch the show.

If the media was there Bob totally controlled what they captured on camera, what segments could be filmed, and when they had to leave. One time when I came out on stage, they began shooting my part, and after the show Bob had a huge fit (he could be very temperamental) and threatened to break their equipment on the spot if they didn't give him the film. They gave him the film. This way Bob controlled what was shown to the general public.

The shows usually took place on the outside decks. Professional make-up artists made up my whole body. For one show, I was dressed in a white 'navy' dress, only it wasn't like the regular standard uniforms the women in the navy wore. It was a specially sewn costume, short and extra feminine with lace top and scoop neckline. I had special white lace panties with little anchors on them. For one show I sang Anchors Away after which Bob would "joke them!"

What the «boys» didn't know was that Bob knew how to control their emotions with certain specific words and phrases and songs. He knew how to "lighten them up," get them really «emotional» and worked up, and then he would slip in suggestions, keyed to programs, that "helped them with certain unwanted attitudes." I overheard the Council making jokes about the «herds» (the troops) and how stupid and easily led they were.

At the shows where I was present, singing usually came first, then Bob's jokes, and then another song and dance. Once I did a semi-strip dance, never "took it all off" for "the boys." In order to project a semblance of 'wholesomeness, I just stripped down to skimpy bras and panties, and also took off my heels, dress, nylons and garter belt. I was instructed to wear those for "the effect" of taking them all off.

After shows, sometimes I was taken to the Admiral's and/or Captain's quarters to further «entertain» him in the privacy of his room. These officers displayed attitudes created by years and years of being honored with medals and ribbons for "service to the country." The Council often slipped messages to Naval officers, through me, possibly without the officers' knowledge.

I never knew my exact location; I was not allowed to know. We entertained the Air Force and Army, also, but I was used more often with the Navy.

Bob took me to a specific recording studio in Southern California to pre-record the songs I was to sing before doing a show for "the troops." In the recording studio, I wore headphones that played back into my ears the music I was singing so that I could stay in tune. I enjoyed singing and the studios could make anyone's voice sound good, but Bob liked me to sing soft, breathy, high and sexy. Sometimes, in the beginning, he would sit just outside the recording room where he could hear the music and would cue me so we could get it just right.

138 Once I was programmed to sing The Star Spangled Banner, in a really sexy manner for the troops. When it was time to sing it live, they played the tape and I sang along, because it was hard to sing and dance at the same time and maintain good voice quality. In this way, I could put my all into dancing, splits and all, without being concerned with the song. (You can imagine my amazement when I began healing and integrating personalities and discovered I could do the splits! I never consciously knew that I could do that.)

I found the lights that shone on us while performing to be blinding. Bob taught me to not look into them but to look past them so they would not bother me so much.

Another time when I went with Bob to entertain the troops, they wrapped me in an American flag. I had on a tiny sparkling, red, white, and blue lacey bikini and sparkling red high heels. Two soldiers, in green army uniforms and boots held me up, one holding onto my feet and the other holding me up around my shoulders. As they turned me, the flag unfolded off of me and slowly I was unfurled to bright lights and lots of soldiers yelling, whistling and cheering. In addition to the entertainment, this was part of my 'spin programming. Bob had the microphone and had been telling jokes, but stopped as they unrolled me. He pointed to me while the drums rolled. When I was unfurled, they played The Stripper and I danced around while all of the guys cheered.

For other shows, I had a feather plume on my bottom that went up my back. The costumes were always different. I rolled around on the floor, did the splits and "spread 'em," as instructed, for the boys. Sometimes I sang, sometimes I just danced, and sometimes for smaller private audiences, I stripped all the way. And there were times I was just there to dance seductively for Bob's personal and private pleasure later on in the evening.

After the show, some man would put a prod or stun gun to my forehead. I totally collapsed into his arms and he carried me over and laid me down until it was time to leave. The physical sensation I experienced was a jolt of white-hot electricity, and then I felt very, very cold. This was the reaction to the electroshock. The man delivering the electricity also delivered programming to me. Before and after he zapped me, he said, "You are fat and ugly and no man could ever be attracted to you." As commanded, I carried the belief that I was fat and ugly and I never would have believed I was attractive enough to perform on stage, had I begun to remember. They would zap me with electroshock either on the forehead, the base of my skull, or on my back or thighs. For some reason on this occasion, Bob laughed just before they zapped me. He had some goon do it — he rarely did.

I was often in very poor condition when we were helicoptered away and Bob laughed and made excuses for my listlessness, saying things like, "Ah, don't worry about her, the kid's just had too much to drink." Truth was I wasn't even allowed to drink, not even water. My physical reactions were all from the aftereffects of the electroshock intended to erase my memory.

Another show I was taken to was for the boys in the Army. Bob wore an Army uniform, just like the soldiers, and made jokes about being just like "one of the fellas" in his uniform. They loved it and cheered. Bob could get away with saying just about anything to them and they would laugh. When he introduced me, he said, "Watch this little one shake her tail feather!" I came out with a glittery bra and a g-string with tail feathers attached to the back. I danced carrying matching purple feathers in my hands and placed them over my breasts and then turned around and held them over my bottom.

When I was winding down my act, I was instructed to distribute all but the last of the feathers to soldiers in the audience and then turn my back to them, spread my legs far apart, turn my head and say, "Sorry boys, I need to leave something to keep me warm!"

I felt like I was on lots of naval bases in the United States at some time or another. Sometimes for entertaining "the boys" with Bob, but more often for programming. The programming at these bases was torturous. I was hung upside down in tanks filled with water or gases. There also were chairs with straight backs and arm rests, with bands that fit tightly around my forehead, wrists and ankles. They also used electroshock and light and sound equipment, combined with food and sleep deprivation. I was subjected to lots of high tech equipment and machines. I didn't have a clue what these machines actually did or why my controllers were torturing me with them.

Bonded To Bob

Bob took me with him to lots of places when I was 16 to 21 (1967–1972). Wherever we were, or whomever I was to be with, I usually came with the silver limo. I would be held in the back and no one from the outside could tell I was there. I was accustomed to performing oral sex to whomever I was instructed, and in limos and public places it meant swallowing. As a result I would become sick some days when there were a lot of men "to do."

Sometimes the limo would be full of Bob's friends and I would be told to wait in the back after a premier, gala or show openings, etc. Bob would bring his friends "along for the ride" and they got to "sample his goodies" is what he would say to his friends. One evening at a Hollywood event that took place in front of Gromin's Chinese Theatre, Elizabeth Taylor looked curiously past Bob as he stood in front of the entrance to the limo I was «parked» in. She asked him who I was. Then she made fun of him, saying, "Couldn't you at least get one that doesn't look like a child? She doesn't even have any breasts!" They didn't seem to get along too well.

My programming made me feel bonded to Bob Hope. Almost like being married or comfortable being with him, like it was second nature to be with him. I was programmed to know what he liked so I could easily please him. He liked to find me in his bathtub, full of bubbles, giggling and happy and ready for him. He liked for me to take off his shoes, rub his (smelly) feet, inch up his legs, unzip his pants, and perform oral sex, but stop just before he orgasmed and wait a while before continuing. Following program command, I sat on his lap, kissed him, and told him how handsome he was, as he sat in his favorite winged back chair in his room. He had a footstool that I sat on to rub his feet.

Bob did not always want sex actually, but always liked to be reminded of it by talking about sexual things or how young I was. He loved young women and I was just that, and always was young to him because he was older than the hills! He was older than my father. He could have been my grandfather, with nearly a 50 year age difference between us. I had been trained all my life to please older men. I knew just how to treat them, flatter them, and make them feel good, psychologically and, of course, physically. Bob sexually desired me from ages 16–20 or so, after that he just had sex with me, almost as a convenience to him. When I married, his sexual desire seemed to change. During my teen years he'd take me around to friends, parties, clubs, and he bragged to whomever he was with, that he still got the 'young stuff.

I do not remember ever being involved in satanic trauma with Bob. But he must have known and liked what it created from my childhood years. He was above the trappings of satanism, like most of the higher ups. They looked at people who practiced satanism as low level, but the job had to be done (trauma base for mind control) and they rationalized it by saying, "look how beautifully she turned out."

Bob's Parties

I had lots of party girl personalities programmed for Bob. Bob spent a greater amount of time with me when I was a teenager, until I was married. The personalities dedicated and devoted to Bob were clever and programmed with silly jokes for Bob's company. Bob liked me to start the parties out right, so guests were served mixed drinks, champagne, hors d'oeuvres, etc. Then Bob had me entertain in skimpy little outfits he provided, such as a red leotard, with netting around my wrist, red fishnet stockings and red sparkly high heels. I'd sing and dance and would strip if it was an appropriate time. One of the first times Bob had me start the party, he said, "You took control of the room!" He seemed surprised.

When I stripped in front of couples, I did a lot of the same 'couple bonding' techniques that I did with couples in the intimacy of their own bedrooms. I was programmed to say something about the

husband to the wife like, "God you have good taste in men! I wish I could find one like this." And while I said it, I would lasso him with a silk scarf or feathers and pull him close, usually to my bare navel or chest. Or I'd say to the husband, "You have won the charms of one of the most beautiful women in the world! You must be quite a man." And I would go on and on whispering, as if just to them, yet still having everyone in the room watch. Usually, unless Bob said it wasn't appropriate, I'd eventually strip and it seemed to loosen everyone up and very often I invited them if they cared to, to join me. It was usually like watching a group of little kids doing something naughty. Everyone would stand up and start getting naked, pulling off their clothes and throwing them all over the floor. Then they would go skinny-dipping or off to a side room for sex. People later told Bob the experience really stimulated their sexuality and they had not had such great sex in 20 years of marriage.

Different nights brought different types of people together, usually carefully matched and preselected so they would congeal. Most of the couples were usually older and the men were businessmen, politicians, bankers, stock brokers, movie and music artists, and other people that were important to Bob's interests. The parties' guest lists were planned and coordinated to match up and network people who they needed to get together, or groups with similar sexual preferences like gays, lesbians, heterosexuals, or pedophiles, so they could feel free to let their hair down. Unfortunately, after it happened Bob owned them.

Often, people did drugs at Bob's if they wanted to. At some parties, drugs and alcohol were in large supply, usually in labeled dishes or on little platters. Everything had little ribbon identifier tags or small signs, "so people knew what they were getting into," Bob would say.

For some private parties, Bob had me act like I was his dummy and he would load me up with most of the lines so he wouldn't have to think so much or memorize the jokes. He often had me say the key lines so he could easily bounce off of them and deliver a one liner. He dressed me in skimpy clothes and he put his hand up my back like he was making me move like a dummy. He did that dummy gig often or had me mime with him or mime alone. When people got high they really liked the mime act, especially if there were strobe lights flashing on and off.

Bob usually had some real maids who were older and who really cleaned and served. I only had to do that if it was the way they (Henry, Bob, and the Council) had planned for me to go in on a target. For example, I would serve the target champagne with two strawberries in it, and then I'd say to him, "Could I eat your …(pause)….uh…strawberry?" I'd wiggle all over and smile or giggle. Sometimes the men would blush, but usually they would smile and say, "Why yes!"

As programmed, I would take the man's drink and take him by the hand to a side bedroom and say, "Can I suck your — now?" Then I'd perform as programmed. To cover himself, Bob had me say, "Please don't tell Mr. Hope about this." But other times Bob told me to say, "Bob wanted to share with you the pleasure he gets on a regular basis." It all depended on the angle they were using according to the information that had been gathered on the man prior to the evening. Before I left the room I was instructed to show the man to the adjoining bathroom and shower, and offer him towels, combs, deodorant, dryers, etc., anything he might need to freshen up, and I'd explain he was free to rest, sleep or shower. If it was a serious target for the Council, I would stay with the man longer, sometimes all night and at times I was instructed to take him away from the party, somewhere quiet, where it was just the two of us. I would take him wherever I was instructed — to a hotel, park, beach, restaurant, disco, etc. If it was a serious target they got the red carpet treatment, if not they still got sex. Prince Charles was the red carpet sort, where minor politicians or businessmen were less catered to.

At other parties I carried a silver tray with a glass of champagne on it and I'd have a cherry stem with a cherry dangling out of my mouth. Seductively I would say, "Would you like a cherry, sir?" and then I'd take him to another room for sex. Or I'd put a very expensive gourmet chocolate truffle in my mouth and say to a target, "Would you like one of these?" as I slowly and sensually took it in and out of my mouth, sucking and licking it, and if he said yes, I would put it on the edge of my lips and say, "Oops, this is the last one, do you share?" If he indicted he did, I would lean over and share it with him. Then I'd ask him if he wanted seconds and if he said yes, I would take him off for sex. Other occasions, with a slice of peach in my mouth, I was programmed to ask, "Would you like a California peach?" and then I'd give it to him, in the bedroom.

Henry told Bob the strategies and they often worked together to create a script for me to deliver, especially if jokes were needed. If it was intricate or complicated, then Henry did the uploading. Sometimes though, for Bob's parties, Bob would load me up with statements for different people

before the party began. He had a list of party guests and he often had his writers come up with something clever and funny along the subject lines Bob chose. I remember hearing him call different writers to chew them out if they were late delivering the scripts or if he was unhappy with the material they came up with.

The Council used Bob and Henry together and was able to achieve enormous strides because people oftentimes didn't realize they were connected, or that Bob and Henry were strategizing or manipulating them, let alone that they were connected to the Council.

Bob's Political Connections

Bob was involved in local, state, national and international politics and had a network of «cronies» all around the world. He would 'scratch their backs' for the same in return. Since he wielded so much political power, because of his wealth and connections, people listened to him and often did what he asked. Most people were bought. He had a network of people (politicians, judges, police, etc.) in his back pocket and in this way he remained protected and often operated above the law. He seemed to know everyone everywhere we went and people seemed anxious to get near him. He had the money to buy anything he liked, including programmed sex slaves. Once he told me, "everyone has his or her price," and he usually found it. It was not always money that people were after; sometimes it was connections, fame or sex.

By the time I was 18, I was in operation heavily with Bob Hope, California Governor Ronald Reagan, President Richard Nixon, and Henry Kissinger. They all knew I had what they called "expanded faculties." I was often used as an intermediary between Sacramento and the White House — keeping information flowing per instruction from the Council. They were the top controllers. So, for example, during the time Reagan was Governor of California, I was flown to Reagan's ranch to have sex with him and deliver him messages. Then I was flown to the White House to have sex with Nixon and deliver messages from the Council. The Council was overseeing all this. They debriefed me after each assignment and reprogrammed me in light of the information I reported. I don't know if Reagan or Nixon really ever knew to whom I was really reporting …whose interests I was really addressing. The Council always made it look like I was attending to Reagan or Nixon's sexual interests and then subtly slipped in messages or suggestions from the Council. My programming 're-minded' me, "Mine is not to question why, mine is but to do or die".

I was only 18, 19, 20, 21, 22 years old when I was performing many of these earlier sex/espionage missions. It was the perfect cover. Who would have suspected me, a very average, innocent looking, silly, young blonde to have been involved in U.S. Government and Shadow Government activities?

Ronald Reagan and Bob Hope were connected through the entertainment field and were doubly connected through their political and military friends when Reagan was Governor of California and later on when he became President of the United States. Bob was also friends with high-powered men like Walter Annenberg, who had a sweeping estate in Palm Springs, or more specifically Rancho Mirage. When Bob took me there for meetings or parties I was told, "This is a mirage, this just a mirage." Walter Annenberg was at one time an Ambassador to Britain and was also connected to the Reagan's and the British Royal Family.

Bob was politically connected and knew how to lure people in and insure they would work for him. He invited them to his parties and dangled various kinds of illegal or immoral perversions in their faces. Once their perversions were uncovered, he could blackmail or control them. That is how Bob worked. Bob was very good at this. I watched him do it to people over and over. He lured them in, detected their weaknesses, then used that knowledge in his favor, for his connections, and ultimately for his personal gain.

He was like a black widow spider, luring people into his web and then moving in for the kill. Except instead of killing his prey he simply put them to good use in his life. He used them "in the scheme of things," he would say, "to make life a little easier." Once lured into Bob's snare, there was no getting out without dire consequence.

Bob especially liked to do this to politicians because as he would explain to me after a party, he liked "to have a few key politicians in his back pocket." Bob demonstrated my «abilities» to people he wanted to gift me to. He gave me as a sexual gift to a lot of people he wanted to "have in his back pocket." Later, he talked about how incredibly stupid these people were, to take the drugs or alcohol

and then make a public spectacle of themselves.

J. Edgar Hoover

J. Edgar Hoover was at Bob's parties. One night he ended up dressed in a blue sequined dress. Henry and Bob had put together a list of other politicians who were like J. Edgar so they would feel comfortable together. J. Edgar Hoover, «Jerry» to his friends, must have thought Bob was safe and that he was out of his political arena so he could "let his hair down." But it was really a clever set up between Bob and Henry, as they set a trap for Hoover. At the party onset, I was brought in to dance naked and get them going. They all dressed up in «costumes» left out for their "party enjoyment." I presented it that way so they wouldn't feel uncomfortable or inhibited. Then they were given booze, cocaine, anything they wanted. There were party poppers and dishes full of different recreational drugs with little tags attached explaining the type of ride they would go on if they took a certain pill or powder — everything short of injectables was offered. This group of men got really high and silly and changed into the costumes. Once they were high, I worked them for information as pre-directed by Henry Kissinger. J. Edgar must not have known that Bob Hope was connected to Kissinger. So, the information gathered that evening — not only Hoover and his friends' direct answers to questions, but their attitudes, and sexual preferences, etc. - were all recorded directly into my mind files.

From then on the Council had "Hoover by the balls or was it the pussy?" my controllers joked. From then on the FBI was under Council control and they even got Hoover to put blocks and different rules, regulations, and codes directly into the FBI operations. That began to set up a controlling mechanism for the future so that when the next FBI director took office, things inside the Bureau would be in place so the Council could continue to manipulate them toward their Ultimate year 2000 goal.

Alan Cranston

Senator Alan Cranston was Bob's right-hand political man in California. He also attended Bob's parties. Alan carried out things Bob wanted done in the government sector. Bob's business dealings ran deep into world governments. He used government agencies as a tool for his benefit and he «bought» people already working in the government so that he could control them and "get things in order," he would say. Which meant bend or change laws to his benefit. Cranston was the center of the political wheel, the inside corrupt wheel, in California. If anyone wanted anything done, all they had to do was contact Bob and he would go through his political cronies to get it done-no matter what it was.

Senator Cranston was tied into Bob Hope and from what I saw, Bob was tied to the outskirts of the Council, but Cranston was not. Politicians were never allowed to be that close or to be directly affiliated with the Council, but were given information, as they needed it from unidentified sources. That is what I was, an unidentified source.

Cranston was one of Bob's favorite connections. Cranston liked «spankies» over his lap. He would make me lie over his lap and he would spank me, "to turn me on," he would say. The more turned on he got the more brutal he became. He was into beatings, sometimes with a belt, and tying me down. He was very aggressive, very scary and unpredictable. Alan Cranston was a bony old, evil man.

Cranston was not allowed to leave marks on me. Henry Kissinger saw to that. Henry kept tabs on me during the Nixon and Reagan administrations because he had his interest in using the information that he had carefully instilled in my mind files and did not want me damaged.

Cranston and Bob seemed to be close friends. Bob and others ran a lot of California politics from Palm Springs and made sure they had the people they needed in their "back pockets" in order to "enact change," which meant bending things for their own financial gain. It usually always boiled down to money, but occasionally Bob did things out of vindication for certain people. He always made people «sorry» if they were not nice to him. He usually got his way …his power went high.

One night on the Queen Mary, in the mid-1970's Cranston tied me tightly to a headboard and then got so drunk or drugged up that he could not untie me. So he had sex with me standing up, with me still tied and then he passed out on the bed. I had to stay tied up like that until the wee hours of the morning when Bob came and found me. My hands and feet were purple/blue from the lack of circulation and I was exhausted but quickly "snapped out of it," when Bob told me to. I switched to being happy, refreshed and bubbly, while Bob attempted to get Cranston sobered up.

Sometimes at parties, Cranston stayed the next day to pull himself together around Bob's pool. If Dolores was there, Bob would tell her I was hired as the maid for the day, but when I would sit on his lap, Dolores would just roll her eyes and walk away disgusted. Theirs was not a marriage made in heaven.

The Chief of Police is Compromised

There was a small Italian restaurant located on Laurel Canyon Boulevard in Los Angeles, called Cafe Galleria. My brother Rick introduced Craig and I to the unique little restaurant in the early 70's. I remember one evening, as we pulled away from the restaurant after we'd had dinner, Craig looked back in a quiet, dissociated manner and said, "Bad things happen in the back room there." When I questioned him further, he didn't answer, so I immediately tucked it away in the back of my mind and went on to another subject. But he was absolutely right and years later I had the memory which pieced together the answers to the questions I would have liked to have asked him back then. With the detailed flashback of the event, I had a fuller picture of what really took place that night.

I don't know who specifically was behind the blackmailed event, but I remembered being taken into the back area of the restaurant into a smoke-filled room full of men. I was told to strip and dance, and ended up sitting on Police Chief Darryl Gate's lap in the nude. Cameras flashed pictures of me on his lap after which I was ushered out with my clothes to meet my husband. With only fragments of this memory, I am left with an incomplete picture of what my controllers' actual agenda was. You can come to your own conclusions.

Pete Wilson

California Senator, and then Governor, Pete Wilson was also tied to Bob Hope. Bob manipulated Pete through Pete's desire for fame and recognition and through his desire for political gain and for sex. Bob originally invited Pete Wilson to his parties and used me to lure him into his web so he could gain further control over politics in California, or at least protect some of his interests. As Pete discovered, Bob was a direct link to insuring success politically because he had connections to so many people and was connected with the Council and the U.S. Defense Department.

In the beginning I was used with then-California Senator Pete Wilson on Catalina Island. Pete Wilson was in line to be used by the Council in a big way. Back then they felt he was one of the most promising candidates they had for the U.S. Presidency. The last information I had overheard in conversation concerning this was that they were not sure he would be ready by the election in 1996, but they had him in a holding pattern for later use when the time was right. As Pete went along with what the Council wanted, doors were to immediately open for him.

I was programmed to deliver «news» to Pete from the "higher ups," the Council. Over time, he became conditioned to associating me with. news about his future success. But, who from the outside would have ever suspected that 1, initially a young woman and later, a seemingly ordinary housewife and mother, would be carrying secret information to him from this very elite group that secretly rules the world from the shadows? At that time, the Council sent a message to Pete through me, asking him if he "wanted to step upstairs?"

Pete's answer was, "Yes!" Lots of the information between Pete and the Council was filtered through me. That way, no one knew of his connection, just like they didn't know of Nixon's or Reagan's direction by the Council.

I delivered messages to Pete from the Council on many occasions. He seemed fully conscious of their connection to him and their support of him, although I don't know if he was aware of their actual identities. At that time my instructions from the Council were given to me by phone or over closed circuit television, where their voices and bodies were scrambled. No one was allowed to know who they were. Pete either didn't know or didn't care how they were able to accomplish what they did in regard to world affairs. Or, maybe he also was programmed and operated with me from a programmed alter state.

One night, while 'vacationing' with my family on Catalina Island, men in suits came and took me from them in order to ready me for use with Wilson. It was the same routine as usual trauma, isolation, food and sleep deprivation that occurred before I was used to insure I would later be amnesiac of the entire event.

After the traumatic preparation took place, I was escorted by men in suits past the yachtsmen's club out to a dinghy and was taken to Pete on a plush yacht moored in the Avalon Harbor. My controllers dressed me for the occasion in all white — white blouse, slacks, gold belt and shoes. It was late at night when I was placed on board with Pete. After we were left alone, he wanted to slip over the side of the boat naked and swim in the dark with me. I obeyed.

Pete was in good shape physically and had a little more than average share of penile endowment. After our swim, we got into bed and had sex. He pinched my buttocks and told me what a "great one" I had. Sometimes he got very aggressive and it traumatized me. On this occasion he nibbled me all over my body, from head to toe-we were both laughing hysterically, I because I was programmed to be "congenial." He liked to have sex in many different positions and was an active participant, unlike Ronald Reagan. He seemed to enjoy showing me how physically strong he was. When I first met him, he would have two of us (two women) at the same time, but later on just me, as he said I responded better to him just "one on one." He had massage oils that we used sometimes during sex also. He loved oral sex and liked for me to bring him just to the edge of orgasm and then back off so he could last longer. I was programmed to have a lot of «passion» with Pete Wilson.

It was normal after sex for us to talk. Usually this was when I delivered the messages I was carrying to him from the Council. We talked a lot in bed as I delivered information to help him climb the political ladder. This particular evening on the yacht, I stayed the night on board with him. He often had very bad breath upon awakening.

The next morning, I was taken off the yacht and reunited with my family at our spot on the beach, programmed to think I had never been gone, never missed any time with them. As usual, they didn't notice my absence or my return.

Pete Wilson knew how to utilize me in the same ways Henry Kissinger did by accessing my mind files. I was used in Sacramento, the State Capital, with him in this way, even before he was Governor of California. But Pete often had trouble remembering the mind file names and would say, "Now what was that file name again?" He'd snap his fingers and go to his desk to get the listing of files located in the "Peter Wilson Library." When this personalized filing system was gifted to him through me, Henry said to tell him, "Pete, you had a whole library donated and built just for you." It was complete with every volume, every book housed just precisely where he could gain access to it inside my mind files, all by a simple command.

For Pete I was a total sexual robot as well as a computer robot. But I was never set up to serve both functions at the same time. I was flown to meet him in different locations, as far back as the early 1980's and met him in Sacramento when he was there on business. Pete had trouble getting my mind files open to access information because he couldn't wait two hours in between for sex! I overheard Henry ask him, "Well, did you wait the two hours in between usages?"

But Pete lied and Henry knew he lied when later he accessed me and asked, "What time did Peter enter the Wilson Library?" And I would tell him the exact time and he would catch Pete in a lie every time. Pete didn't seem to know or understand the level of sophistication that allowed me to report exactly when Pete initiated sex or mind file use.

The Council operated in these very cunning and manipulative ways with Pete Wilson and others. Slowly they introduced people, knowing that over time, trust built and later when an important event or issue needed to be dealt with, the connections had been made, a bond was formed and it was easy for them to use people.

They had plans for Wilson to be Governor of California long before he was elected-so far ahead, in fact, that they started putting me with him for the Council to begin «grooming» him for the job of Governor.

Since I had also been used with other California Governors, my programmed years of experience in regard to the ways the Council worked with politicians was helpful to Pete in his early days. The programmed information I carried included familiarity with people and agencies, and could help him get acquainted and adjusted.

I was programmed to work with Pete Wilson in regard to the new educational plan for children, that was first implemented in California. That is a whole separate, but very important subject, which I will address in a later chapter. I don't know if Pete was aware of where my information was coming from but he seemed to enjoy large amounts of sex with me in between "business engagements." Pete Wilson also had sex with my daughter at one of Bob's parties when she was older.

Obviously, my personal experience with Bob Hope is contrary to the "All-American good citizen" image that he and the media have managed to fool the majority of the American people with all these years. In truth and sorrow, all I have left to say to him is, "Bob, thanks for the memories." For now armed with the truth of what has happened, I can begin to work to stop this once secret, human atrocity called 'mind control.

"They struck me," you will say, "but I was not hurt; they beat me, but I did not feel it. When shall I awake?" Be not envious of evil men, nor desire to be with them; for their minds devise violence, and their lips talk of mischief.

"By wisdom a house is built, and by understanding it is established; by knowledge the rooms are filled up with all precious and pleasant riches. A wise man is mightier than a strong man, and a man of knowledge than he who has strength. He who plans to do evil will be called a mischief-maker. The devising of folly is sin, and the scoffer is an abomination to men."

Proverbs 23-24

Chapter Fourteen: Parties at the Rockefellers

…Or, what do the Rockefellers, Kissinger, Alan Greenspan and the Federal Reserve all have in common? …Me as a mind file to organize their plan.

Parties were given in New York at the Rockefeller mansion around Christmas time each year. I was flown to New York by commercial airline and was met at the airport and limoed to their home. I was taken by a woman to get my hair and nails done, then brought back and dressed to be used to entertain top people from all over the world, usually ending in a sexual encounter with individuals they were targeting. At the parties, I was dressed formally in expensive evening gowns and was often provided a diamond broach or huge diamond necklace to wear for the evening.

There was a whole room, a vault, that had a bank of thin but wide drawers that housed necklaces, broaches, tiaras, all mounted on special stands shaped to fit them. There were tiered drawers for bracelets, diamond watches and rings. I was taken into the vault at times in order for someone to select jewelry that was appropriate for my outfit. Usually it was a blonde, blue-eyed, soft-spoken woman who wore her hair up. She was pretty and knew just how to dress me. If I was to target an important official, foreign leader, or king, they put an especially alluring piece on me. Then she'd escort me out of the vaulted room down a hall and into the house. It was like a secret hallway that led to "the collection."

One evening she dressed me in a long red strapless formal. It was form-fitting and the bodice was low cut. I had to wear a push up bra to look bustier but she said she loved my small waist. She fastened a diamond necklace around my neck and said she liked how it dipped down to accent the bodice of my dress. My hair had been done up and she had me wear large diamond drop earrings displaying lots of diamonds that dangled together.

After I was finished being dressed with accessories, the lady took me out into one of the main rooms — this one was forest green and Prince Philip was there. She reminded me beforehand to curtsy and bow deeply to him and to stay down and bow my head for awhile — which I did, before this man dressed in a black tux, complete with cummerbund and shiny black shoes. Rocky came into the room and put his cigar down in an ashtray, bowed to Philip and said, "I wanted you two to have some time to get acquainted before the other guests arrived." Then he went on to explain to Prince Philip, "She has been dedicated solely to you for the evening. Your wants are her desires."

Philip smiled.

Rocky shook Philip's hand with both hands and explained, "It's an honor to have you here this evening and to express our sincerity, this young lady has been dedicated to you for your Highnesses pleasure for the night."

"Thank you," Philip replied. "You're most kind."

They continued speaking in formalities. That's how everyone spoke around Philip. Rocky handed him a drink that the butler/bartender had made and excusing himself, said, "I'll leave you two alone for awhile and I'll be back to check on you to see if there's anything you want or need." As he walked out of the room, the butler who was on his heels closed the doors. I was just a teenager, but my inner twin sister, Sharon, was the personality that was groomed for these assignments with the elite.

Philip and I sat on the couch and I smiled at him and was shy, as programmed. He reached out

and took my hand and sipped his drink. He was nervous like he wasn't sure how to act or just what to say to me. But he began, "You're very young and very beautiful."

"Thank you, your Highness," I replied shyly.

Prince Philip reached out and put his arm around me and I leaned up and kissed him. He was younger and more squarely handsome in a homely kind of way than the old men I was used to. "This is just the beginning of a very wonderful evening," I said as I kissed him on the cheek. I knelt down in front of him, placing my carefully manicured hands on his knees and looked into his eyes as I started inching my hands near his crotch.

Quickly he said, "I'd like to enjoy looking at you this evening at the party, knowing you will be my dessert." I smiled up at him and nodded yes, then got up and sat back down by his side.

He stood and ushered me out to the other room without waiting for Rocky to come back to get us. I thought, "He didn't follow the rules," but it didn't seem to matter.

The beautifully dressed people at the party bowed to him all night, even the men. I sat off on a couch in a corner alone for some time and he just kept looking over at me and smiling. Since I was under mind control I couldn't think to accurately identify the Royal family structure and mistakenly thought to myself, "I wonder where the princess is, or if there is one?" In addition, I couldn't think to question or to know what I was actually involved in. This wasn't a large party and I didn't know or recognize the others.

Philip spoke very formally but didn't act how I thought a prince or a king was supposed to act. I had no way of understanding his position in the Royal family, but assumed that since everyone was bowing to him, he must be a king. He just kept looking at me like he was reminding himself of what was to come. Later, people began to leave, and they all took forever saying goodbye. Then some men in suits took us by limo to a hotel there in New York — a penthouse suite — and escorted us up to the room. I didn't know who the men were, if they were guards or his own security, but they acted like the Secret Service agents did. I had been given a white, full-length coat to wear. I felt like 'a princess' since I usually wasn't dressed quite that formally.

Once inside the room, he started to undress out of his formal clothes. "Please your Highness," I offered, "allow me." He sat on the bed while I took off my coat and kneeled down to take off his shoes, socks (with the elastic straps), and then I undid his cummerbund and unbuttoned his shirt very slowly and seductively while I kissed him gently all over his face. I rubbed his neck and shoulders for awhile and then took off his pants. He wore boxer shorts, the baggy kind.

Once he was undressed, he slowly took off my clothes, and then pulled back the sheets and laid me in the bed and began kissing me. He was passionate and didn't hurt me. I was sent to sexually service him at other times.

As usual, I was always kept in extreme isolation before and after I was taken to these parties and was deprived of food and water most of the time until I was delivered back to the airplane. I was told things to say to key people during the parties and continued delivering their important messages after the party, when I had sex with an individual they had pre-designated. When my job was finished, I was debriefed and put into isolation again before being flown back to my home in California.

Nelson Rockefeller continually accessed me by closed circuit television in California, especially before an upcoming event. I was programmed to drive to a local Holiday Inn, go to the front desk for a key, and then directly to room 222. It was there by closed circuit television that I was instructed what to do and what to say to certain individuals that I was soon to be connected to in Los Angeles, such as Barbra Streisand and other celebrities or individuals I would be seeing later at his parties.

One year Gerald and Betty Ford were there and another year Ronald and Nancy Reagan. There were always lots of celebrities, royalty from England, and leaders from countries all over the world.

Henry Kissinger took me to a Rockefeller party one year and kept coming back to me during the evening with instructions about whom to approach and what to say to them. He instructed me to approach Jackie Kennedy Onassis. He told me to tell her how much I respected her and the late president, and how I admired the way she picked up and went on after his assassination. Jackie smiled and displayed shy mannerisms when I first approached her. She said she was very happily remarried and her life was running as smoothly as could be expected. Later she told me she wished she could spend more time with Ari but that she understood he had lots of business dealings all over the world and was a busy man. Aristotle Onassis was not among the guests at the party. Another man escorted Jackie. He was very tall, dark and handsome. Noticing I was talking with her, this man

returned by her side and escorted her to another room. He seemed to be very protective of her. Henry told me things to tell lots of people so I would be familiar to them and more trusted if they ever needed to send me in on them at a later date.

One of the rooms in the Rockefeller house was decorated in deep forest green with a rich green plaid that went half way up the wall. It was a beautiful house, full of beautiful wood and glass. It was decorated, of course, to the hilt. The front doors were massive wood and glass, and the entire estate was monitored by remote access televisions so someone inside the house could always see what was going on inside and outside on the grounds.

Happy Rockefeller wasn't called Happy for nothing. She drank a lot at their parties and later at the end of the evening they usually had to take her away because she was sloppy drunk. Henry got mad at Nelson about it but Nelson stuck up for her. Henry told Rocky that it looked very unprofessional and undignified, and that she should be kept away from the public eye, but Rocky wanted her there anyway.

Famous people who attended the Rockefeller parties had their identities protected. They arrived in limousines with tinted windows and in this way were protected from public exposure. The highly sophisticated alarm and monitoring systems that constantly scanned the grounds provided the security necessary for the VIP's who visited. No one was ever to disclose who attended the parties. On the surface the parties looked like mere social gatherings of friends, but they were much more, as secret and sensitive information was passed around a select group.

A small group of men always met in a back room after the party to discuss world strategies and business. It was not unusual for guests to spend the night, but only a select few were invited to the meeting.

At these private meetings, I watched the men who literally ran the world. Men who decided when it was profitable and/or strategically important and timely to start a war. They even had it planned who would begin the fighting and where. It always added up to big money, power, and control. At times, I was allowed into the room because they were aware that I was under mind control and my services were utilized in whatever way they needed to use me.

People in America think they elect their Presidents, but from what I witnessed, they do not as the process of putting them into office is a highly controlled and corrupt one. The media is so controlled that the American people never get the full and accurate story. The Presidents are selected long before they are 'voted' into office. It is no accident that Ronald Reagan and Pete Wilson won the governorship of California. It was rigged through financial, business, and political connections from this controlling group, headed by the Council, right down into various business and political factions, and then on down into the public arena.

They own the press. They own key television stations and famous anchormen. They have key people who own the newspaper companies. They buy magazine companies and own many large corporations that allow them to have leading edge media exposure, thus allowing them to control the information people see on the television news, read in newspapers and magazines, or hear on the radio. They are funded by the richest men and corporations in the world who get what they want, when they want it, by whatever means it takes to do so. They operate above the law, above the federal government.

I witnessed and recorded in my photographic memory many of these encounters as I was bounced around the globe in the company of varied and influential "people in the know."

Rockefeller Connections

Nelson Rockefeller was connected to Bob Hope and many people in positions of power Nixon, Ford, Reagan, and Bush — even before these men were Presidents.

At the Rockefeller mansion, there was a direct phone line to the White House that no one was supposed to know about. It was kept in a side closet behind a mirrored liquor cabinet. Nelson didn't even have to dial; he just picked it up and began talking. I couldn't understand what he was saying, but he often spoke about the Chase Manhattan Bank. There was a clear plastic box on the mouthpiece of this phone. I don't know the purpose for this device.

When I was at the mansion, Nelson called Reagan at times. He never told Reagan I was there. My instructions were to keep quiet.

John D. Rockefeller operated independently from the rest of the Rockefellers. There was animosity between John D. and the rest. They didn't like or trust him, so they kept secret their operations from him. They also didn't trust his political connections.

There was a very ornate, very 'old wealth' hotel in New York where I was set up to meet different people. This time they sent me in to «visit» John D. Rockefeller. The Council wanted to see if they could "win him over," so they could use him. I was preprogrammed in room 222 at the Holiday Inn in California and then sent to target him at that New York hotel. They dressed me in a small short black dress with black nylons, black heels and I carried a small black purse. I knocked at his door and he answered. He was about 5 11" and on the stocky side with greying hair, nice face and skin. He had on a grey suit and white shirt and his tie was undone. He looked like he had been resting.

He asked me why I was there, and in a very upset voice, I screamed, "Someone's been shot!"

He said, "What!?" I told him again. Then he pulled me into the room and questioned me more. I said everything just like I was programmed to, but he didn't fall for any of it. He said, "I don't know who sent you but I'm not interested," and he showed me the door.

When I arrived back downstairs my contact said, "You're back so soon?" We left quickly through the large brass revolving door out into the cold, to an awaiting limousine.

Supreme Court Justices

Nelson Rockefeller was also the connection to some Supreme Court Justices who were old friends of his. They called him, "Old Rocky." I was sent in on different Supreme Court Justices and I was instructed to make sure neither judge talked about or knew that I was being intimate with the other. The Council knew just the perfect phrases to have me deliver in these situations that would shut the door to these judges ever mentioning our private, intimate experience to anyone, especially their colleagues. All these judges knew each other well. It was like an inside men's club and so the Council would tell me something no one would have known about judge so-and-so, and I would tell the judge I was with about it and that his colleague, judge so-and-so, was extremely sensitive about this subject. This would cause him to not want to have anything to do with the other judge and so it would be in that judge's favor to not ever mention our little affair. For example, they had me say, "I overheard judge so-and-so talking at a party and he was saying how distasteful he found it when men his age were dabbling with younger women. So to protect your relationship with him, it would probably be better for you if you never mentioned this evening with us together. Now I can understand perfectly well, how a man like yourself would desire and benefit from an evening with a young woman like myself. To be perfectly frank, it's very normal and healthy, but certain other old 'stick in the mud' judges just don't see things the same way. I'm sure you understand." And if the judge was convinced, then I had him locked into the secret and if not I would report back and my controllers would give me another tactic to slip in later, after this one had passed. I was trained to read their body and facial language early on. I was taught not to trust their words as much as their body language.

There were two very old Superior Court judges who I was sent in to seduce and probe for information. These very old men actually believed all the lines I told them about how attractive I found older men, how wise I knew they were and how I really appreciated maturity and experience over the younger men of the day. And I got them tipsy and then asked them questions very innocently, like I was just curious about a certain subject. They usually answered me in strictest confidences to help me understand how things worked. Sometimes their egos would get so inflated from all the flattering I delivered, that they would be flustered and say more than they probably normally should or would have. Even under mind control, it really made me lose my respect for old men — especially Supreme Court Justices, because they had no morals and totally believed and ate up all the lies. The Council sent me into many different areas within the government to "feel things out." I knew that meant to have sex and ask the questions I was directed to ask. They didn't say, "feel things out," if I was only to ask questions or give information.

Alan Greenspan and The Federal Reserve

I was assigned to be with Alan Greenspan. He is currently Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board and controls the nation's economy by intentionally manipulating the Federal Reserve Banks and the

Stock Exchange. Through this manipulation Alan is able to skim off monies for use within the shadow government. It is similar to money laundering only this is done at the highest levels, channeling huge amounts of monies into, among other things, classified, hidden government projects.

This agenda is tied into Henry Kissinger and Bob Hope. And is largely directed by the Rockefellers. David in particular was connected to the banking system and financial aspects of the New World Order. George Bush was also connected up very high in this plan.

The Stock Exchange was often nothing but a charade, publicly displaying one facade while privately carrying on a very separate, private agenda. This agenda is aimed at funding many branches of what is to be the new inner structure and workings of the New World Order-the One World Government. The financial infrastructure was put in place and further honed beginning in the 60's and by now it is well-greased and operating at full capacity with the target takeover by the year 2000. By the year 2000 all parties are to be in place, all subsidiaries are to be up and running optimally with direct funding coming from the large New World Order funded and controlled corporations of which there are many and which are multi-layered. There is a whole network of men who manipulate a lot of international business around the world, including the World Banking System. Chase Manhattan Bank was just the tip of a whole network of banks all over the world that were set with a framework to control the world economy and hide illegal funds. These illegal funds are never detected if they are distributed into the internal workings of this banking system. In the early years, I was programmed to make large deposits into banks all over the world. Many mind-controlled slaves were doing that work.

There are programmed people involved in global implementation all the way to the top in order to insure that by this time, through this generation, their plan will not fail. Mind control was and still is their failsafe mechanism intended to alleviate any human weakness or human interference. If the world's computer systems were to shut down, their systems, carefully created within the mind file systems of mind control victims, would continue to operate. Cryptic information passes to people in the know with the "eyes to see and the ears to hear," as I overheard them during Stock Exchange dealings cryptically refer to those involved with New World Order agenda. Those programmed are able to glean plans and agendas as well as command instruction while watching the stock trades on television or by their actual physical presence while there.

When I was sixteen, my future mother-in-law, Sara Ford, got me a job at a stock brokerage firm in Pasadena, called Independent Securities. Most people my age wouldn't have even been hired but I was «lucky» and unlike other new employees, didn't have to start in the mailroom. Instead I started work in the securities exchange room. There were cocktail parties attended by men and women in expensive clothes. There were more men than women and there were times when Mr. Hecht, Sara's boss and president of the company, briefed me on a certain «fellow» who I was to be especially nice to and was to "cater to," in an attempt to sway him to do business with Independent Securities. I was told to act naive, innocent and sweet because some of the "older gentlemen" preferred it that way. So that's what I did. I served drinks at the parties in order to have a substantial reason to interact with these wealthy gentlemen (potential investors).

Parts of me were filled with lots of information on stocks, bonds, annuities, the Federal Reserve and these parts knew exactly how the Federal Reserve manipulated business, corporations, and large investments for their own gain. Funds were amassed through the Federal Reserve for use in anything but what the funds were publicly portrayed as being used in. By the way, nobody audits the Fed, not even the IRS.

I was heavily used for both mind files and sex, but my mind file use during my teens and on into adulthood, always took priority as the Council, Henry, and others sent messages and information back and forth to each other without the risk of being publicly linked. For example, Henry would say when an international crisis would/could be created and what countries were to be involved. Then those players involved would get their monies or exchanges, step up to be in the right position to gain monetarily and then step out. There were lots of corporate men who backed these endeavors with money from their corporations. They fronted the money in exchange for favors from the Federal Reserve or politicians. Their needs were always researched by the Council to determine (before they went to the negotiating table) what would entice them most. The corporate owners were often targeted from many different positions like sending in other successful players who had profited considerably in the past, in order to further influence them to participate. Often at the final time I was sent in (if the corporate head was open to sex with a young woman), I was preprogrammed with line after line that was designed to hit them deep to get them to "our side" or to cooperate with the

business venture.

Henry and Alan Greenspan worked hand-in-hand sending endless messages through me to coordinate many of these so-called "business ventures." They uploaded me with information in New York when I was there, usually for other Kissinger or Rockefeller business, or I was instructed via closed circuit television from California. I believe this was around 1967-68. 1 wheeled patients and old people to a closed circuit viewing of a church service on Sundays, at the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital, where I went with my Sunday school teen class — the same church where there were rituals occasionally. Anyway, my class wheeled people from their rooms to watch a church service, via closed circuit television in the hospital. When the service was over, my friends went to take these patients for a snack and back to their rooms. I sat alone, my attention glued to the front of the close circuit television that sat on top of a metal stand on wheels. I knew from instructions to flip through the channels to 22, then pulled up the antenna and watched and listened carefully to instructions given. There were times when the man on the screen talked while he pointed with a pointer to figures on a chalkboard that I was to retain. Percentages, actuaries and places to go, people to meet, and things to say. I photographed with my mind the names, figures, etc., and listened carefully for dialogue I was to repeat to certain individuals like Reagan or Hope, and later Nixon or corporate heads. When it was over, it just cut off and the television went all fuzzy again but I was always instructed to change it back to a normal numbered station — preferably the one that had been on, so no one would detect. Church activities were used often as a front to get me to places where I was supposed to acquire further information for upcoming events. Then the occasional rituals or traumas at church were performed to keep all this information hidden. Reagan was governor during this time and I was given information over the closed circuit television to deliver to him. Later on, I delivered the information to him at places like the Motion Picture Hospital, where my mom worked.

The Rockefellers, especially Rocky, used me often during this time, but not without going to Henry first. Henry was still always in charge of me, but let Rockefeller use me to further his own interests. Henry would ask for «updates» on all of these other people's uses of me so he knew what was going on in lots of different circles at once. And, he would use any confidential information he found to further his own interests in business or government dealings. He found out the 'dirt' on others by debriefing me from my use with the Rockefellers or different corporate heads, then he or Bob would take advantage of the information to further their interests. He already had free access to the Federal Reserve information through Alan Greenspan and others, but he could tap into mind file data anytime he wanted or needed. After high school I took bookkeeping classes at the local junior college, alongside my psychology major.

At the base of some of my banking mind files was my bookkeeping coursework at Pierce College to which Henry then attached a framework for his use adding lots of data from classified documents, videos, etc. It was a very sophisticated system that worked on the inside of my mind while I was doing another job and then the completed reports were ready when Henry needed them. Henry sometimes gave those internal systems a day or week to come up with the final data. He often said this was the "brain of the future," making the need for computers obsolete. Henry said that, in the future, man would explore "inner space."

The Council was the glue that held the major corporations together at the very top, the large international corporations. The Council was above Henry Kissinger, their international political mastermind and Alan Greenspan who used the Fed to gain the money to fund and further their plan — to cement and make uniform the world economy for more efficient organization and ease of controlling.

Alan Greenspan had a lot of big business backing, thus furthering their banking deals. They laundered huge sums of money through subsidiary treasury banks so the action would be taking place off to the side in unnamed, unmonitored banks. That way the main Federal Reserve Banks, were kept freer to operate without detection. The plan covered the overall banking system so nothing could be traced. So if there were large sums of money that needed to be washed, they were put through the smaller, subsidiary banks that weren't being monitored, so no one would know. Sometimes these subsidiary banks ended up actually handling much larger sums of money and transactions than the larger Federal Reserve Bank in the same geographic area in order to hide the money laundering schemes. The way the system is set up, all monies from an area are supposed to funnel through the Federal Reserve Bank in that area in order to monitor many different things, so they can keep control of the money in specific geographic areas. With the large, washed funds filtering through the

subsidiary banks, the laundering system did well and was never detected through the main Fed, which is highly monitored by Congress. Otherwise the Reserve would come up out of balance every step of the way, since so much money was laundered in certain areas and there was no way to begin to explain the large percentage of imbalance there would have been between even neighboring cities' or state's holdings.

The Federal Reserve had areas like political districts. In some areas, it was essential to have the subsidiary banks 'in place' in order to funnel the funds from covert operations. San Diego was one. Los Angeles was another and Hollywood was also. Wherever clusters of worker bees (mind control operatives) were located, money went into a subsidiary bank of the Federal Reserve to keep the funds continually channeling back to them. This was true in areas of immense illegal profit, like in Vegas, where the whole town was built on graft and everyone inside knew who got paid first so no one got hurt or stepped on.

I was constantly traveling to meet with members who were tied into the subsidiary Federal Reserve Banks. Pete Wilson, who at that time was a San Diego based Senator from California, was one.

These individuals tapped into my mind files for the Federal Reserve information and input banking information — everything from profit/loss standpoints to new account numbers in subsidiary banks that worker bees could be given to use to launder covert monies. Then, I reported it all back to Henry and I even had internal computer analyzers, bookkeepers, data compilers, statisticians, etc., that Henry created inside my mind file system so all the data/input that was delivered to me could be instantly filed, computed and readied for delivery to Henry. I also had a system to maintain the original information from individuals, so Henry could double-check my figures. He ran cross-checks, periodically setting me down and accessing information while he ran tabs on his calculator. This wasn't his job, it was Greenspan's, but Henry always double-checked and cross-checked everything to keep everyone honest and to make sure my systems were properly gathering and compiling, then computing, the information. It was as if I had a whole set of financial workers inside my head that were specially trained to handle all of this, like a computer program. I believe lots of the corporate heads that reported their earnings to me were not aware I was a robot. I even had to write down numbers for some of them, just for show, when they got overly concerned that I wouldn't be able to remember all they had reported to me. So, that observation leads me to believe that they weren't all aware of the mind control enhancements I had in place, guaranteeing I would perform to perfection.

Kissinger and Nelson Rockefeller's Plan

One day, Nelson Rockefeller was leaning over me in the back of the limo talking to Henry as if I didn't exist. They were talking about the advanced research projects on brain studies and they spoke as if they were the only intellectual elite capable of understanding the advanced technology, as compared to the «peons» as they called the uninitiated. They spoke of their elite dream of ridding the world of the non-thinking, the genetically inferior, the deficient people of the world, so they could have sole heir and control over the earth for advanced purposes. They spoke over me, leaning on me and using me as a table or having me hold their drinks, or Henry's cigar, while they conversed about erudite and diverse scientific topics.

There were times when Henry and Rocky planned lots of strategies between the ride in the car from New York to Washington, DC. Henry had a different type of smell — a European aroma and his suits always smelled of him and his cigars. He smoked cigars the whole entire way, at times they were Cuban. Often he blew the smoke right in my face and it was hard to breathe. Sometimes I couldn't tell what world I was in, the real world or the one "over the rainbow." It got extremely confusing at times but Henry told me to rely on those around me to help me know where I was. I was told, "like a pretty ballerina led through the dance steps by the perfect lead man, your partner is always a reliable mirror for you to see yourself in." New York and Washington, DC were my home away from home, but Henry made me keep my eyes closed often while we were in transit and frequently asked me, "Vhere do you think you are?"

I would try to answer, guessing our location and he would intentionally attempt to scramble my reality by telling me, "No, you're now in San Francisco," or some other place we weren't really. In front of me, Henry would tell Rockefeller that we were in Pennsylvania, when we were actually on Pennsylvania Avenue at the White House.

Henry and Rocky often placed me between them in the back seat. The glass partition was closed, shutting out the driver, creating the privacy they needed for their strategic planning. There was a television and a bar inside but they didn't drink alcohol, as they were very intent on what they were planning. Rocky often got all excited in regard to an agenda and he would tell Henry, "Put this message in for her to deliver to Nixon," or whomever the plan was for.

Henry placed the needle in between my knuckles and if I bled, he pulled out one of his fancy handkerchiefs to wipe it off. One time he joked to Rocky, "My vife vonders vhere all the kerchiefs she buys me are." He laughed and said he had to throw a lot of them away because he couldn't explain the blood spots. It was better for both of us when he was able to replace the needle with touch programs.

Rocky always agreed with Henry but Henry didn't always agree with Rocky. So in his coarse, froggy voice Rocky would say, "Okay, advise me." Then Henry would tell him how to correct the plan. Henry was always right with the people he was with. One day they talked about Happy, and Rocky said he was worried about her drinking. He told Henry he didn't know what to do.

Henry said, "You need to get her into a program."

Henry's Love for His Friend Rocky

Henry and Rocky got along extremely well. Henry genuinely laughed when he was with Rockefeller. He seemed to love to be with him. Henry really wanted him to be president and said that then they could have really been a team. Henry said it was fruitless, that Rockefeller would only lose anyway and it wasn't worth risking the whole party's success by running someone who couldn't win. Henry said Rockefeller didn't have enough popular following, despite his name, and that people would hold his wealth against him, since he was already publicly known to be rich. Henry thought it was really smart of Bob to cloak his wealth for as long as he was able to. He explained that most people didn't like their leaders to be rich, he said, "well off would pass, but not rich."

Henry's first thought usually was "How will the masses react to this?" What will their attitudes and impressions be?" He decided what they needed to think and then he went about structuring his eventual desired outcome. "May take awhile, but we've got time. We'll just work on them until we get them the way that we want them. Then they will be happy and we will be happy because we made them that way."

San Francisco

I was only a teenager, and was in San Francisco with my mom and dad and Craig. I was taken from my family and men in suits escorted me through metal gates, almost like a prison, into a big building with cement floors. They took me into a noisy room where a machine was printing sheets of money. There was lots of money! A man who worked there said, "The boss says to inflate it. There's a munitions deal comin' down and we don't want the Fed (reserve) to show a surplus in this area."

One of the men holding my arm said, "Okay," and stepped aside.

I delivered the message, "The dock at 5," and was immediately escorted back out. They took me down a hall and out past a turnstile into a black sedan and put me in the back seat, pushed my head down and we drove away.

There were lots of arms and drug shipments in San Francisco and they raised and lowered the amount of money in the Federal Reserve to hide the activity in the area. They had to inflate it when there was no drug or munitions activity, so when there was, it would be even and steady and won't show the influx of the money into the area. I was taken to many large buildings, with high fences and guards.

On another one of our so-called trips to Frisco, I was taken from the St. Francis Hotel where I was sitting in the restaurant with my parents and Craig. When the men in suits arrived to get me, I had on a yellow dress and went into the bathroom and removed from my large leather purse, a carefully folded, white form-fitting sleeveless shift that my mom had made for me. I had never worn it before. After I changed and put on a small white-veiled pill box hat and fixed my hair, which had been professionally teased and ratted into a flip, I went out from the bathroom where a suited man took my arm and led me out a back entrance of the hotel. It was cold and foggy, and I had short sleeves and

no jacket. I didn't know where Craig or my parents had gone. The man in the suit took me out to a black car and put me inside and told the driver, "Deliver the young lady downtown, like we discussed." I just sat in the back seat and the driver rolled up the window between the seats. Another man stopped the car on the docks and came around, got me out, and replaced my little white hat with a wide brimmed one and told me to go down to a ship, and pointed his finger in its direction. I walked down there and it was still very cold. I stood by a big ship until a man brought me aboard. Then I waited in a room, in "park mode" until a man came up to me and said, "I'm Fred."

I replied, "Pier 69," and he pushed me away. I walked back to the dock where the driver was waiting and he waved me back into the car and took me back to the hotel. I changed back into my yellow dress and went back to meet my mom and dad and Craig in the restaurant. I never got to eat what I ordered.

I returned to San Francisco many times over the years, for different assignments, some including the United States Mint. Henry said there were some jobs that just had to be taken care of from the inside, so he sent me there, often in conjunction with an agenda from Alan Greenspan. One time, I was heavily disguised as a male and armed with false security badges.

At other times, another slave accompanied me and we were both disguised as males.

In the early years of the late 60's before Craig and I were married and then in the early 70's after we were married, we often drove up the California coast to Lake Naciamento with friends or family to waterski during the summer. Craig and I often took side trips where he would take me to San Francisco for the day or to other places in the California Redwoods, where there would be private meetings held and Henry needed me there for mind file usage.

Lee Iacocca

I delivered many names of banks and available subsidiary bank account numbers to many corporate owners, including Lee Iacocca. They continually changed the accounts so they couldn't be traced and sent me all over to sleep with and/or deliver account numbers to corporate heads all over the nation. I was even flown from place to place on corporate Lear jets in order to deliver account numbers comfortably and in an entertaining manner, with security features included, to corporate heads.

Lee had monopolies with other big corporations, international ones, and he also owned parts of major utility companies. I heard him talk on his personal phone often. It was a big deal back in those days for a man to have a portable phone, and he had one he wore under his jacket. I traveled the skies with Lee Iacocca, doing whatever he needed in his private jet. There was lots of room inside, but it wasn't a fancy one at first. I polished his shoes, gave him oral sex, whatever he wanted.

I performed oral sex on Lee Iacocca on his Learjet before giving him the number for the new accounts he needed to use, plus some other information from Henry. I was instructed to offer, "Can I take your glasses, Mr. Iacocca?" And after he was satisfied, I was to smile and say, "I hope you were pleased."

Lee insisted on these information transfers happening in the private confines of his jet for security and I had to wear disguises to board and deboard the jet. I just looked like a maid or at other times a secretary. Never the same disguises, and for Mr. Iacocca I had to even wear some of the tooth disguises while getting on and off the plane. He always had me remove them once we were airborne and then I removed my clothing disguises in exchange for something more comfortable and appropriate for traveling.

Lee Iacocca wore a tie block with a gold chain on it. I sat next to him, put my head on his shoulder and played with his chain before I unzipped his pants and performed oral sex. He was kind enough to hand me a handkerchief to wipe my face afterwards and then he took a quick nap. He said it always cleared his mind to take a quick nap but not a long one because that type made him feel thickheaded.

I usually accompanied him on a business trip he already had planned. There were other stops after him and I seldom flew back with him, but instead connected with another flight or different people that Henry wanted me to see.

If I began to remember the Lee Iacocca information, I was programmed to jump off tall buildings. "You will have the compulsion to jump," they said to me at UCLA, after I'd been drugged

and was lying on an exam table listening to my instructions via earphones.

Drug Operations

New York City was a major area of operation and I was taken there often to make drug connections for Nelson Rockefeller and the CIA. I think Rockefeller was manipulated by the CIA. I think they may have blackmailed him for things that they knew about him. I don't know for sure.

In New York, the Times Square Clock Tower was the site of many drug deals with Rockefeller and the CIA working together. On one deal my programming and information was as follows: "Meet me in Times Square. You will be known by your fruits. Go to the fruit stand and buy (always different combinations of fruit) an apple, two pears, a banana and two oranges, then walk over and sit on the bench and set your fruit out next to you on the bench so it can be seen. Give the man who sits down and eats the apple the message. Only give the message if he eats the apple. Give no one else the message." Once the man arrived and ate the apple, the message was to tell the man where to pick up the drugs.

It was dangerous business and they stationed three men on rooftops who were armed with high-powered rifles to protect and watch over the drug deal. They said that I was too important an asset to risk losing. Years before, I had been programmed to say to anyone who attempted to access me without permission, "Hi, stupid. Men who don't value their life mess with me when my owner is not around. But it's the last time they ever do."

Opium, heroin, and cocaine sales went down. All I had to do was to tell them where it was located.

There were also drug deals locally in California. These took place over the years at Disneyland, Busch Gardens, Knott's Berry Farm, World Fairs and other public places. These transactions occurred when I was with other people, like my family or friends, who took me to the location under the guise of 'a day of entertainment. I was instructed to deliver information to a man who made himself known to me. My controllers told me what type of clothing the man would be wearing and what color hat. When I saw the target that matched the physical description that I was preprogrammed to look for, I excused myself from my friends and family, telling them I had to go to the bathroom. When the target made contact with me, I would ask him a question, like, if he wanted a 'Twinkie. If he said yes, then I'd deliver the message to him. There was always a precise word combination he would have to say back to me in response to my question. Then and only then would or could I robotically deliver the message.

There were numerous drug and/or munitions transactions that I was used to facilitate that took place all over the world in conjunction with other outings I was taken on.

Reagan was in New York often. It was called a "Double Whammy" when I would sleep with and deliver a message to Reagan, and then deliver the message back to the Council. I usually had sex with Reagan after the drug deals. I don't think he knew about them. It was a separate deal. But, they combined the two jobs for me into one time frame, for efficiency.

Mondavi Winery

Robert Mondavi had a Lear jet. Craig took me to the Mondavi Cellers in Napa Valley, California in the wine country. There was a man to whom I was programmed to give numbers of accounts that Alan Greenspan had set up for him to launder certain monies through. I never spent the night with Craig during that trip through the wine country, though it was supposed to be our time away together, for just the two of us. All I consciously remembered until later was stopping at winery after winery, yet I usually didn't taste the wine. I slept with Mr. Mondavi; he always wore a suit or very nice casual clothes. He was "dapper," as Bob would say.

Big Sur, California

When Craig and I went to Big Sur for weekends away, we often went to a beautiful restaurant called Napenthe. It was located on a crag overlooking the ocean and at night it took on a magical glow, cast by the many tiny candles lit all over the restaurant. Craig got us a nice table and we sat down and then a switch would occur. When he got up to go to the bathroom, another man came and

sat down next to me in Craig's place. I ended up having sex and delivering a message to this man. There were many such occasions where Craig "moved over" and changed places with governors, or presidents, or entertainers — whomever my controllers needed me to be with.

"For there is nothing covered up, that will not be revealed; or hidden that shall not be known. Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have whispered in private rooms shall be proclaimed upon the housetops."

Luke 12:2-3

Chapter Fifteen: Hope and Kissinger Utilize the Kennedy Family

I remember being taken to a place where a huge green lawn defined by a white fence traveled as far as the eye could see. From what I understood, this was the home of the Kennedy family for generations. Joseph and Rose, the older Kennedys lived there. There was a big two-story white house that had a porch on the outside and a big circular driveway in front. This is where the Kennedy family met for family gatherings and annual reunions. Joe and Rose invited the entire family. I was there, dressed as a maid for the day, in a black dress and little white apron. It was my job to deliver the «goodies» on a silver platter. But there were lots of maids on hand for these types of occasions so when I slipped off with one of the Kennedy men, I wasn't missed. I usually started off serving hors d'oeuvres, but when a Kennedy man approached me and gave me the eye, I was instructed to continue holding my tray, so it still looked like I was working as we walked into the house. Then we would go to a back bathroom or bedroom for sex. Later, I would reappear, carrying my tray of food. Then I would mingle and usually would be approached again, so the whole routine started all over again and I would sexually service another of the Kennedy men.

I got started "maidtressing," as Bob jokingly called it, at their parties when I was a young preteen, "going on twenty-five," when I went there the first time. The younger men in the family selected me but it didn't take long for the word to get around and the older men wanted a try. I looked older than twelve.

The programmed personality for these parties felt that JFK taught me a lot. He played with me in a teasing, fun-loving way, so different than Ted who was so violent. After dinner JFK often went into the family television room. He sat on the couch, put his feet up on the coffee table and leaned back to watch television. He liked to have a short afterdinner drink. He didn't care if he was watching alone, he laughed and laughed at the shows he watched. He was an unusually cheerful man most of the time.

When JFK was assassinated, they told me before they did it, and after they had killed him they said to me, "He is the President and we can make him live or make him die and no one would ever miss you should you step out of line. Then we would have to take care of you, like your little boyfriend JFK."

It was sad the year JFK died. Everyone wore black and Rose, sitting in her wheelchair, kept crying. It was a very sad affair. I think the sex was down that year because evidently some of the men were genuinely grieving. Jackie cried a lot at family parties after he died. She had a hard time adjusting at first but the Kennedy family stood by her and helped her. She sat with the ladies and cried, and they listened and supported her.

Ted Kennedy was brutal. He was one of the most violent and meanest men I was with. He liked to have sex with me anywhere and everywhere he could, but he especially liked to have sex in cold climates in rooms with a fireplace. One place had a big rock fireplace and he made a big fire and then wanted to have sex all night. When he neared orgasm he would slap and beat me. He hit me so hard it felt like my head would explode. Then in his proper Kennedy accent, he would call me a "c-t." He liked to tie my arms over my head to the headboard or if there wasn't anything to attach my hands and wrists to, he would tie them tightly together. Lots of times he made me stay tied up for a long time. He liked to hand cuff me also. He was really into bondage and if I ever neared any sexual pleasure he would start hitting and slapping me, and once that began it was like he couldn't stop himself and quickly escalated into extreme violence. He seemed to require that in order to orgasm.

I was flown to him in the New England States. At dusk, we walked outside together in a forest. There was a real chill in the air. He told me to strip and I was forced to take my clothes off outside in the cold. He ordered me to dance around the forest like I was a fairy. Then he laughed like he was drunk or out of his mind. He had a rifle with him and he shot it into the air and it really scared me. He

said he shot the gun just so my nipples would stand up.

There were other times after he finished violently satisfying himself with me that he would break down and cry. He was very disturbed. But the hurting he delivered never stopped. He used me often until I was just over twenty-five.

Bob offered my services to the Kennedys any time they wished. He said they could count on my yearly service at their family get-togethers. Bob told them, "It's so nice to get good help and it's so wonderful when they are versatile!" Then he laughed and pointed to me. So I was sent in year after year.

Over time, I had to have sex with all of the Kennedy men, including little John. He wasn't very old when they first brought him to me. Probably about twelve. They believe in training their males at an early age by expert women so that they will continue the Kennedy power that they felt was derived from sex. In their eyes to have sex was to be powerful.

Rose seemed to be a matriarch. From what I saw, she ran the family. She seemed to influence Joseph's decisions in business and would make it known when the family sat down to eat, usually at very long tables. She gave an update on their lives and then went on to give information on family business investments, trade, etc. Some relatives took notes and must have gone right home and followed through on Rose's suggestions. After she finished she would smile and look around at her family with such love. Then she sat down. Rose had a very commanding presence about her. She had more dignity than I witnessed in the Royal family in England. She just demanded respect and she got it. They seemed to treat her very carefully, not ever wanting to offend her. They had very formal, picture perfect dining tables and dinners, complete with a huge staff of waiters and waitresses. I hardly ever had to work as a waitress because usually one of the men would get a 'headache' or have to 'go to the bathroom' before, during, or after dinner. Instead, I was more often in a side bedroom wearing a skimpy french maid's uniform and sexually satisfying one the of the Kennedy men. I was never instructed to do two at once, though — they politely took turns. As far as I know, Rose never discovered their secret game.

Bob continually offered the Kennedy family clan my services, for free, and kept sending me there. So the Kennedys and Bob always had a good thing going, always scratching each other's back. Bob played golf with one or more of them and took me along to caddy, when they visited him in the Springs. There were times when three other sex slaves and I would have sex with one of them. The Kennedy men can't have too many women. I don't think all of the Kennedys golfed. Ted came along even if he didn't golf. He would get a room on the golf course and perform violent sex on me. Afterwards he would drag me back to Bob, who would be in the middle of his game and Bob would absentmindedly tell him to leave me with him. Bob was so focused on his game he didn't notice if I had blood on my face or body, or if I was a wreck, and I would have to follow Bob on the green and do whatever he asked until we left the golf course. Then he would want me to get down on my knees and give him oral sex in the back of the limo.

The Kennedys usually had their own means of transportation and drove separately. It seemed like it must have been in the family will that they had to drive in their own limos, with their own drivers. But Bob took advantage of us being alone in his limo; he never missed the chance for sex.

My daughter Kelly was prostituted to the younger Kennedy men. They had a lot of boys. The Kennedy boys were taught early how to 'handle' their women. And I was there to teach them about sex and they were learning how to handle a slave. They knew they could have anything they wished from me, and that I was totally subservient. They weren't old enough to be trusted with the full mind-control information. They had to be initiated first into the family secrets.

Kelly and I sometimes worked together at the Kennedy's. Sometimes Ted liked to have the "motherdaughter sex team" that our controllers programmed us to be. Ted always violently hurt us both. He had a son, who liked to pick Kelly for sex. He took her off by the hand when she was still a little girl, and he was much older.

All the Kennedy brothers — JFK, Ted, and Robert — had sons, and there were a lot of other elite families who carried the same sexual beliefs in regard to their men. And Bob gave me to lots of them, as he arranged for them to have me inconspicuously at their parties as a "maidtress."

I overheard Rose talk about the fact that some of the Kennedy money was tied directly into NASA «subprojects» they funded and somehow there was a huge profit from it. That's why there's the Kennedy Space Center. NASA is much more than it seems. Research has included "inner space

stations," which was the term I heard used at times in relation to the mind. The Kennedys always wanted to be on the leading edge of technology. "First is best," they said. Rose was a shrewd businesswoman. She delivered the facts while Joe sat beside her. It definitely looked like she wore the pants in the family.

I never did have sex with Joe. He was elderly and mostly sat around and talked. I think he knew about me, though. I could tell by the look in his eyes that he somehow understood, but I believe that his sons kept the truth from him about my being under total mind control. I overheard Ted say to one of his brothers that, "he wouldn't be able to understand the technology." This leads me to believe that Joe was unaware of the mind control technology.

The wives and women in the Kennedy clan seemed oblivious of what was going on. Once they got together and began talking they didn't seem to notice where their husbands, sons, boyfriends, etc. were. The men sent me in to serve them tea when they were all together so the women would see me being busy. But I usually had sex with many of their husbands, sometimes more than once, before the party was over. I served the women tea an inordinate amount of times so they wouldn't suspect that I was doing anything else.

They even brought in other people's sons who were not relatives, but they were somehow connected to the family — maybe through distant marriage or something. They switched me, gave me instructions and then gave me their son. They wanted all these young men to carry on in the Kennedy tradition. If they were not actually close family relatives they would say they wanted them to lend their support always to the Kennedy family. It seemed like a one for all and all for one type situation.

Rose approved of Jackie. She thought Jackie was the greatest and spoke to her often at family gatherings. Joan Kennedy was always jealous of everyone, especially her sisters-in-law. She often drank until she got drunk and obnoxious. "An embarrassment to the family," is what they always said. And Ted treated her awfully.

As Joe got older, he was confined to a wheel chair. The last time I saw him he was tied into his wheelchair and had some sort of IV or oxygen unit with him. Then he died and wasn't there the next time I went. I knew because I was updated, by closed circuit television (room 222), what the family news was so I could have appropriate conversations with the Kennedys. They are connected to the Council and represent them heavily. Joseph Kennedy was big in business and had holdings that were well connected. What I overheard was that when their money was connected, it was protected and thereby guaranteed a place in the power structure. But the money, the big money, had to come before a person was accepted. The theory was that if a person could amass money then it proved they were smart enough, and if they knew how to get it 'connected' then they were pliable enough, and if they followed through on what was asked of them they could become RICH and FAMOUS. Then all that was left to do was to create a media public identity to portray whatever image they wanted projected by the media industries they funded. It was all a big cycle where one fed into another and they all ended up on top.

Bob knew the protocol with the Kennedy family. He was always kind and gracious and giving, and his nasty jokes about the elite were watered down whenever it came to any of the Kennedys because he didn't ever want to be in disfavor with them.

Bob also sent me to different vacation spots around the world, to entertain certain members of the Kennedy family. He never minded paying what he called, "Big bucks," to fly me to someone who could make a difference. Then he would say, "Ah, yes!" and get that little sly smile on his face. He knew that the connections into powerful leaders and influential people would pay off very handsomely. So he didn't mind paying to fly me, and later, me and "my little filly," as he called Kelly, all over the world, sometimes on the Concorde.

"So I declare to you, brothers, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor does their perishable inherit the imperishable. Listen, I tell you a mystery: We will not all sleep, but we will all be changed — in a flash, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet."

1 Corinthians 16

Chapter Sixteen: Viva Las Vegas

The Council targeted and used areas like Las Vegas and Tahoe that drew large crowds. They also were aware that when people were drinking alcohol and watching a show, their subconscious minds were even more open to taking in deeply what they were viewing. They knew all about harmonics and

they used people who were big stars to deliver their messages. There were times when they didn't have their programmed entertainers in place at shows, so they didn't have an inside connection to the show talent in order to direct them to deliver their messages to the crowd. If this occurred they would send someone to attend the show. Preferably before the show or at intermission, this person would request of the master of ceremonies to ask this entertainer to say some specific words in a certain order, explaining that it would mean so much to a certain special person in the audience, and then they would slip the M.C. a large sum of money. Later on, the celebrity performing the show would deliver the preplanned words that were meant to have an "intended programmed effect" on certain programmed mind-controlled slaves in the audience. If the performer was under mind control he or she would have been preprogrammed to deliver the activating messages during the performance.

Metro Goldwyn Meyer (MGM) Grand was synonymous with the Mob and the Hollywood celebrity connection in Vegas. The hotels were small complex microcosms of an otherwise corrupt group of mobsters owning their share of 'the strip. The hotels were a way of sorting their interests.

Bob Hope had ties to the MGM Grand and directly to the Mob that owned and ran it. I was used there with many mobsters; wealthy men who were sometimes ruthless but many times seemed to have large emotions and loyalties to certain causes.

Vegas held a lot of memories for me in the late 60's and early 70's, during the peak of my use with Hope, Nixon, Reagan, Kissinger and others. To insure their secrecy, I was taken to Vegas for «reconditioning» every so often. These times included trauma to keep the experiences sequestered from my conscious mind. After my children were born, they tied the memory of the trauma to threats used to remind me of the safety or lack of it for my children in order to keep their secrets really safe. These mob guys (Sicilian mostly) had lots of money and power in their own respective territory. That was as far as their power went, so they created a network amongst each other to insure their power in many places. They formed links to government 'political' figures in an effort to insure that they didn't lose their precious 'holdings' in areas that counted. Drugs, porn, baby sales, prostitution-they made their money wherever they could in order to keep their holdings.

After I sexually serviced Bob Hope in Vegas, I would often be visited by one of his mob buddies who would "give me the treatment." That meant drug me, isolate me, and rape me whatever trauma it took to keep my programming intact for use with Bob, the «Prez» and others. They were brutal, and knew just how to terrorize me but not physically damage me too much just inflict a lot of pain. The Mob was very connected to Bob and various government operations, and had their own pecking order that needed to be followed to insure that a person stayed alive. The Council was above the Mob, above the government, and literally coordinated how things went down with the Mob; and ultimately was instrumental in taking away much of their power and then redistributing it as needed.

During the trauma the mobsters sometimes called me "deafling," and told me the walls in Vegas had eyes and ears and could watch and hear me at all times, and that there were powerful men there who could see me all the time.

Frank Sinatra

Bob gave me to "Uncle Frankie" one night after Frank Sinatra did a show in Vegas. Frank liked to use whips and chains and those very scary leather straps with me. He liked to orgasm while I was lying there on my back with him on top, while he continually tightened the leather strap around my neck until I was nearly dead — at that point he could orgasm. I had sex with him often and did the things he told me to do. One time he told me to go over to the man wearing the diamond stickpin and give him a message, "I love you…" I wasn't able to retrieve all of this memory because it turned into carousel rides, whirling, spinning, like a top, so I couldn't think to remember. This programming is called spin programming and is intended to disorient and confuse. The whirling feeling I felt in my brain was often combined with hearing a popular song playing in my head, as the lyrics reminded me, "I'm so dizzy my head is spinning."

The whole Las Vegas scene was always an extremely painful nightmare for me. I was subjected to lots of violence there from Frank Sinatra, "to keep all the little secrets quiet," he said. He was brutal to me. He tied me up, down, tied my wrists together, slapped me over and over, used bright lights, raped me and strapped me with a leather belt. Vegas was never fun. Porn was also filmed there and I was prostituted to high government officials and friends of Bob. Uncle Frank took care of the «security» so I didn't ever step out of line. The consequences were disastrous every time I stepped

out of line. There was a number system that measured things I did wrong — if I disobeyed in any way, I was marked down a certain number of points. Only I didn't ever know what the number system was or how it worked. So I never knew if I'd reached the point where I had to be "taken care of." It was very scary and I was always confused and couldn't think because I didn't know, couldn't remember, what it was that was bad to do. So I was afraid everything I was doing could cause some point to be added or taken away. They kept score for years and the stakes went up after I had the kids. Then they threatened to hurt them or when the kids were older they put me in front of all three of my children, and got very close to killing me, in order to traumatize all of us, so we wouldn't remember. In later years my little daughter, Kelly was often prostituted to many famous and sexually perverted men, including pedophiles like George Bush, Mickey Rooney and others.

Uncle Frank was younger than Bob, and Bob said Frank could run faster to catch me if the need ever arose. Uncle Frank was the single worst heavy with me — except for Ted Kennedy, Francois Mitterand, and my own father. Frank was very scary and I reported to him directly in Vegas. I met with him upstairs and listened and followed his every direction. I went into a hypnotic trance and listened carefully, and then he would snap his fingers to switch me into another personality, and later on I would do everything as he commanded.

"Uncle Frank" told me who to sit by at the baccarat, black jack or crap tables. He told me what to say to certain men, where and how to have sex with them and gave me a key to the rooms to take them to. These men had two hours of sheer luxury and sex, and sometimes it ended with me soaping them down and redressing them. Sex, whipped cream, chocolate sauce, whatever they wanted for added pleasure. Whips and chains and leather straps, that Uncle Frank often used to nearly strangle me, were provided to these men.

Frank was very private about his private life — to the point of violence if anyone ever asked him anything. Bob had to remind Frank that I was of small stature and told him he didn't want him to "break anything" on me. Frank could get very carried away. Once, he grabbed my hair and kept pushing my head into a full tub of water until I couldn't breathe and was gagging, choking and grasping for air. Uncle Frank was the one who made me really sick in Vegas. He nearly killed me and knew all kinds of ways to torture a person. I saw him break a guy's arm on the corner of a desk, very easily, like it was a pretzel. The guy fainted. He loved to do stuff like that to people. But I did the men Uncle Frank told me to, and did the best job I possibly could, or there would be retaliation. If I didn't perform to their standards I got hurt very badly. Uncle Frank would throw me up against walls and when my body hit, I felt like I was broken. "Body slams," he called them, and I got a lot of those. He nearly killed me after I was with some darkskinned, foreign leader dressed in a white robe with a white turban on. This man was brutal also. Frank shaved my pubic hair for this man. That was also scary. Frank told Bob he wanted to do it himself, so he took me into the bathroom in the hotel and took one of those big electric shavers and made me lie down on the floor and spread my legs so he could shave me. He pinched and nicked me with that razor, and just laughed when I jumped from the pain. Tears were running uncontrollably down my face, I wasn't allowed to cry but somehow, sometimes I just couldn't help it. One of the personalities that dealt with Uncle Frank was tied directly into a system of reporting personalities, led by 'Sandy, my main reporting personality. These personalities reported everything that happened, out of trauma-conditioning, training and terror, with no ability to lie or protect themselves.

Often I was given instruction by a group of men in a darkened, smoke-filled room in Vegas. The man in charge of the security area I entered, knew me, and always waved me through. These men seemed to operate above the law, above the rules, and had connections inside lots of casinos. The messages I delivered were gambling tips, information about drug and guns deals, and other illegal and hidden agendas. "Number 9 on the line," was a code I was given and was sent in on many different men with a pre-programmed agenda. I was told a man's physical description and where he would be at a precise time. I met him and delivered the messages I was told to relay. If the man wanted more, I was instructed to "follow through," if they wanted sex. At times, though, I was told to "give them the slip," if my controllers didn't want me to have sex with them.

These top men all knew to watch out for me and someone was always "keeping an eye" on what I was doing. My father or mother just disappeared, as usual; I don't know where they went or what they were doing while I was working for my controllers in Vegas. My father had connections to these men, but they tried not to be seen together. They exhibited secret hand signals to each other from a distance. I watched as my father performed these signals, and in Vegas he always wore his diamond

pinky ring. He raised his hands, crossed his arms and displayed his first two fingers. Then he shook his arms down once. A man watching him mirrored the same motion back to him then scratched his nose, after which they immediately turned away from each other. My father took me up to our hotel room where he escorted me around the room and «cued» me to certain things in the room. I was given suggestions that whenever I touched the gold fixtures in the bathroom I would forever forget what I'd been involved in. While holding my right shoulder with his hand, my father gave me the suggestion, "you will open the door, normally, and naturally, wide awake and ready for work, whenever I knock twice." He knocked twice on the door to demonstrate. He cued me to the telephone, either instructing me to answer it or later on when I was married to let Craig answer. At times my father would bring clothing, jewelry, or props for assignments. In a total trance state, I listened intently while he filled my head with instructions — times to report to different room numbers, who to look for and the message to deliver. My father would "snap me out of it," by snapping his fingers. There were times he slapped me to access different personalities.

Sometimes they had me so booked with men for sex that they had to program me to go to the bathroom in between men; I was so robotical I wouldn't remember to go to the bathroom or even be able to feel that I had to. I was just one big act, as I went from room to room with sometimes as many as four men a night. Each man had to have at least two hours. Bob said that was minimum time to have to wind up and then have to wind down (he pretended he was screwing something tightly and then he changed directions and started humping). I looped all around the hotels, from room to room, having sex with men. I was instructed to start at 8 p.m. and then did another man at 10, and one at 12, and the last at 2. At 4 a.m. I was finished. It was a nightmarish swirl of endless men. I performed the sex acts, was electroshocked in between and then switched personalities and went on. They were Bob's friends, Uncle Frank's friends, mob connections, entertainers and politicians. They had lots of friends between the two of them. They nearly owned Congress.

Uncle Frank reminded me I'd be meeting St. Peter if I didn't cooperate and toe the line. He told me about St. Peter at the Pearly Gates and explained why I would be there — which was because he needed to kill me because I stepped out of line. This was in the late 60's and early 70's, before my kids were born. Once they were born these men used threats related to my kids to terrorize me. Bob would throw his arm around Uncle Frank's neck, wink at him and say, "Take care of her Frank." That's when I knew I had gotten out of line again and was terrified, waiting in anxious anticipation for my punishment. Frank slapped me over and over, sometimes until my cheeks were stinging and burning like they were on fire. Then he would throw his head back and laugh. He was obviously very sadistic.

Sometimes Bob would fly in just to have a quick meeting with Frank. Sometimes I flew with him for a quickie.

Brutal pornography was filmed at the Landmark Hotel in Vegas during my late teens and early 20's (196874). They used costumes and sex toys, and had themes for the porn that was often violent. At times people were killed in the porn. They didn't kill me because I was a programmed asset and they had far-reaching plans for me.

Uncle Frank could have had me killed if he wanted to. He had friends who killed people quickly and neatly. He showed me what his friends could do and I was forced to watch as they tortured and killed people. Then I knew I could be snuffed at any moment and that everyone, including Bob, knew what I was doing. I couldn't comprehend that there wasn't any mysterious, miraculous reason why they knew exactly where I was; in essence, they knew because they had sent me there! In my programmed reality I believed that my controllers magically knew everything I did.

Uncle Frank played the following song for me to listen to, the words of which I will write as well as my memory serves me:

"Anybody here seen my ole' friend John?
Can you tell me where he's gone?
You meet a lot of people but
it seems the good they die young,
you just look around and they're gone.
Anybody here seen my ole' friend Martin?
Can you tell me where he's gone?
You meet a lot of people but

it seems the good they die young,
you just look around and they're gone.
Anybody here seen my ole 'friend Bobby?
Can you tell me where he's gone?
You meet a lot of people but
it seems the good they die young,
you just look around and they're gone."

While I listened, strapped to a chair, Uncle Frank sat and tapped his foot and when the song was finished he asked me, "You got that?" Then he slapped me over and over. He said the Kennedy brothers got what they deserved for being stupid and stepping out of line. He said, "At anytime you could be next if you get stupid on me." I still feel like crying when I hear that song.

Tahoe was connected to the Mob also and many entertainers performing in Vegas and Tahoe/Reno were used by the Mob. I believe Helen Reddy and Karen Carpenter may have been manipulated also. I was programmed to some of Karen Carpenter's songs and felt very sad when she died, like I knew her. I believe she was also under mind control. Bob supplied the Mob with illegal business and access to his political connections, and they supplied him with protection and connections all over the world. They were networked up, and inter-linked all over the place. There were certain favorites in Vegas that Bob shared me with.

Jimmy the Greek was a very scary mobster to me. He would threaten to kill me if I even looked the wrong way. He constantly changed his mind about what he wanted and it was hard to please him or to get what he instructed right. He would tell me to do something and then he would change his mind, but forget to tell me. He slapped me to the ground for not doing what I was told. He set up connections in Las Vegas and was in charge of sending me out to targeted individuals, but he always "wanted a little," before he sent me to have sex with someone else. I remember his visual image in my mind as a dark-complexioned mobster, and he spoke in that 'kind of mob accent' — broken and slangish English. He spoke in different sing-songy «lines» and I didn't always know what they meant. He gave me a message for Bob and included some phrase about a "donkey's tail" or "elephant's ears" and, at that time, I didn't know what the message meant. Now that I am free of mind control, of course I can tell what the nature of the messages were that were being sent through me, and this one obviously was referring to the political parties. He wore a diamond pinky ring on his left hand. I think wearing diamond pinky rings on their left had meant something, because my father also wore his diamond pinky ring whenever he took me to Vegas.

Jimmy the Greek directed me often in Vegas and set me up with people I was to be prostituted to. Of course, the Council had previously pre-programmed me for use with the people Jimmy the Greek put me with. I don't know how they all knew whom I was going to be with, but Bob Hope, Henry Kissinger and the Council always decided ahead of time. Maybe Jimmy was working for them in Vegas.

During the late 60's and 70's, lots of big names were in Vegas and I was prostituted to them at night. Elvis, Sammy Davis, Jr., Ed McMahon, Johnny Carson, Jimmy Dean, and others. My father took me to Vegas until I was over twenty-one years old, after that, my husband and I went without my parents. Craig would take me up to the room after a dinner show and tell me he would be back later, that he was going down to gamble. I often begged my husband not to leave me, but he acted like I was overreacting and would leave me anyway. Soon after he left, the men in suits would come and get me, and I would be taken to perform for our controllers.

More About Elvis ...He Was Also A Robot

The Mob and others had hold of Elvis Presley. Uncle Frank sent me in on Elvis to perform "favors." I was instructed to have sex with him and tell him things that they wanted him to know or say in a show or a song, or to do. If he didn't do as they said, they threatened or tortured him or "his ole lady," as he called her. I didn't know who she was, couldn't think to. They ruled Elvis and sent me in before his shows to instruct him what to say or do during his next performance. He was usually so out of it on drugs that he couldn't "do the sex thing," he'd say, so I would tell him what to say or whatever the message was to deliver to the audience. After that, Elvis would pass out on the bed, perspiring. He was handsome, even when he was like that, until he started gaining all the weight.

Then he looked very pathetic.

I was used with Elvis until he died. The last time they sent me in to be with him he was nearly unconscious. I don't know what they did to him but they used him up and then felt afraid he would «crack» and spill what he knew so they kept him drugged until they couldn't safely use him anymore and then he "died." Of course it wasn't an accident or a natural death, he had a lot of help from his controllers.

Elvis was targeted heavily by these men. When I was given messages to deliver to Elvis or others, they would inject my arm with some drug and then unless I had been pre-programmed, they quickly whispered the message into my mind files and sent me off to deliver them to Elvis. Then Elvis would use the phrases he was told as he introduced his songs or in the early days they might have become a part of new song lyrics. Just a single key phrase was enough to keep the programmed individuals, who later heard the introduction or song, under control. Then, many slaves were "drawn to him," or they did things as a result of the effects of the harmonics in his voice, in his music, and in the orchestration. But at concerts the messages were often delivered directly through words he would use to introduce his songs. He was no different than Michael Jackson, who replaced him in many ways. In my opinion, both were controlled.

My controllers often gave me the key to his suite and sent me there late at night with a message to deliver after sex with 'The King. In the beginning, when I was 18, 19, and 20, he was more receptive and we had sex, usually with me on top most of the time and then I would whisper the message in his ear. Sometimes the messages to him were in the form of words from his own songs, but all the words weren't there and it would take on a different meaning. Like, "Wise men say, only fools rush in," and then there would be words, numbers, or codes that I delivered that I didn't even understand. He was told certain 'lines' to say in between certain songs and I feel he may have been keeping many women 'in line' and programmed by these phrases. When he slipped the messages in between songs, as pre-instructed, the messages went deeply into the subconscious minds of the audience, especially to those individuals who were programmed to react to universal words that are common to virtually all high-level, programmed individuals. They are simple words that when put into a certain sequence have a great impact on people who have been pre-conditioned with programming.

In his later years, when I was in my early twenties, Elvis became more and more 'out of it' when I went into his suite. He was always alone when I got there, which surprised me. He was usually already in bed asleep and I'd be given the key to go in and he wouldn't even sit up or act surprised that I was there. He was totally out of it from his addictions to drugs and alcohol. Elvis had tons of pill bottles on the nightstand, and groggily said he needed them all. Sometimes he was even listless and couldn't have an erection; any attempt at sex was futile. So I couldn't always do my job as instructed, but would give him the verbal messages and then slipped out, always "leaving the key behind with the memories," as my programming dictated.

From my experience I believe Elvis was a puppet, a pawn, and in the end, totally directed and, finally, used up by these men in control of him.

It was my experience that the images he portrayed on stage were nothing like how he was in private. To demonstrate this, I'll share what I remembered; but, before I do, I will tell you that retrieving these memories was very sensorially uncomfortable, due to the completeness of the olfactory portion of the memory. You'll understand as you read further.

It was late at night when I entered Elvis's room. He was lying in bed, still adorned with the gold jewelry and white suit he wore in concert. I watched as he finished his room service dinner and then I waited while he threw up in the bathroom. He was very mad at himself because he was so fat and he said he had to lose weight for the shows. I guess he made himself throw up. All I really know is that I overheard him throwing up in the bathroom and when he came back to the bed, he smelled like vomit. It wasn't long before he jumped up again and I followed him as he went back into the bathroom. He cried as he stood in front of the mirror, and hitting the counter with both hands he screamed, "I hate my life! Everything's out of control and now you want me to f-k you and I can't! I'm ruined! I'm a failure!"

I put my hand on his back in support and then on the back of his neck. As he felt my touch, his head hung down even further over the sink and he cried, "God, I'm a mess. I don't know what happened, just all of a sudden, I'm destroyed." Then he screamed, "What is wrong? What is wrong with me!" and he started pulling his hair. I pulled him up. When he turned around I hugged him and he just kept crying and crying and almost collapsed in my arms. I guided him back to bed and helped

him lay down. He was sideways on the bed but I couldn't get him straightened out so as programmed, I lay next to him and rubbed his chest. His shirt was opened and his very hairy chest turned me on, but he was passed out. His mouth was open and he was breathing but he was totally out of it. I covered him with the bedspread and tiptoed out of the room.

My father was standing outside, just down the hallway. He was wearing a beige suit and when he snapped his fingers, with the hand wearing the diamond pinky ring, I listened intently to all the directions he commanded and he told me to follow him. He guided me downstairs to my room with Craig, unlocked and opened the door and waited for me to get inside before he hit me high in my back with a stun gun. I collapsed to the floor and he pulled the door shut. He almost slammed me in the door. I just lay there awhile and then when, "I came around" (that's what they called it), I crawled to the bathroom and managed to get into the bathtub. The soothing water revived me but I felt very sick, drugged and out of it. I had trouble keeping my eyes open but managed to get out of the tub, dry and put on a white nightie to wear to bed. Slowly and wobbly, I shakily made my way to the bed and got in next to Craig. I felt very sick for the next two days and had trouble eating. I felt exhausted and very nauseated, but had no way to access my own brain in order to know why.

After awhile Elvis couldn't function any longer. Henry and his buddies laughed and said that Elvis was like the tin man, all rusted up and ready for the junkyard. They waited for him to become seriously dysfunctional from the increasing amount of drugs prescribed by his doctors. Then they "stopped his ticker for him so he didn't have to suffer no more." I think Frank and his friends were in on the "do in."

Playing Goldilocks and The Three Bears

Bob called it "Playing Goldilocks and the Three Bears." And he had me play that game with him and his friends in Vegas and other places. Some nights in Vegas, I'd play Goldilocks looking for a good bed with Dean Martin, Gene Kelly, Mickey Rooney (until Kelly was born). Mickey Rooney is, among other things, a pedophile and was afraid of publicly being caught with a child but he felt safe having a slave child. He thought he wouldn't be caught.

Gene Kelly liked to do the ole' soft-shoe for me. He always smelled of a different sort of weird cologne like Au de Bamboo. It was spicy and he'd wear a silk robe and dance around like he was in some musical play, before he sat down on the edge of the bed for me to attend to him. I took off his robe, kneeled down and gave him oral sex while he was sitting up. Half way through I gently pushed him back on the bed with the instructions to, "lay back so you can totally relax and enjoy. That's what my command is for you." And as he came in my mouth, I ate it like it was frosting, as my programming dictated, "good to the last drop," and finally I looked deeply in his eyes and said, "You were delicious."

Nearly asleep he said, "Thank you, please let yourself out." So I did. But I didn't know where to go so I just sat down on the top of the large staircase leading downstairs.

My mom came to get me. She walked up the stairs dressed in a light brown fur jacket and a beige brown knit dress with sandled high heels and took me by the hand and led me downstairs. When I was really out of it she led me almost like I was blind. I can remember hearing her charm bracelet jingling. She often put my left arm under hers and "walked me places." One night Frank Sinatra intercepted her in an elevator while she was walking me back to the room, and roughed her up in front of me, to show us both who was in charge. Due to mind control, my mother still doesn't remember this or any other of the traumatic experiences that were done to her in order to keep us all under control.

More About the Mob

Some of the same factions of the Mob that were connected to the Kennedy’s were also connected to President Nixon, Reagan and other presidents. Obviously this faction had become connected to national politics long before I came onto the scene and was already in tight, running a lot of business through the government and taking full advantage of political knowledge, insight, and position. I know because I ran messages from the Mob to U. S. presidents and back again for years.

Key Biscayne was another location where I was connected to the Mob and was told that there was no getting out — or so they said. There was some guy they called «Freddie» and other mobsters

who were politically connected. BeBe Rebozo was connected to the Mob and to Nixon and he was public but not as mob-connected as the inner Mob. It was almost like BeBe was an ambassador to the Mob.

The mob guys scared me because for the most part they got what they wanted, any way they wanted and, often, that meant hurting me for information. One time they pinched my fingers to the point of almost smashing them. I didn't nor couldn't respond and so they kept increasing the torture. There were times when they nearly killed me trying to gain information I carried. Usually they lacked the technical knowledge of my codes, keys and triggers and didn't possess the technological sophistication to understand my programming. So, they couldn't get as much out of me as others who knew that I was a robot and could access me in that way.

One time when the Mob was interrogating me they tied me to a chair and one guy slapped me while another guy in a leather jacket asked me questions. I overheard him say, "These bastards are selling their own women. How low can you stoop?" It was incidents like these which told me that at least someone, even if it was the Mob, had some sort of humanity left within its membership.

One time, mob guys put a needle into my eye to try to get me to talk, but it didn't help. The needle must have hit a nerve and my whole body jolted back. They couldn't understand how a woman could endure so much torture and they began to 'respect' me. They just didn't understand that I wasn't really brave, I just couldn't respond due to years of conditioning and sophisticated programming that rendered me completely dissociative and not in control of myself. By the time they figured this out they had already tortured me half to death. I was a total robot, programmed not to respond to pain or torture, and there were many mob-connected meetings in which I was involved in Vegas, Tahoe, Reno, Key Biscayne and other places. By the time they understood more about how to get information from me, my access routes or codes ended up getting passed around. My husband just stepped aside and let them have me, as he was programmed to do. There was never anyone to protect me. The Mob involvement began in my early teens and continued for years.

Sometimes when they would get me into a room in Vegas they would accuse me of "carrying a wire" but I wasn't. They would strip me to check and some goon would end up raping me. They didn't understand yet the level of sophisticated programming that allowed me to record everything I was hearing, via mind files and photographic memory. Later, my programmers would instill messages that were to "kick in" when I was accessed by the Mob. Then, upon my return, I was activated to deliver a message to them and they acted shocked when I would deliver the message. The Mob often thought I was trying to get to some of the rich tycoons that sat at the Baccarat tables. I was usually sent to target someone there but they didn't know who or why. They never seemed to know that I wasn't ever operating from my own agenda. What they had to offer the group I was working for was minimal. The Council was going for higher stakes and most of the time, they saw these mobsters as worker-bees. But they all had their places in the pecking order. Over the years I was known in Vegas by the Mob there. Some mobsters were connected to Bob Hope in Palm Springs and others to Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra.

I used to be afraid that they would kill my children or me, but it will never stop me from doing what I know is right, now that I'm no longer under mind control. Somehow or other they knew everybody and controlled factions of business, politics, and people. Mickey Levinson, said I was «family» now, after my brother Rick and his first wife Leslie (Mickey's niece) were married.

"To be afraid is to have more faith in evil than in God."

Emmet Fox

Chapter Seventeen: The Rat Pack

"Birds of a feather, flock together…"

I was programmed to stay thin, tan, and silly, and to act like a stereotypical dumb blonde. One warm and beautiful Southern California summer day, I brushed the Malibu Beach sand from my bikini and feet, and jumped into my car to head down Pacific Coast Highway to my next assignment. Clad only in my bikini, a short white lace cover-up and sandals, I headed into the Malibu Courthouse. The woman at the desk waved me through to the judge's private quarters.

Without hesitation, I entered the judge's office and climbed into Judge Merrick's lap — sand, suntan lotion, and all. He laughed, sat back, and enjoyed the attention as I precociously performed my sexual acts on him. I satisfied him sexually and left as quickly as I had arrived. Bob had a joke for

me to say to judges as a means for variety of orgasmic experiences. When a judge was orgasming he preprogrammed me to say, "Here come the judge, here come the judge," like they said on Laugh-In, the popular television show of the time.

Bob also had me instilled with top tunes, like a jukebox. I had a personality system that delivered impromptu verses from songs at the perfect time so that they would cleverly fit into a social situation. I had personalities that could sing the songs very closely to the way the original artists sang them. I knew the words perfectly and sang with similar inflections and tones as the singers. Lots of people thought I was very adroit when I cleverly popped a song into a conversation, but I was really programmed to do that.

Bob sent me to have sex with Casey Kasem, the KRLA Disc Jockey. Then the next day, I had to listen to his station all day long because he gave histories and stories about the singers of the current popular songs just before he played their records. Bob said I had to listen the whole day because it was important to "keep my lid on tight." Bob told me to think of myself as a trash can and that no matter what, he would always be there to hold the lid on. He used this trash can memory-stuffer and scrambler idea on me for a long time. My oldest brother, Jim, undoubtedly under his own programming, was used to help keep me in line by having me watch Sesame Street. I was told to sit down in front of the television and watch with his children and if my eyes moved away from the screen my brother would rap my knuckles. Watching the Cookie Monster trash can character in the show 're-minded' me to 'keep the lid on.

During this time in my life, I was finishing up high school, and although my parents and school counselors reminded me that I wasn't college material, I was looking forward to attending junior college at Pierce College in Woodland Hills. Craig and I had been going steady since we were thirteen years old and except for a brief break-up in high school, I did not date any other boys. Craig prepared to go to the University of Colorado. I was completely unaware that secretly laced into my life was a whole array of discreetly hidden sexual rendezvous with men in powerful, yet diversified, positions.

I was filmed pornographically in many locations, including Woodland Hills, Hollywood, Malibu, Bel Aire, Studio City, other areas in the San Fernando Valley, and varied locations all over California. I also worked for a short time for Harold Anderson Construction Company in Bel Aire, but don't remember exactly what I did to work for him. I do remember lots of pornography being filmed at this stage of my life and the level of pornographic filming was more professional. There were themes, costumes, music, professional make-up, special props and lighting. Personalities inside of me were taught how to work with the lighting to catch the best poses, and to move my body so the filming crew could get the best shots. Upon completion of the filming, I went home to my mother and father in

Woodland Hills and later might even go on a date with Craig, fully believing that I was an innocent, loyal and loving girlfriend. Due to the mind control I was under, I had no way of knowing that I was leading anything other than a normal life, as a normal teenager, in a normal family, in Woodland Hills.

The extensive contact I had with Bob Hope as a teenager and during my early 20's showed me that Bob was much more than an entertainer. Entertainment was actually just a clever hobby of his. I witnessed his participation as a strategically placed, influential, and integral part of an underworld group that secretly sought to control the world. He had direct ties to the White House, but not direct phone lines like Nelson Rockefeller had. Through my affiliation with Bob Hope, I was to meet and interact with many powerful businessmen, politicians, and celebrities.

I was flown into a small airport in Palm Springs to be with Bob and his cronies. I was picked up by a silver limo and taken to his house. The men in suits met me and took me to Bob, wherever he was — at home, on the golf course, or in town. Before I was delivered to Bob, they gave me clothes, shoes, and jewelry to adorn myself.

If Bob was in a meeting or at the club with 'the guys, he would motion me over towards him and say, "Let me have a look at you honey." He often raised his eyebrows as if to say I met with his approval and/or was sexy enough for him, and then he would pull me to him and sit me on his lap. He wanted to show his buddies that he had what he called "a sweet young thing." Depending on which crowd we were with, he would introduce me as his niece, his budding starlet prodigy, or his "sweet young thing." Bob very often introduced me as his "favorite niece, Sharon Weatherby." I guess he left people to their own conclusions. But he never did refer to me by my own name — NEVER!

I often accompanied Bob to the golf course in Palm Springs. One day he was dressed casually, in

light blue slacks, pastel yellow shirt, white belt and white golf shoes. There were several other men golfing with him. I was there just to serve Bob. I was seventeen or eighteen, thin, tan, blonde and dressed in a tiny white dress with spaghetti straps. I wore white sandals that came up from my toe and met at a strap around my ankle, with a gold heart anklet on my left ankle. Bob or the men in suits always gave me everything to wear. I was not invited to play the golf game, but was instructed to watch and SMILE! This particular day Bob sang to me, as he did at other times when he was feeling jovial in spirit, "Button up your overcoat, take good care of yourself you belong to me." He sang and joked with me often like I was able to really react and respond to him. As a programmed slave, I was merely compliant and smiled all the time.

After the golf game, we all went to the clubhouse and had dinner. A lady approached with a camera, attempting to photograph Bob. The men in suits denied her access. People often tried to take pictures but he directed someone to get the camera and remove the film. He commented on how rude people were to interrupt or to invade his privacy like that. There usually were not many (if any) people in places we frequented, unless it was for a show and then he had bodyguards to protect him.

At this dinner, when his male group hit upon a «sensitive» subject, Bob asked me to go powder my nose for awhile and handed me some money. I knew that meant to be gone for a long while. After what seemed like "a long while" had passed, I kept checking back to see if it was time for him to motion me back, as was his custom. Finally, he waved me over to join them and pulled me onto his lap.

Sometimes Bob met with men I recognized as Secret Service agents from seeing them previously with Richard Nixon or Ronald Reagan. After these «meetings» we would often go by limo to a hotel or to his home when no one was there. Most of the time his wife, Dolores, was not at home.

Bob and Dolores

On other occasions when we were with people and he wanted me to leave, Bob would pat my bottom and say good-bye with a smile. Then the men in suits would step in and get me. Usually I was taken back to his house to get ready for an evening event. Bob enjoyed having people around. He had parties attended by lots of famous people. Sometimes I was given as a gift to one or more of his friends for the night, but was programmed to return to his room to sleep. Unless Dolores was home. Dolores was not there often, but when she was, I was usually flown home early.

It was strange the few times I did see Dolores at a party, knowing that I was having sex with Bob and had accompanied him to different places with his friends and business associates. I couldn't think to question what Dolores thought her husband did!

Bob introduced me to many of his «famous» friends. At gatherings, with one arm around me he would elbow the guys and say, "Why would I want to be with an ole' bag like Dolores, when I can have this?" And his friends would laugh and nod in agreement.

Although my programming kept these activities hidden from my conscious mind, later I would wake up late in the mornings in my own bed in Woodland Hills, with burning, red eyes, feeling totally exhausted, after what I thought was a full night's sleep. I was not able to understand that the exhaustion was actually caused by food, water, and sleep deprivation, coupled with drugs and electroshock for programming purposes.

Bob had lots of security at his home in Palm Springs. The lights on the outside of his house came on at night automatically when a car approached. He also had numerous security alarms and systems in the house even a television monitor like Reagan had at his ranch. When I arrived, he would sit me on the bed and he would sit in the chair and say, "Okay, let me hear it." And I'd rattle off what Henry Kissinger told me to tell him.

Bob didn't have all the sophisticated numerical codes to my mind files that Henry did. Henry wanted it that way. I overheard Henry speak out loud to himself in front of me, saying, "I want you to be security safe." Henry put into my system of reporting personalities instructions to tell him if Bob tried anything out of line. I was instructed to report to Henry if Bob tried to access information he wasn't involved in and wasn't suppose to be privy to. Henry said, "It's none of his business."

Dolores Hope was elderly when Bob was fooling around with me; so was he, since he was nearly fifty years my senior. She did not like it when I was around and, unfortunately, Bob didn't have much of an excuse for my presence, unlike Reagan. Reagan could say I was his secretary or aide, but Bob

told his wife he was spending lots of time with me to "groom me" for the shows for the boys.

I can remember hearing Dolores nagging at him while I was still there one morning after a party in Palm Springs. He lied and told her I was there with some other man at the party. Not that I did not have sex frequently with many of his friends and business associates, but this time I had not. When Dolores confronted him on these issues, Bob would stand behind her, and like a child, made faces insinuating she was going on and on and on and he was bored to tears. He heard her out, mimicking her behind her back, and then we would leave for the golf course together. But, to her face, he always played it cool, acted lovey, and sent her off shopping or vacationing. Bob called Dolores «dear» a lot. He would tell her he had to introduce me to some of his business associates so I would get to know the ropes. It was all a front, just a cover to use me for sex. Although I did meet a lot of businessmen and friends of Bob's and I did go with him, at times, to rehearse for the shows and do the voice-over tapes for some of the tours, most of it was for his sexual pleasure and to show his old friends that he could still get "the young stuff."

I certainly was never there by choice. I was a complete slave, under total mind control, with no ability to choose consciously for myself what or where I wanted to be, or even to know who I really was! I did not consciously know that I was being used in these ways. I simply thought that I was a normal student and I continued to carry the belief to my marriage bed that I was a virgin.

At times, the entertainer, Phyllis Diller, was at Bob's parties. She was really loud. She did not particularly care for me and just brushed me aside. She was always joking. Phyllis and Bob came up with one joke after another. Once when I was smiling adoringly at Bob, she yelled at me, "Wipe that smile off your face." Then she laughed that real loud laugh, and it frightened me. Bob told me not to pay attention to "that ole' bag," so I tried not to, but she was so loud it was hard to ignore her. I tried to avoid Phyllis Diller's disapproval at all costs.

At one time, Bob's bedroom was decorated in a large floral print with creme-colored background. He had a wooden bed frame and nightstands and a large closet. Sometimes there were fresh flowers placed in the room or one on the pillow. Bob usually had a new nightie waiting on the bed for me to wear and sometimes there were satin sheets on the bed. A drawer in his room was filled with all sorts of sexy panties, bras, nighties, and so on, and he said they were there just for me. He always went to the drawer and selected what I was to wear. He also had clothes in the back of his closet that were just my size. I don't know who bought them, but they always fit me. I was usually programmed to maintain a "perfect size six," although there were times I fell below that and wore a size two or four. My weight was within 99-102 Ibs. in those days and I was 5 5" tall. "Young and lovely," he would say.

Since deprogramming and speaking out publicly, I've met other programmed sex slaves who were also with Bob. Most likely we were all programmed to be the same size, and Bob just said the clothes were for me, but they were available for a number of his girls. Bob preferred 18–20 year olds.

Bob had an average size penis. Sometimes Bob frightened me during sex, when he got aggressive, but he never physically hurt me. He «let» me do everything sexually I was trained and programmed to do, but he liked to orgasm in his own way. Then he would go to sleep. As he got older, he got meaner and stranger and subconsciously I hated him. There was a small metal high voltage cattle prod that Bob would insert in my vagina at times. He used that on me after sex late at night when we were in bed. After that it was "lights out" and I didn't remember anything else.

Bob slapped me at times, if I got out of line, which was also part of a program to stay in line. When I got slapped, I would switch into a different personality and then I would be happier, more «congenial» he would say, and he would lift my chin and kiss me. Once when he was mad at me for some infraction of the rules, Bob yelled, "You're just a wind up doll — a toy for my pleasure, and don't forget it!"

Hugh Hefner's

Bob referred to me in my earlier teenage years as his "little bunny." He was friends with Hugh Hefner and Hugh came to Bob's parties sometimes. He always brought at least two women with him, usually blondes.

Starlite was my personality that Bob named to become his "starlet." He told Starlite, and other people when I was on his "arm," that he was giving me a "leg up" into the industry. My instructions were that Starlite was to wear her hair parted on the side with it combed down over one eye for a sexy look. She was to act very sexy. When Bob took me to parties he would tell everyone he was

showing me the ropes, that I had endless talent and potential in the industry.

Bob took me to several of Hugh Hefner's penthouse parties in Los Angeles. On one of these occasions, Bob went all out on his outfit. He wore a grey suit and ascot with a white tux shirt and a grey top hat and white gloves. He looked 'dapper' but old to me, though his clothes were perfect — not one wrinkle. There was a door panel, with small silver buttons on it that you had to push in a certain sequence to gain access to Hefner's penthouse. Bob knew the numerical code. I watched the perfectly manicured hand that stretched out of his clean, neat, white starched shirt sleeve go out from his black jacket as he punched in the sequence.

The elevator up to Hefner's had mirrors and Bob said, "You look nice tonight, honey."

"Thanks, Bob." I replied as he took my elbow from behind and said as he turned me around, "Look into the mirror. You can see yourself over and over and over again without end. Like a file, we will slip one out of a slot or like in the jukebox when one record is selected. This evening I want to select a sexy prom girl who is beautiful, intelligent, and submissive. Sexy is always the most important quality. Do you understand?" After I slowly nodded my head yes, he continued, "You are to stay close by my side this evening. There will be no intermissions so don't ask for any. You will simply stay close to my side. Is everything understood?"

I smiled and said yes. Next he turned me away from the 'infinity mirror' used for 'reminding' me in order to select from one of my many personalities, and we went through the elevator door as it opened moments later.

My dress made crackling noises as I walked and I had a matching black cape. When we arrived I handed my wrap to the doorman, a tall handsome man in a tux. And he, in turn, handed it to another man and replied, "This is for the lady with Bob."

Holding my cape, the older doorman looked me in the eye, and bowing his head said, "Ma'am," before leaving with my cape and Bob's show cane.

Bob took my arm and guided me over to the fireplace where a zebra painted girl walked through the fire without being burned. Her naked voluptuous body was painted all over with thick black and white paint stripes. The paint gave an appearance of dress but you could clearly see that she was naked. She smiled at Bob and continued dancing in very seductive poses within a very small area. She had a very haunting faraway look in her eyes.

There were windows all around and at night you could see a breathtaking panoramic view of all the pretty twinkling lights of the city below. They looked like jewels on a black velvet background. Bob told me that when I was "on his arm" for the evening that he was mine, but at other times he was someone else's.

The stars liked their parties because no one gawked at them like fans did in public places. Everyone was more equal and they could enjoy being normal like other people when they were at ease with peers. Hefner's parties were a place where many stars gathered and shared, a playground for the stars and their playmates. It seemed people floated in and out of Hefner's parties and there were times when there were not very many people. From what I saw people didn't necessarily come there to group together for the party. It was more like a place people got stimulated, wowed, and entertained in order to have their own private experiences and fun. Hefner's place was very modern, full of sharp lines and angles with lots of glass, and was some kind of meeting place for the stars and the wealthy upper class. Bob got ideas from Hefner's parties that he used at his own parties in "the Springs." Bob's parties were pure class, in the most exquisite Hollywood style. He had wild parties and some night's there were orgies.

Noticing Bob had arrived, Hugh Hefner came over and shook Bob's hand. Bob said, "Hal, this is my main tease …I mean main squeeze." They both laughed and Bob leaned over and whispered something I couldn't hear to Hefner. Hefner never stayed around long to talk with Bob at the parties.

"Bob, it's good to see you." They shook hands again and Hefner placed his other hand on Bob's elbow and said, "I'll be back, don't go away, I just have to catch her before she gets away." He seemed to acknowledge his guests and then quickly excused himself. In a moment he returned and said, "Step into my kitchen."

Bob sneered and said to him, "I'll follow you anywhere the girls are!" So we followed Hefner into the kitchen where lots of playboy bunnies dressed in traditional black bunny outfits with black and white bow ties, fish net stockings, and black high heels were busy preparing food trays. Bob's eyebrows raised and with obvious sexual emphasis, he called out, "WHAT'S TO EAT!"

All the girls turned around and laughed and looking seductively at him sang out, almost in unison, "Hi, Mr. Hope!" One bunny said, "I'm available!" and she laughed as she arranged the butter squares that were stamped with the playboy insignia.

Bob said, "Well, maybe you can be course number five, honey. How's about you and I meeting at that course."

"Yes," she teased.

Bob looked around the room, "Any other's?" No one took him up on it but they smiled cordially. Bob ushered me back out to the room where the zebra girl was still dancing. "She's still at it," he announced and I smiled up adoringly at him, just like I was programmed to do.

Bob took a drink off a tray that a bunny offered him and when she offered me a choice of the different drinks, per program, I smiled and recited, "No thank you, I've had my quota for the evening." Although I'd really not eaten or drank anything for hours. Bob was good at taking a drink and then setting it down somewhere out of the way like he didn't want anyone to know he wasn't really drinking. Later on he'd take another drink or two, but I rarely saw him drink much of it before he set it down, abandoned it and moved on.

Hugh Hefner had bizarre, exotic entertainment at his parties …naked women painted like animals …or tamed wild animals, like lions that were 'whipped into shape' by a playboy bunny. One time he even had a man dressed like Tarzan whipping a playgirl dressed like Jane. They said the girl was not really being hurt, that it was just an illusion. I don't know if that was true. There were often scenes like that — magic sex shows.

Bob instructed me to pay attention, to watch the playboy bunnies so I could acquire 'bunny skills' and know some of the moves for our shows with the troops or get my edges polished so I'd be poised and ready for the Rockefellers. Bob was very impressed with the Rockefellers. He took me to Hefner's because he wanted me to be "bunny trained." Bob placed playboy collars on me and at other times put a diamond necklace round my neck for certain Hope occasions. It was a single row of diamonds that fit tightly around my neck. Bob liked me to wear them in private. He said I was "in training" and that these were "training diamonds." He said that I had better get used to wearing diamonds because I would be treated right my whole life, and sometimes he called me his princess.

Food, drink, whatever anyone, except me, wanted, was always available at Hefner's parties.

Champagne fountains were popular in those days. If someone delivered a drink — champagne, wine, etc., to me, sometimes Bob would let me take it and then he would quickly whisk it away. Bob told me to hold my champagne glass and look pretty and smile but not to sip it, "Not one little sip," he said. So I didn't. He told me, "One itty bitty little sip is all it would take for your coach to turn into a pumpkin and your beautiful dress into rags. We don't want that now do we?" This reference made to the Disney classic, tied my subconscious mind back into the Cinderella programming that was installed within me for the purpose of his and others control.

I smiled sweetly and said, "No, Bob." I was not allowed to eat or drink. Bob told me to say that I had just eaten and was not hungry.

Hefner was pretty unavailable at his own parties. I never knew why. One night, he had the current centerfold do a little show for a small group of guests. She had on a red sequined body suit, red heels and a feather in her hair. She danced around and stripped for the guests. The men loved it and clapped and said, "encore, encore…" but she left and didn't return.

There were rooms people could go into to have sex if they wanted. One bedroom had a huge four poster bed with black satin sheets and comforter. Bob parked me in the corner of the room while he had sex with the playboy bunny he'd propositioned earlier. He did those kinds of things often. Having sex with an available girl at a party and then sex with me later or I'd just give him oral sex, was not uncommon, depending on his whim for the evening. Bob got this girl into bed and kissed and mauled her and then got on top and finished her. They seemed to forget that I was in the room. She had real big firm breasts, and Bob always really liked those who were as he called it, "fully endowed." After they finished they got out of bed and Bob kissed her hand and she got dressed and left, closing the big wooden double doors behind her. Bob motioned for me to come over to him and I picked his clothes up off the floor and began redressing him. He always loved that game. I held his boxers as he put first one leg in and then the other. While I helped him he said, "I don't know what I'd do without ya kid." I smiled lovingly as programmed and retrieved his shirt and helped him on with it. The buttons were difficult and he said, "Whew, it took a lot less to 'get it on' than it seemed to getting it

off!" And then he'd laugh at his own sexual joke.

Bob said, "Sex is a state of mind. A state of mine I'd like to live in!" I knelt down and put his socks and shoes back on, combed his hair and we reemerged together and joined the party. I didn't know most of the people.

Bob said to a heavyset man in a tux who I also didn't recognize, "This one's mine."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, sir." I said smiling.

Quickly, Bob quipped, "She was trained at the Gloria Swanson School of Manners." And everyone around including the man laughed. The man took my hand politely but he was also laughing. I always thought people were laughing at me because I was stupid, I wasn't able to be aware that they were laughing at Bob's jokes. I never could «get» the jokes, because I was programmed not to be able to think about them.

If nothing was available to him sexually Bob would take me to a hotel or we went home and had sex. He always scored, either way.

At another Hefner party, when we arrived, Bob said to Hefner, "Look who followed me home."

Hefner said, "Not bad Bob, not bad. Hey, tell me, where were you walking? Are there any more like her?"

Bob said, "No they broke the mold after they made this one."

Hefner laughed and they shook hands again. He used both of his hands in his handshake with Bob. He reached out in a regular handshake and then put his other hand on top. In keeping with his usual routine, Hugh Hefner said, "Excuse me Bob, I have some important matters to attend to. You and your lady enjoy. That's what it's all about here." And he winked and walked away.

Tarzan and Jane and a lion were at this party. The Tarzan guy had heavy make-up that made him look tan and he had blonde hair and a beautiful body. So did Jane. The lion was very small. I was allowed to touch him and the tan fur on its back was so neat it looked like it had been evenly shaved. Suddenly, the lion turned around and opened his mouth and it really scared me! He had big teeth. Bob laughed at my reaction and said, "Honey, maybe you'd like to have one of these at home. Lions and tigers and bears, oh my!" And as he cleverly weaved in a line to 'remind' me of my Wizard of Oz programming, he laughed again and so did the people who were standing around. Little did they know that Bob Hope had just masterfully delivered one of the program phrases intended to keep me from remembering the life I was living, serving him as a total mind-controlled sex slave.

Later at the party there was a huge square-tiled shower with clear glass sides and several nozzles. Lots of men and women all got in it at the same time and rubbed soap all over themselves and then rubbed up against each other and it ended in a huge orgy. Personally, Bob liked more of the one-on-one stuff, but liked to watch me be involved with groups, or to watch individual couples have sex.

Sometimes someone from the Council pre-programmed me to deliver a message to some entertainer or celebrity at a party they knew I was going to attend. I don't think Bob even knew some of the messages I was delivering. I was instructed to hold the message until I had gotten «in» on the targeted person and then after I had made eye contact and had their full attention, I was to carefully "drop the message" always maintaining eye contact.

I was usually very quiet, and when I would deliver these Council messages, Bob was not always aware I was going to speak. He was often caught off guard and would joke about loving to be with me because he never knew what would come out of my mouth from one minute to the next. He told people that I had natural wit, but I was really programmed by others to deliver clever messages, tailor-made for certain select individuals.

At one of Hefner's parties, Bob had me wear a black, form-fitting, long slinky, strapless and low-cut evening gown. A white flower was pinned over my left breast. I carried a black clutch and wore black high heels. We arrived at the party in one of Bob's limos. The limo drivers always waited for us in case Bob wanted to leave at any time. Sometimes Bob would take me to the car for sex during the party or for a "little talk" about my behavior or about what to watch for or remember. He liked to do spankings when I was naughty and he would make me pull up my dress and lay naked over his lap to be spanked. I was trained for that to be a "turn on" and when this happened, he got real turned on and the sex was better for him.

At the parties we attended at Hefner's, the men did not usually show up with their wives. The

nights I was there, it seemed like there was an unspoken rule that wives were not allowed, as if it was their exclusive 'men's club' where repeat women were occasional, but no wives allowed. The rooms were often smoky and loud and the people, especially the women, were so made up they looked plastic.

At one party, Bob took me into a back bedroom where a playboy bunny was supposed to "teach me some things." She lay naked on a white fur rug and touched herself all over in front of Bob and me. Bob stooped down and told me to quietly and gently step into her world. The two of us were touching each other while Bob said, "What a thing of beauty you both are, like a piece of beautiful artwork."

The playboy bunny took off my dress and began performing oral sex on me while Bob watched. I am not sure exactly what I "learned," but from then on, I had lots of playboy bunny costumes — bunny collars, feathers to wear on my bottom, and high heel shoes to match. I ended up «treating» many men at Bob's parties to things I had "learned."

Sometimes I danced, too. I think lots of things may have been filmed without my knowledge. They used dancing often in pornography. Bob would snap his finger when it was all over and I was to "snap out of it," get up and go home with him or do something else. Some parts of me wanted my mom to help me, or get me out of there, but she never could.

Bob would put a playboy collar around my neck and say, "Is this your necklace or your collar?" I was programmed to respond to wearing those collars. When the bunny collar was on, out came Starlite the sexy show girl personality. Sometimes Bob would put the collar on me at his home, "just for the fun of it," he would say. The diamond collars or necklaces were reserved for use with the Presidents and other higher-ups.

When it was time to leave, Bob got our coats from the butler and we left. Two younger handsome men, in suits, who were buff and looked sort of like Secret Service agents, followed directly behind us and stayed with us until we entered the black limo that picked us up out front. It seemed like they were guarding Bob until we got to the safety of the limo. Somehow the limo drivers were always there or close by and immediately brought the car around when Bob appeared. Once in the limo Bob would ask me for a foot or neck rub or oral sex and, as programmed, I complied. This night he asked for a foot massage. "Golden foot award," Bob said. "Maybe I could manage to win the golden foot award since I can't ever seem to manage a whole Oscar," he said, laughing at his own joke.

Dean Martin

I was usually one of the youngest girls at the parties and most of the men were pretty old. Dean Martin was at a party one night and he was drunk. He wanted me to sit on his lap. Looking over at Bob slyly, Dean said, "Come on Bob, share some of your pretty young stuff."

I looked to Bob for direction and he answered, "Okay," smiling broadly at his friend. Shyly, I went over and sat on Dean Martin's lap. All eyes in the room were now on Dean. He took one of the straps from my dress down as everyone cheered him on. I looked over at Bob, feeling shy and scared but smiling, as my programming dictated.

Then Dean took the other strap down, pulled my dress down, and grabbed my breast. With each move he made he slowly turned to Bob, asking for permission, "Bob, can I take her bra off?"

"Yes," Bob said with a sly smile on his face as everyone continued to cheer.

"Bob, can I put one of her breasts in my mouth?" And as Bob gave his permission, Dean put his drink and cigarette down and leaned over to suck on my breast. He stunk like hard liquor. His eyes were all bloodshot and he spoke slowly and slurred. He scared me because I didn't know if he would hurt me. Then he asked Bob if he could remove my dress to which Bob replied, "Yes," while the group hailed him again.

After removing my dress, Dean asked, "Bob, can I remove her panties?"

Bob said it was all right with him and so Dean took off my panties and laid me over a table and began sticking his finger in me. I was moving all around and making sexual noises, like I had been trained to do. All the people watching were getting turned on and it started group sex.

When Dean was finished, Bob came over to "rescue me," took me to the bathroom, slipped me into the shower and told me to get dressed, that we were going home to our own private party, now

that Dean had warmed me up.

Later that evening a man I didn't know approached us and said, "Bob, you must tell me your secret. You must have something you're not telling about if you can attract the attentions of a pretty young girl like this. So tell me… what's your secret?"

Bob looked snidely at him and said, "Geritol." And then he laughed and said, "You don't think I'd tell you my secret do you? Then it wouldn't be a secret any longer and you'd be getting the pretty young stuff instead of me." And then they both laughed but the man still seemed very curious, like he wondered how Bob did it.

"Is he paying you large sums of money?" the man asked me.

"No, sir, it's a pleasure just to be with Bob," I smiled, looking adoringly up to Bob like I was programmed to do.

The man shook his head and said, "Well it's been a pleasure to see you again Bob and to meet you Miss …what did you say her name was?"

"Weatherby. Sharon Weatherby."

And the man smiled and said, "A pleasure," and walked away. The more that I attracted the attention of other men, the more Bob wanted me sexually that night.

Frank Sinatra

Bob Hope and Frank Sinatra played golf together. When I was with them on the course, Bob told me to call Frank Sinatra, "Uncle Frank" or "Uncle Frankie." Over the years, "Uncle Frankie," would show up as Bob's representative, 'the heavy, to get me 'back in line. He seemed to just appear at a place I was taken to and would let me see him and then quickly leave. Just the sight of him was terrifying because of the violent experiences I had with him from the time I was a teenager on. Frank Sinatra was connected high up in the Mob — very high up.

Uncle Frankie displayed some Catholic behaviors and used Catholic jargon and seemed sincere as when he talked about his love for his family and country, but his actions were never supportive of what he espoused to believe. He arranged, easily and with no remorse, many peoples' deaths, sometimes explaining to the hit men exactly how he wanted it done-at times while he was having sex with me. He once told this guy to dismember this man and throw his arm to the sharks. "Let the man stay alive to watch the shark eat his arm and then do likewise with his leg, but make sure he is still alive and watching so you guys will have to do it quickly. Use a chain saw for all I care and tell the bastard his whole body will be next and that his arm and leg were just appetizers for the sharks." I was horrified but knew better than to even acknowledge I heard anything, so I smiled and acted like I wasn't even listening and went to sexually satisfy him to insure my safety. Frank said, "Wait a minute doll, I have to attend to business first." So I lay there and waited, running my hands in short little nervous motions all over his chest.

After the hit man left, Frank started biting me all over and acted like he was in a good mood and was playing with me. But I will tell you he thought nothing of having someone killed and there were times I overheard him ask for a personal item of the persons returned to him for assurance that the job had been done. One time he threw a ring from a man he'd had killed into a waterway. The water was flowing fast and he told me the ring would be swept far away from where he had originally dumped it. I just smiled and took his hand. I was always trying to please him in order to stay alive.

Bing Crosby

One Christmas, Bob gave me as a surprise sexual present to his good friend and peer, Bing Crosby. Bing had just finished the taping of his Christmas show. Bob had me installed and waiting in a closet in Bing's dressing room and I was instructed to, "Stand there like a mannequin, without moving until Bing opens the door." Bob put me into a 'stay stiff like a mannequin' instruction mode and wrapped me with a huge red ribbon and bow. Otherwise I was totally naked. A card was attached to the ribbon. Bob instructed me to "stay put," until Bing opened the closet.

As he closed the closet door on me, Bob said, "You'll be okay."

When Bing opened the closet to get a change of clothes, there I was, totally naked, clad in a red ribbon and holding a greeting card. Bing started laughing and read a portion of the card out loud, "a f-

k me doll??!" And he laughed and laughed. He laughed so hard he bent over and held his stomach.

Bing took off his tux and put his jacket over the back of the chair, laid the rest of his clothes on the seat and stood there wearing only his black top hat, shoes and socks. He had on the kind of socks that had black elastic holding them up. He kept watching me, never taking his eyes off me while he was changing his clothes. He seemed excited about this gift, but he also seemed apprehensive.

There were instructions on the card; I know, because he laid it down and I read and retained it in my photographic memory. It said, "This lovely young lady is yours for the evening. You can't wear her down. She will please you in every way imaginable. You have only to reach out, take her left hand, squeeze it and say, 'Come on honey, we're going home. Oh, by the way, put a raincoat on her while you're in transport, she didn't come with clothes."

So Bing took my hand and led me out of the closet. He acted like I would break or wake up or something. He treated me like I wasn't real. He was very cautious at first.

Bing and I got into a waiting limo and went to a penthouse apartment, "to unwind," Bing said. It was his home away from home, a safe place, he said, like in the song "up on the roof." He sang and danced a little and I sat on the bed and watched him. He sang some old song that I had never heard of and he looked ancient but always had a smile on his face. It seemed like he danced out of nervousness, of not knowing quite what to do.

He never looked away from me for a minute. Then he came over, undid the tie on my raincoat and slowly undid the buttons. I was barefoot and my feet were purple and cold. He pulled down the bed covers and I climbed in, and he began touching me, still with his own clothes on, when the phone rang. He put the receiver aside while the person was talking on the other end. He laughed kind of awkwardly and whispered to me, "Just last minute instructions from Bob!"

Bing hung up and said, as if I could not hear or comprehend, "Bob said to rub here in circular motions to turn you on to HOT!" He began rubbing circular motions around my belly button, activating my sexual passion touch programs, and I began to do the programmed «ohhhhhh» moans and he got an erection after hearing that and pulled off his pants while he was still rubbing. It was as if he perceived me as a robot and was afraid of not knowing how to work me …afraid something might go wrong.

I went into my dancing mode on the bed and took off the rest of his clothes. I did like Bob had instructed me, "Tell him you're dreaming of a White Christmas and then wink." Once I had delivered that, I performed oral sex and rubbed him all over. Then I climbed on top of him and satisfied him sexually. He'd had a drink in the limo that mixed with his cologne, and he smelled like alcohol. After we were through, he went right to sleep. I curled up beside him and fell asleep, too. Maybe all this was to make sure he had that White Christmas he was dreaming of.

Sometime later, the phone rang and woke us up. He got dressed, put me back into the raincoat and escorted me down the elevator to a waiting limo. He stayed and I left in the limo and was not taken back to Bob's but instead was taken to the airport and flown home. The limo driver gave me clothes to put on, and when I got on the airplane I slept the whole flight home, like I was always programmed to do.

You Can Sleep All the Way Home

My programmed mother picked me up at LAX Airport and handed me a brown paper bag with my own clothes in it. I robotically went into the airport bathroom, changed into my own clothes, and went out to my mother, who simply said, "We're going home, honey. You can sleep all the way home."

I slept all the way home in the car. When we arrived at the house, I crawled into my own bed and buried all memory of this occasion, like all others before it, deep into my subconscious mind, as my programming commanded.

If it was nighttime when I returned, I was instructed to wash away all remembrances of the evening with a nighttime bath. The hypnotic command embedded in my programmed mind was, "All that happened will go down the drain with the water and will be forgotten and gone forever." Then, I could go to sleep. If for some reason I didn't have time for a bath before I left Bob's to return to Woodland Hills, I was instructed to take one at home before I went to bed and it had the same amnesiac effect.

In those days, I felt very tired most of the time. Some days I had to go to high school the next

day or, later on, to college, and woke up with my eyes burning and my make-up still on from the night before. My mother always had trouble waking me in the mornings. There were times she or my father would pour water over my head in an attempt to wake me. On weekends, I was allowed to sleep until 11 or 12 o'clock if I wanted. I could never figure out why I was always so exhausted. Now I know why.

During my high school years, Bob said he was training me to be a starlet, but he was really training me to privately entertain his rich political and celebrity friends, or the troops.

It was during these early years that I began being heavily accessed and programmed by the Council, for use with many influential men and women in positions of power. My use within government circles was guaranteed to be security proof due to the mind control I was under. They felt my programming kept the information I carried from my own awareness and from access by others who did not know the keys and codes to my system. But what those in government did not seem to know was that the Council also had the ability to access me. They were secretly slipping in their own psychologically tested and carefully researched messages for me to deliver to presidents, governors, senators, foreign leaders, entertainers, and many other people who were in positions of power or public influence.

The Council studied people's profiles and knew exactly what their likes and dislikes were, their sexual preferences, and any other information that could be used to influence people in ways the person was never even aware of. The Council pre-programmed me with instructions, all based on careful prior research of the targeted person… what to wear, how to act, what type of sexual stance to take, specific words or phrases to say, and the best time to deliver them. The Council always worked up a complete strategy and never sent me to a targeted person unprepared.

In these ways, they influenced government leaders to act in their own favor, to pass or veto laws or bills that benefited their corporate holdings, to bring into office those people who could be used as pawns, to influence judges and government agencies, to enlist large sums of monies, and to control people in all walks of life.

My experience was that the Council was publicly nameless and unknown, and this anonymity is what made it possible for them to wield power over the masses. From my perspective, these individuals acting in the shadows actually dictated in a subversive and inconspicuous manner the direction our government took at the time. They were connected to powerful people like Bob Hope, through me as their secret liaison, though I was programmed not to be aware of it. They felt they had their identities and security locked up tight.

"Command those who are rich in this present world not to be arrogant nor to put their hope in wealth, which is so uncertain, but to put their hope in God, who richly provides us with everything for our enjoyment."

I Timothy 6:17

Chapter Eighteen: Gerald Ford

I called Ford, "Henry," trying to joke with him so he wouldn't be so brutal but he usually was anyway, despite my attempts at humor. Ford began with me early, as he liked young girls. He was into fantasies and often liked for me to wear an eye mask. We had sex often, especially during the time Reagan was Governor of California. He liked violent sex-tying me up, handcuffs, spankings, slapping, and all that kind of S&M stuff. He enjoyed the whips and chains routine, and liked to tie me up with thick black leather straps. He slapped me frequently. Often after he satisfied himself sexually with me, blood would drip down my legs. It was so painful that I felt like I was not only splitting in my rectum or vagina, but the excruciating pain exploded up into my head and out my arms and fingertips. Gerald Ford required violent sex in order to orgasm. He joked about needing, "the chain gig in order to get off." His jokes were very crude. He was in politics a long time and often traveled in political circles. He was "one of the good old boys" and had major Mob connections. He wore his own gun in a shoulder holster and was afraid for me to remove it. "I don't trust you with the gun," he said and he laughed. He was a short President and pretty hairy. While he was violent sexually he still was not as brutal as Ted Kennedy.

Ford wore nice clothes, silk shorts and good quality suits, and he was very proud of them. For some reason, these mob guys were into expensive, quality clothes. I don't know why that was, but image was very important to them. There was lots of mob involvement when Nixon was President and

Ford was Vice President, and it didn't stop when Nixon stepped down. Same mob involvement, just a few different players who were close friends of Jerry. Ford had more mob organizations behind him than Nixon did, so he had lots of people to give favors to when he was in the White House. He was very corrupt. He had to be in a wheelchair briefly for something. I don't know what happened but they managed to keep it hushed up. He had a bandage like he'd been shot or wounded or operated on. I don't know exactly what happened, but I felt a little safer when he was in the wheelchair. Unfortunately, he wasn't in it long enough to suit my needs.

Ford didn't treat me like I was real. He often hurt me and was convinced that I was just a machine built for his pleasure. It was true that I was a non-thinking slave that obeyed every command, but it did register within me when I was abused and treated cruelly.

During the time he was Vice President, I remember him attending a ribbon-cutting ceremony. There was a beautiful white gazebo on a large lawn and he was there to cut the yellow ribbon. Gerald Ford participated in many of these grand openings. He was booked into these types of public appearances in order to enhance his image as a 'good citizen. But, in my opinion, he was not. Anyway, he cut the ribbon with a large pair of scissors and then the crowd clapped and cheered and reporters took his picture. Soon he got into a black limo, where I was waiting in the back, and was driven away. I was placed there to deliver a message to him from the Council. Then, I had to get down on my knees in the back of the limo, unzip his pants and give him oral sex. He held onto a stun gun in his left hand the whole time. Just before he orgasmed I climbed on top of him and moved around until he came, after which he activated the stun gun near my tailbone.

He made a bunch of jokes about my name being the same as his daughter's. Like, "You're not supposed to f-k kin," or "That was great Susan Ford." Correcting him, a Secret Service agent said, "You're not suppose to ever use her name, Sir."

Ford smiled maliciously and said, "It's my name, too, and I'll use it whenever I please." He never liked to be corrected or told what to do. Henry Kissinger got angry with him about that, also.

Bob Hope played golf all over the world with his friend, "Jerry Ford." That's what Bob called him. Ford was a much better golfer than Bob, but Bob always shrugged it off and said, "I just had a bad day today." He said that often. The Secret Service stayed close, but let them have their space and they usually played when there weren't other people on the course. When Ford was Vice President and Bob would talk about Nixon or other political agendas, when the talk got heavy Bob would look over to me, point to the cart, and say, "Hey honey, take five," and I'd wait to be called back. Bob said they got very important work done on the course, sometimes more so than what went on during regular work routines.

One time, "Jerry," as Bob always called him, had on a Nixon watch. The round watch had a red, white, and blue band and a picture of Nixon in the middle. It was a caricature; not his real picture and Ford said he looked "kinda stupid." Calling Bob over, Jerry lifted his sleeve to show him the watch and I overheard him say, "This asshole doesn't know the time of day," and he took the watch off, threw in on the green and stomped it with his foot.

With a subtle nervous sort of laugh, Bob said, "You're very serious about this I can see." Bob liked to play it cool with all the politicians, especially presidents. He had a rule about not making negative comments to one politician putting down another. He said, "It is only diplomacy, which is essential in this business."

I was required to have sex with Ford as Nixon's Vice President and as President, but not ever as much as I did with Nixon or Reagan. I had sex with Ford as VP when he and Nixon were in different locations. Bush and Reagan appeared at places together occasionally, but Nixon and Ford never did that I was aware of. Henry Kissinger stayed connected to Ford, but at more of a distance after Nixon stepped down. Ford had connections all over the place. When Nixon stepped down Ford was right there-grinning like a shark waiting for the spoils-he and his mob buddies loved the opportunity to run the country from their perspective. I heard one of them say that at a private meeting. I was present at that meeting with directions to have sex with Ford and give him a Council message after sex.

I went along with Bob on golfing trips to caddy for him at times when he golfed with different presidents. He jokingly called me, "Katie the Caddy." Bob used me as a caddy so that no one could hear the sensitive nature of the conversations he had with prominent people. He often assured his guest at the club that I was unable to think, that I was retarded and that most anything. could be said in front of me and I wouldn't understand. He played me for a retarded person, at times, but other

people knew I was really just a robot. Anyway, I had to hand Bob the correct golf club and I was instructed to anticipate his every need. I knew which club he preferred at each hole. I never was allowed to make a mistake and he would always wink at me just before he would swing. He whispered in my ear that it was just for luck. He said I was his good luck charm. He said that often to me in Vegas, too. In Las Vegas he would want me to hold onto his arm while he shot the dice or played Baccarat. Bob's attitude was much different after the game, if he lost. When he won he was in a great mood and would be happy and acted like he was real hot.

I handed Jerry's clubs to him also, but when I did, I'd smile and say, "Mr. President, Sir, how about this one?" He occasionally smoked a small white tipped cigar on the green and had me hold it for him while he swung.

Once while I was holding Jerry's cigar, Bob said to me, "Hey be careful with those magic hands of yours." Sex was always on his mind.

When I handed the club to Bob he would say, "I like that choice honey, let's give her a try." And if he'd miss a shot or screw up he'd blame it on a bad choice of the club or iron I selected. To cover himself, he'd say, "Let's use a seven iron on that next shot, I think it'll be a better choice for the condition of this green." I also got down, put the tees in the ground and set the ball up for Bob and his friends if they wanted or needed it, unless they had their own caddy. The golf course in Palm Springs had a lot of sand on the course.

Bob provided a visor for me to wear on the green and often slapped my bottom and said things like, "I just like to remind myself what's up for later." Other times he'd have me dressed in those little pleated short skirts with the little panties attached. During the course of the afternoon when Bob would stick his head under my skirt, I'd just smile brainlessly and do a 'Tommy Smothers act' and everyone would always laugh. Or, he'd pull my skirt up and mess around with it, showing everyone what he was finding, like the fact that the panties were sewn to the skirt and everyone thought it was so funny. He used me like a sideshow act and told people, "she's the butt of my jokes!"

Often after they finished the course, I had to give Ford oral sex or he'd have sex with me usually standing up backwards. This was extremely painful because of the thickness of his erection, and I could hardly walk later and I often bled afterwards; but he liked best to sit down and receive oral sex. It was always quite a mouthful with him and he'd ram it down my throat by pushing my head down real hard on him. Ford once said, "This is the best part of the game." When he was finished with me my mouth often cracked and bled. Sometimes I did it in the back of a limo or in a side room at the golf course.

Other times Bob would take Ford back to his house and tell him, "Enjoy her." And, he'd leave me alone by the pool with Ford or in a bedroom. When Ford was finished, he'd just leave me abruptly. Then I'd just sit and stare straight ahead waiting for Bob to tell me what to do next.

After I had children, Ford teased me that he may have been the father of my child and he would ask me, "How's junior?" He was responsible for a lot of the mob violence that happened to me during the mid to late 70's. He always wanted to insure that I was 'contained, so he even had his mob buddies come to my home to rough up my children and me.

I was required to have sex with Gerald Ford on Thanksgiving Holidays at Big Bear and Big Sur. One holiday he jokingly said to Bob, "This is one of the things I am most thankful for," and they both laughed. Most of what I «thought» were our family vacations were actually times I spent servicing men from all over.

"When you did it to the least of my brethren, you did it to me."

Matt. 25:40

Chapter Nineteen: My Programmed Marriage — We've Only Just Begun

In my "conscious and public life" I entered junior college at Pierce College in Woodland Hills, just after my High School graduation in February of 1969. 1 worked toward a degree in psychology. Craig's family felt it would be good for him to go away for college so he left for the University of Colorado at Boulder and lasted there for a year. His grades were poor and we ended up spending all of our money on postage and plane fares to visit each other.

After Craig's return to California, he began attending Valley State College, which is now California State University at Northridge, with his eye on an eventual degree in dentistry. I worked a four-day

week as a dental assistant for a Woodland Hills orthodontist named Michel N. Jacoby, D.D.S.

Craig proposed marriage in August of 1970, offering me a ring he worked a couple of years to pay for. Our plans were to be married one year later on August 21, 1971. Due to the mind control and cross-programming we were both under, we had no way of knowing that our marriage plans were not really our own. Following the secret plan, my father offered two options. Option one was to have a big wedding. Option two was to forgo the large wedding and, instead, take the money and use it on a lavish honeymoon in Hawaii.

Being a romantic and somewhat traditional with my Christian upbringing, I chose the large church wedding and reception. Craig and I were both surprised when my father informed us that he decided to give us the Hawaiian honeymoon, as well. He arranged an appointment for us to meet with his travel agent and the agent booked us a special package deal that would take us to several of the Hawaiian Islands.

On August 21, 1971, Reverend McKelvey, who at that time had quit being a minister and was selling real estate, married us at the First Presbyterian Church of Encino. Two hundred and fifty people were in attendance. After I walked up the isle on my father's arm, the organist played the song, You'll Never Walk Alone, which was a subconscious message to me that I would always be controlled. I cried during the entire ceremony but when asked, could offer little explanation as to why. My parents went all out on a sit down dinner reception that was held poolside in our newly re-landscaped backyard in Woodland Hills.

In order to keep our secret life concealed, Craig and I were also forced to participate in a separate 'black wedding' that took place before our white wedding. I had to wear a long black dress and a black veil and Craig wore all black including a black shirt with his black suit. It took place outdoors in a park late at night. Reverend McKelvey wore a black robe and married us in this ceremony, also.

But my secret hidden life would not and did not go away. In fact, it continued to exist even on our honeymoon. Of course, the reality of these secret events was kept carefully away from my husband's and my conscious awareness by very powerful programming.

One of the first nights we were in Hawaii, my newlywed husband took me to see Don Ho. Craig and I dressed for the evening and arrived in time for the dinner show. Don Ho appeared on stage, took the microphone in hand, and in his smooth modulated voice, sang Tiny Bubbles. When he was through he asked if there were any newlyweds in the audience. My handsome new husband proudly waved his hand in the air as he put his other arm around me and gave me a big hug. Don Ho congratulated us and requested the waiter bring a special bottle of champagne to our table. The bottle of champagne was a trigger for me to switch into another personality and Craig touched his watch as if adjusting it and that was to trigger and cue me. From then on, I acted from a totally unconscious programmed state. The next thing I knew Craig took me backstage to Don Ho's dressing room where, initially, there was some kind of drug transaction.

Next Don Ho took my hand and said to Craig, "Don't run away so fast. You don't think I am going to let a pretty California thing like this slip through my fingers." He looked directly at Craig. Craig stepped back and Don Ho took me by the hand to another room. Craig followed us. Don Ho ushered me inside, stuck his head back out the door and said to my husband, "You don't mind sharing your beautiful young bride with me do you?"

My bridegroom looked to the ground and said, "No, Sir." Craig looked nervous and agitated, but smiled.

"That's the way I like it — real easy." Don Ho said as he shut the door behind us.

He told me he wanted me to struggle, so it would be like a rape. "You would really like me to rape you though wouldn't you. You really enjoy being f-d. Or are you a virgin …come for me to initiate?" As directed, I ran around the room, escaping his advances until he grabbed me and unzipped the back of my dress. He slipped it off, took off my sandals and said he would go real slowly taking off the rest and that he had a particular liking for pretty bras and panties.

Don Ho laid me on a large couch and began kissing me and then he slapped me and kissed me again. He was really strange. First he was gentle and then the next minute violent. He had been drinking and after he took my bra and panties off he said he needed to "powder his face," and he snorted a line of cocaine. He came over and kneeled on one knee and started having sex with me. He said he loved tight women and he satisfied himself with me fairly quickly but never did take off his

pants, just his shirt.

When he was finished with me, I went back out to Craig and Do Ho stayed in the room. Craig took me back to our hotel room.

The rest of our honeymoon we went to several other Hawaiian Islands including Maui. I was used sexually by other political people on other islands.

When we returned from our «honeymoon» we moved into an apartment on Parthenia Avenue in Canoga Park, California. I continued working four days a week for Dr. Jacoby and Craig continued his studies as a pre-med major to become a dentist. Sliced into my 'expanded' duties as dental assistant, were 'special assignments' that began when a suited man, posing as a drug company salesman, delivered tiny implants that I was programmed to cement into the braces of certain 'select' young patients. Most often, they were beautiful young girls. One day, as another dental assistant and I were busily cementing a band on a particularly beautiful 10 year old girl, whose father was an affluent, prominent USC dental professional in the community, I was repulsed when I ran my dental instrument around her tooth and came up with a pubic hair. My assistant and I looked at each other in horror and, although I was under mind control, the obvious connections were made.

In 1973, Craig and I moved to Agoura Hills and my parents gave us a down payment to buy a condominium on Oakpath Drive. It wasn't long until my parents sold their home in Woodland Hills and moved down the street from us. They were always close by.

I was still accessed and used with Nixon, Reagan, Kissinger, Bob Hope and others, as well as in various experimental projects (including dental implant experimentation) and filmed in porn in many locations in California, especially Studio City and Bel Aire.

During his junior year at Cal State Northridge, Craig applied to 20 dental schools around the nation and was rejected at every one of them because his grades weren't high enough to qualify him for entrance. But my father saved the day by calling his rich Uncle Charlie, whom he supposedly hadn't seen or spoken to in over 25 years, to ask him humbly for the favor of helping his son-in-law into USC Dental School. Soon after, my father's «Uncle» arranged for Craig's acceptance to USC Dental School. Charles Lilley Horn, wasn't really my father's uncle but instead a cousin. He was owner of Federal Cartridge Corporation (munitions manufacturer), which later became a major subsidiary of the Olin Foundation, Inc. During the 1960's, as President of the Olin Foundation (a charitable trust established by F. W. Olin, founder of the Olin Corporation), Uncle Charlie contributed sizeable donations to USC and had connections to the school. More on all of this in a later chapter. Upon acceptance to dental school, Craig quit Cal State Northridge, before obtaining his BS degree, and worked full time until he entered USC School of Dentistry.

"But everything exposed by the light becomes visible, for it is light that makes everything visible."
Ephesians 5:13-14

"Get rid of all bitterness, rage and anger …be kind and compassionate to one another, forgiving each other, just as in Christ God forgave you."
Ephesians 4:31-32

Chapter Twenty: Jimmy Carter

Evidently Jimmy Carter was too directed by his Christian belief system and too connected to his wife to ever stray. It was my experience that if he was guilty of any sexual indiscretions, he did only lust in his heart. I never had sex with Jimmy Carter.

He did, however, listen and respond to messages delivered through me from the Council. He had a very hungry ear and listened carefully and responded helpfully to all but a few requests from them. He even bit on a bunch of Henry's messages, delivered through me. By then Carter thought I was only Council, he didn't know I was connected to Henry Kissinger and Henry loved that he was "puppeting a democrat" and "one that didn't believe in adultery but would take top secret information from a whore and run the country from it." Henry thought it was the best laugh ever. But he always ran parallel and complementary with the Council. They were his boss and he took many orders from them politically, but he could also place in his own input.

"But now the Lord who created you …says: Don't be afraid, for I have ransomed you; I have called you by name; you are mine. When you go through deep waters and great trouble, I will be with you. When you go through rivers of difficulty, you will not drown! When you walk though the fire of

oppression, you will not be burned up — the flames will not consume you. For I am the Lord your God, your Savior…"

Isaiah 43:1-3

Chapter Twenty-one: The Hollywood Connection

Michael Jackson

Michael Jackson was just a little boy of four or five when I accompanied Bob Hope to a place where they were filming up-and-coming talent for television. Bob told me he supported and sponsored the Jacksons, getting them a professional foot in the door. Their father brought the boys in and I remembered seeing them taken into a side room where bright lights were on. They all had to drop their pants and before their performance a big man raped each one of them in a lineup. Then they were taken to a different room and dressed in little suits and sent onto the stage to perform. Due to the mind control I was under, I'm not sure exactly where we were, but feel that it was the early days of the Ed Sullivan Show. I watched as Bob, dressed in a grey pinstripe suit and bow tie, with white shoes, shook hands with Ed; and then the Jackson boys went on. They were made into a sensation and famous, on purpose, so that they could be used in the future to influence large audiences. Bob and his connections knew that all they needed was some talent, make-up, costumes, lights, glitter and lots of publicity. He said publicity was the most important ingredient.

I was just a teenager and Bob said that he wanted me to be present so I could learn the ropes to being a "starlet." He wanted me to see how it was done and feel comfortable around the stage. I think he just said that as a cover to other people to hide the real reason I was with him — for his and others sexual pleasure.

Bob explained to me how important clothes are to one with a public image to uphold. I had on a short, small, tight-fitting, low-cut, yellow, sheath dress. I did as I was told and wore it along with the gold high heels I was provided.

Bob was often the connection for new entertainment. The Council used his connections for their own interest and got 'key' entertainers in place for future use. Many were robots like me. I saw many of them get hurt. I never saw Bob get hurt though. The Jacksons were hurt; I was witness to their abuse. That first time when they performed, Bob got them onto the show and then we left in the limo and watched from the television inside. He told the driver to drive around until the show was over. Then Bob told me, "See how easy it is to be a star?" And he laughed and pushed my head into his lap for oral sex.

I think most would agree that the inherent love that is part of Michael Jackson's soul essence shines through for the world to see. In spite of the programming themes in some of the songs he sings, as I was recovering I often held onto the words he sang, the lyrics reminding me, "You are not alone," when I felt so very alone. To Michael, I extend a hand and say you also are not alone. Now there is a way out of this insanity.

Neil Diamond and Others

Publicly, Neil Diamond and Bob golfed together in the Springs. That's how I got connected to him.

As a teenager, I was programmed to serve Neil Diamond in different capacities for many years. He was not violent like some of the others, but he didn't have any morals.

One day when I was a young teenager, Neil walked though the breezeway into our backyard to the pool where I was tanning in my bikini. My father got very angry and told him, "Get the hell out of here!"

Neil replied, "Take it easy, Pops. No one knows I'm here. Just Relax." But he did leave after he kissed me on the cheek and ran his hands though my hair. He said he just needed to see me for «inspiration» and then he left. Neil always said I was his inspiration and after we'd have sex I'd whisper programmed phrases in his ear to incorporate into his songs or phrases for program lock-in or, as our controllers said, "to move the targeted generation up another notch."

When I was with Neil I felt merged with him. I didn't know who I was, where I ended and he

began. I was programmed to magnify his essence so he could feel and see more of who he was. I was used often to contain Neil, to bring him back to himself and bring his «self» back to him when he felt he gave it all away to crowds and audiences. Over time I witnessed this being a problem for a lot of programmed stars. I was sent to do this service for other celeb's, both male and female, who needed to bounce off another person in order to maintain their programmed "selves." They got lost at times and I was programmed to help them.

I suntanned with him in the nude and like a protective Jewish mother, he always made sure I had lots of suntan lotion on, especially in crucial spots so I wouldn't burn. He didn't have neighbors and his home was located up on a hill in Malibu or the Santa Monica Mountains, so it was very secluded. They could have tricked me in regard to the location of his house, but I know I had to drive through the canyon to get there. He was building a new home and when the deck was stable enough to hold us we had sex outside. As we looked upward toward the night sky, he named all the stars on my list "to do." The list was lettered not numbered, such as, "(A) Barbra: Tuesday and Thursday 3:30 p.m. (B) Carlo Sangucci: 7:00 p.m…." and he continued inputting my schedule for the week. He gave me instructions to keep my schedule organized. If he ever missed me for the week, I couldn't function because I hadn't received my local assignments. For this reason, Neil and I were very regular with each other. In my late teens, I visited with him nearly every week. And, when I was with him I delivered lyrical words or phrases for songs to him after sex. When we were in our programmed «cozy» state, he'd say, "give me sugar," and I'd unload all I had been given into him and later it would show up over and over in his songs. Privately, he would attribute it only to my being his undying inspiration. I was used with Neil like I was with Elvis, which leads me to believe that Neil is also programmed.

Neil played the piano and sang to practice while wearing sweatpants and no shirt. He also had a room where the whole entire wall was mirrored. He stood and looked into the mirror and sang to himself to rehearse. In some ways he reminded me of Elvis.

I was never allowed to interrupt while he was playing. But when he was through, he had me do everything for him, including a massage or sex, manicure and pedicure — even if he'd just had one somewhere else. He could never get enough touching and attention. I had a whole grouping of personalities located beneath 'tiger sex programming, seven in all, devoted to him and he would say, "I have seven so I can get to heaven and you darlin' take me to heaven." Neil programmed in, "Wine will take you to the place of love." He had a room with fountains, Buddhas, and ferns where he meditated. His place of "perfect peace," he called it. He created devotion in the personalities within me by programming into me the love and goodness of Jesus, His pure love, all into my heart chakra so that the feelings of devotion would be directed toward him.

Pornography was often filmed at his estate. Bob sent people from his parties that were sexually wild to Neil's for filming in pornography. It didn't matter if they were only children. Neil's porn business was so large that it kept a large number of Malibu, Pacific Palisades, Ventura, Calabasas, and Agoura Hills slaves very busy. Whole programmed families were used. 'Sex with families' videos were popular in the 80's among a certain group and Neil seemed totally fascinated, watching families together. He loved bodies. He said he was a connoisseur of the human body as an art form. That's why he said he liked to film the most beautiful act on earth, the love act, when people were as intimate as they could get. He said that children should be allowed to openly enjoy the pleasures of sex. He asked, "Why should they have to wait to enjoy these natural pleasures?" I couldn't think to answer. He liked to see their physical characteristics and he liked to watch them, as he called it, "make love, family-style." Other times when he was in a different sort of mood, he would refer to the pornography as, "getting it on, family-style."

Unfortunately and sorrowfully, I remembered being programmed to drive children to Neil's. Once we arrived I walked into the house like I owned it. I knew where the hidden key was and ushered everyone in and got them settled. The rule at Neil's house in the hills was that you had to check your clothes and shoes at the door. None were allowed, or else you couldn't enter, "the Sanctuary," as he called it. Neil often came out in his black silk robe and black slippers to meet his, "guests," he called them. He looked them over and if they were particularly appealing to him, he would want to have sex with one or more after the filming. Neil was what Henry Kissinger called "versatile," which meant he liked sex with everything. I will spare you the details but he relieved himself sexually, often, as he felt it made him powerful and continually virile. That was very important to him. Neil said he loved the beauty and amount of innocence that was present when a group of blonde neighborhood children

were together. They were filmed often. Neil also filmed bestiality porn. He gave the kids cocaine and filmed it in the house or somewhere on the grounds. Sometimes the 4-H kids brought their animals, and they filmed the kids having sex with each other and the animals. We were all just viewed as worker bees and mindlessly did whatever we were told.

When we left to go home, I once again entered a programmed mind state, by traveling "The Highway to Heaven," which I was told was Kanan Road. I was given the hypnotic command to "remember to forget," whenever I saw many signs and signals along the canyon roads, in their attempt to keep memory of these events hidden from my conscious mind.

At other times, if I arrived before Neil, I was told to wait and so I sat down on his white sofa. Obediently, I waited, looking straight ahead or out the window to the distant view. Then I heard the chopper and on one occasion he came walking into the house wearing a tan suit and sunglasses. One time he even wore those guru sandals with his suit. Then I helped him relax and he would say programmed phrases to me like, "Honey, you're ageless, timeless, and all mine baby, all mine. You are my pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. All mine, devoted only to me." I got him anything he wanted or needed no matter what it was, and I was programmed to love doing it.

Some nights I was assigned to go to parties with him where we'd, "hob knob with the rich and famous," he'd say, as he held out his arm for me to hold onto. We didn't stay too long at parties because he would want to have a private party for two at home. Some evenings we were helicoptered to his home in the hills. He wanted and demanded my full attention. He never wanted to enter the reality that I had my own boyfriend or husband. He wanted me to think of him as my man, my only man. But, he had sex with lots of people in front of me. He always wanted me to stay right in the room during the filming of porn as well as later when he had sex with whoever was filmed. He would flip out and act like an emotionally temperamental boy at times. Regardless of his actions, I was programmed to be totally devoted and I catered to his demands exclusively.

Neil Diamond was a Council «treasure» and they kept him well taken care of. I attended concerts of his to shore him up when he said he wanted and needed me to be there. I got up from my ticketed seat next to my young husband and told him I was going to the restroom during the intermission. Instead I slid backstage with Neil, who was all sweaty, shaking and needing to share the powerful high he was on. He said that all the energy people focused onto him was totally overwhelming him and he said he needed me to ground him out so he could go back on stage. That meant sex and then, as programmed, I told him I loved him and that he was the very best and to go out and give them all that he had. I told him if he gave all of himself to the audience who loved him, that they would shower it all back to him. He was always afraid that when he gave so much at performances that he would become depleted but I helped him reframe that belief, so he went back out empowered, not consumed. Then he would snort a couple of lines of cocaine and go back out to the screaming fans, and I returned to my seat next to Craig.

Craig and I attended another of his concerts at the Universal Amphitheater. Neil told me to drink a champagne cocktail, which at times was against the rules, but for the night he was my master. He said he wanted me to catch up to him (he was on a drug high), but even after I'd had a drink I always came into focus for Neil and was instructed to mirror back to him what my controllers wanted him to be, do, say and feel. Lots of the words to his songs were program lock-ins for me …like Starlight, Starflight, and Turn on Your Heartlight (ET). I was programmed to listen to his music to keep my programming and memories locked away from my conscious mind.

Neil used to say he was singing to me while he was on stage. That was pretty powerful for me to contain, while I sat next to my husband during the concert. In my conscious awareness I had no idea I was doing anything other than attending Neil's concert; but even as I sat in a conscious state of unawareness, the underlying feelings were powerful as I held my connection to Neil. We had an agreement that he would sing it all to me, send everything he had to me, and I would say, "And I will be here collecting all of you and I will bring it back to you filled with more love and more caring than you could ever imagine!" That made him smile. Then at intermission or after the concert, I'd go and give it all back to him to fill him back up. He pretended like he was taking it and then he dressed and went out with other people. Neil was hustled into a limo and was gone, and so were those parts of me that were programmed to go to sleep inside of me until they saw Neil again. Then Craig would come and take me home.

I also attended his Hot August Nights concert at the Greek Theatre in 1972.

Neil said he liked to be showered with love, and in response I was always soft and nurturing and

loving with him. I catered to him exclusively while I was with him. He loved to trace his finger around my belly button to bring out "Jeanie."

I was still having sex and caring for Neil, even while I was in therapy in 1988. I went to therapy in Westwood and then swung home, down Pacific Coast Highway to meet Neil somewhere or at his home, have sex, and then I'd drive back to Agoura to my home, with "fresh fish" I bought for my family at the Malibu Fish Store. Bob laughed when he said it would be a good cover. Bob saw the world through a completely sexual orientation.

Stars had trouble getting «secured» sex with people. They couldn't trust that people weren't coming on to them to manipulate or hurt them, and since they were famous they couldn't risk losing their public reputation. So, slaves were provided to them. And Bob provided me to everyone he could, knowing the value of connections to powerful people. He laughed and said, "It's all right, she's broadening herself."

Word seemed to spread like wildfire to stars about the sex slave service. They loved it just like the politicians did, since they thought they could let their hair down and not have to worry because many were told I was a robot that couldn't ever divulge their secrets. With individuals not privy to the top-secret mind control information, Bob explained, "She's beautiful and highly sexual, but she's mentally slow and can't think. She doesn't have the ability to remember. She's been like this since birth, but…," Bob elucidated, "…what she lacks upstairs she greatly makes up for downstairs," and he'd smile slyly, "if you know what I mean."

Many people never knew that I was a robot, under total mind control. They just thought I was slow or deaf and dumb. That was another tactic Bob used. He had different explanations for different people, but for Neil Diamond, personalities were created within me who talked, listened, loved and cared for Neil.

Bob often called other men, "Son." I overheard him say, "Listen son, she'll please you and ease you and not spill the beans. She can't think to! But that won't hurt, it will only enhance your pleasure. Try it and see. I think you'll like it!" Bob maximized my usage by sending me to many, many stars and politicians over the years. He sent me to Quincy Jones, Burt Reynolds, Eddie Murphy, and others. Many of them didn't want to risk too much exposure with strangers for various and sundry reasons; they didn't

194 want to become too attached emotionally, didn't want to risk the security of knowing someone too long where a person could find out too much and hurt them in different ways, or there were other reasons unique to individual celebrities.

Mickey Rooney

In yesteryears, I was taken to show openings or galas in Hollywood, because Mickey would want me to be there, usually disguised. Later on after I had children, my daughter Kelly would be waiting inside the limo to give him oral sex. Mickey wanted me there to watch. Mickey always liked to have tons of women, as many as he could amass, flanked by his side. I overheard him say to Bob that it was good for his image. Bob replied, "Anytime it can be arranged for you to use any of my girls, I'd be delighted."

And that was arranged, over and over again. Bob made sure Kelly was trained in many of the same ways he trained me. We went to the Playboy Club for Kelly to have bunny lessons. I was dressed in a long black velvet gown with diamonds and Kelly had on a long red velvet gown with her hair done up and make-up. She was around 10 years old. All this to insure Bob's 'little filly' was prepared for use with whomever he decided to share her with. There were times Mickey Rooney would rendezvous with my family at a small exclusive restaurant in Agoura Hills. When the cues were given, Kelly would get up to go to the restroom and Mickey Rooney took over, later sexually pleasuring himself with our beautiful little daughter. He had a house near the area. I am not sure where exactly, but his house had a solarium with an indoor pool and he liked to have a lot of naked women around the pool. He was absolutely disgusting, but he really liked Kelly a lot.

Jane Fonda

I believe Jane Fonda was under programming, also. She was part of the experiment on how to achieve "eternal youth," while participating to further the cause in behind-the-scenes political arenas. I

occasionally passed Council messages to her at her Beverly Hills Fitness Center. They had a control group within the project to see if women would stay youthful and cease to age with just mind programming, or if exercise needed to be combined with the programming. They had a control group participating like Jane with the same eternal youth program, yet not exercising extensively to see which method prolonged longevity. In case you are interested, they found exercise to be a necessary component for successful anti-aging.

James Taylor

My husband took me to James' concerts; we went often when he was in town. During one concert I had two glasses of wine. My instructions were that after I drank them I was to go to the restroom and then go to the backstage door, and knock two times. When the door opened, I said, "Bob Hope sent me. Anybody interested? Anybody want any body?"

"Hell yes!" a man in a casual shirt said, pulling me in the door. "James will need a little at the break. A little pick-me-upper for his pecker. You just sit down here little lady and get yourself HOT. No," he laughed, "cool your wheels or is that heels? Just relax your c-t until it's time for the hunt. James is almost finished with the set." He pretended he was yelling to James in a high voice, "James, she's here, the one you hold near and dear, the c-t from Bob the Boss man." Then he looked over to me and said, "Just a few moments and you'll be on the Highway to Heaven with James …little Jimmy."

James stumbled off stage all sweaty and took my hand. I was feeling shy and he said, "Follow me on the Highway to Heaven. You are in for the ride of the night, as you ride my jewel to heaven. It will be out of this world, otherworldly, outta' sight!" He took me into a room and laid me on a couch chair and said, "Look into the air, don't beware, your chicken is cookin, you're good lookin, but aren't aware." He pushed my head over to the side real hard and continued, "Show me your wares." So I took off my clothes and dropped them to the floor. He told me to sit and spread 'em so I did and he dropped his loose fitting off white cotton trousers on the floor. While he held tightly to the back of my head, he relieved himself in my mouth. "Oh, oh," he screamed, "that was gooooood. Swallow that please and then you can be excused." He swished on by, kind of dancy like and said, "That oughtta' propel me into the second half with gusto!"

He walked out, closed the door and I sat there like a robot until another guy came in and raped me on the couch. He said, "James saved your c-t for me this time." He stood over me and when he orgasmed he screamed, "I feel like a cock-a-doodle-do!" he said crowing like a rooster. When he was through with me he said, "Okay, its clothes time!" then he delivered a hypnotic hand command. I got up and pulled my clothes on and he led me out to the side door where Craig was standing at the door waiting for me. Craig took me by the hand, and I felt like a little girl going back to my seat where I sat robotically until the concert was finished.

Over the years I was programmed to listen repeatedly to James Taylor's songs while some of the word phrases «re-minded» me to, "…leave your mind behind, Mexico…" and "…you can run but you cannot hide, this is widely known …."

Barbra Streisand

Barbra Streisand was used in the same way as other Hollywood celebrities before and after her. Through my personal experience with Barbra Streisand, I believe she is under the control of many of the same persons I was. She was pre-programmed to deliver messages she couldn't even have known she was passing on to millions of people. She sang her songs and was given carefully selected, pre-chosen words that would serve to lock in or open up certain programming in other mind control victims.

My own programming was laced with many of her songs. Victims of mind control hear the lyrics of a song and take the phrases that match their programming literally. The words they hear tie into subconscious memory of past traumatic experiences intended to keep them helplessly and hopelessly under mind control. Barbra sang a song entitled My Pa which I was told represented my feelings toward my father and the words were powerfully connected to my emotional state, creating a feeling of love and safety with my father, when in fact he was torturing me endlessly, nearly every day. The lyrics stated, "My pa can light my room at night with just his being there, and make a fearful dream all right by grinning ear to ear…" etc.

Her song, "I'm in a New York State of mind, " was tied to programming to orient me to events and people I was used with in New York in order to keep that reality separate from my conscious mind. Many of the lyrics from her song Memories, served as a hypnotic command to my subconscious mind, in order to 're-mind' me that, "Memories may be beautiful and yet what's too painful to remember, we simply choose to forget." Another of her songs, Send in the Clowns, reminded me and can remind other survivors of the abuse they endured as children in circus or amusement park settings where clowns were used as perpetrators. And, then there's her rendition of Over the Rainbow, which taps into Wizard of Oz programming themes.

As a teenager my cassette tapes and, as I grew older, my CD's of Barbra's songs, were well worn from endless listening, as the lyrics to her songs, coupled with my already intact program commands, continued to create my reality, whatever my controllers wanted it to be. Up until recently, my mother repeatedly listened to Barbra Steisand's songs. As a child I often had trouble getting my mother's attention because when she listened to the songs she became so fixated on the music that she was very far off somewhere in a programmed reality created by our controllers. She seemed very happy, almost euphoric. I've witnessed other survivors cling desperately to their Walkman delivering their programmed commands, while I'm trying to talk with them, due to their attempt to, as they've experienced, keep themselves «safe» by reinforcing their program "to forget."

When Barbra performed, which was rare, she was delivering a perfectly planned and orchestrated set of cryptic instructions to many of the people in attendance. She reached a wider audience, as mind-controlled victims bought the cassette tape or video of the performance and listened to it over and over and over again. Certain groups of mind-controlled people, like my mother and myself, were targeted for listening to her. Per program, we listened to her songs addictively and compulsively while following the command to reprogram ourselves by locking down the security of our own programming. Of course, Barbra herself is a victim and, from my observation, I am sure has no awareness that she is doing anything other than performing.

Barbra Streisand has extremely large breasts for her small body size. I've seen her naked at Bob Hope's parties and at other places. I was even involved in group sexual orgies where she was participating. And at other times, I was targeted to have sex with her one-on-one in order to deliver messages to her to keep her programming going or to instruct her on what to say at certain times. She is a mind-controlled robot. She did lots of cocaine at parties. She liked sex with women, and usually requested it. I was sent to her often.

My husband frequently took me out for dinner in Malibu when there was an alternate agenda to be accomplished. One night after such a dinner he drove me up a canyon road in his Datsun 280Z. He stopped along the road and we sat in the dark without saying anything until a black sedan pulled up next to the car. I got out and climbed into the back seat of the sedan. Two men in the front seat were dressed in dark expensive suits and the man in the passenger side had a gold pinky ring. They continued up a winding road to a house in the canyon and when we arrived they opened the door of the house with a key and went in. Barbra Streisand was robotically sitting on the couch and I was told to sit down next to her and link up by holding her hands. So I took her hands and then the man said, "Deliver the words." So I did. After I delivered the message, they used the stun gun on us both. Barbra laid face down on the couch, really out of it, with her hand hanging down over the side. Her face was very pale and she looked asleep. The man took me by the arm and pushed me toward the door and we left. Craig, still waiting in the Z, flashed his headlights and they stopped the sedan, transferred me back to my husband and we went home.

In September of 1986, Barbra sent out invitations to a special fundraising concert to be given at her home 'under the stars, in Malibu. My husband received our invitation at his dental office and said we should go, but I remember saying to him, "It's $5,000 a ticket, what are you thinking of?" I was in school as well as therapy by this time, and spending $10,000 was a huge chunk out of the resources that I needed to spend on my healing and education. I was more interested in my recovery than one night of Barbra Streisand in concert.

My husband replied, "Well, it would be a great memory." Prior to this episode, Craig had never displayed any special attraction to Barbra Streisand or her music.

Later when she and I were both switched into a "programmed state of mind," she told me she was upset that I didn't buy a ticket to come to see her in concert at her home. Ironically, I ended up being at her concert in Malibu anyway to have sex with and target some military guy with a bunch of stars on his uniform and later after the concert, Barbra. I was incognito and wore my lace off-the-

shoulder dress that I had previously worn for our family portraits. It was a $400 dress my husband bought me. I had to be at different places afterwards to help her relax and unwind, which usually ended up in sex. I had been instructed to say specific words to relax her. A therapist was there at other times to help.

When they could sell a certain number of very expensive tickets to her concert in the area of her home, they proved the results of a mind control project experiment to see if that targeted area was sufficiently under mind control. Checkmate! When it sold out they felt they had won because they sent the invitations to people that would be the hardest to control (the most challenging) and when it sold out they knew they had "cracked the code." Their victory was only temporary. As I now know, they were mistaken, for, I believe The City of Angels (Los Angeles) is spiritually destined to wake up to claim its name to fame!

No one could tell there had even been a mind control experiment that concluded with Barbara's Malibu performance. This was one way the controllers made large sums of money, all carefully concealed in such "charity fundraisers," which were then meticulously funneled into covert accounts. And, they further locked victims in, not only with the concert but with the video that was made of the concert. During her Malibu, One Voice performance, Barbra delivered one program-laced song lyric after another. First she sang "Send In the Clowns." Then she announced that in her research she came across one of the finest songs ever written, and the lyrics felt so relevant she decided to sing it and dedicated it to the woman who first sang it. That song was Over the Rainbow, and encompasses these lyrics:

"When all the world is a hopeless jumble and the raindrops tumble all around, heaven opens a magic lane. When all the clouds darken up the skyway, there's a rainbow highway to be found, leading from your windowpane to a place behind the sun, just a step beyond the rain. Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high, there's a land that I've heard of once in a lullaby. Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue. And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true. Someday I'll wish upon a star and wake up where the clouds are far behind me. Where troubles melt like lemon drops way above the chimney-tops, that's where you'll find me. Somewhere over the rainbow, bluebirds fly. Birds fly over the rainbow, why then, oh, why can't I. If all those little bluebirds fly beyond the rainbow, why oh why, can't I?"

To further explain the significance of these word phrases for mind control victims: "…heaven opens a magic lane," was for me a hypnotic induction for mind control. "…there's a rainbow highway to be found, leading from your windowpane to a place behind the sun, just a step beyond…" for me was a program command to switch to the Highway to Heaven, which was a dissociative state in which I went over the rainbow to a subconscious place in my mind where I was commanded not to associate what happened there with my everyday, conscious reality.

In Barbra's duet with Andy Gibb, they sang the song Guilty and the words that powerfully affected me and could effect other ritual abuse/mind control survivors are:

Gibb quickly enters the stage from behind singing, "there's danger in the dark," which for me was a subconscious reminder of trauma that occurs in the dark. Over the years, the word 'dark' was linked in my subconscious mind to ritual terrors and horrors, a reminder that commanded me to remember to forget, or else.

Further lyrics were:

"…Shadows fallin' baby, we stand alone…" — victims are often told they will be left to stand all alone, that no one outside 'the network' will believe or help them, or even want to be around them.

"…Nothing to be guilty for…" — a release for the endless ways many are forced to participate in the evil deeds, puppeted and dictated by our controllers.

"…Eyes can see, that we got a highway to the sky…" — victims are told they are always watched, by the 'eye in the sky' and in other ways by their controllers. Eyes are often a common theme in the art/journal work of victims in recovery. These three small words, "eyes can see…" have powerful meaning, sneaking through a subconscious doorway into the mind of a victim of mind control in order to remind them to watch carefully that they stay in line.

"…that we got a highway to the sky…" — can be a hypnotic induction to dissociate in order to receive program.

"…how can I win? Where will The tomorrow?" — words of despair, defeat.

The powerful ending to the duet is: "and we got nothing …and we got nothing, and we got

nothing…" Let me tell you Barry and Barbra, and all of the other beautiful people locked under the bondage of mind control: that is a lie, a lie our controllers told all of us. The truth is that we have everything. We are rich, starting with our spiritual heritage. The One that created us is powerfully working within to set you free from those who for years have benefited, by allowing you to soar, sharing your talents with others as they controlled and manipulated you for their own benefit, through mind control — through the control of your mind and mine. I wasn't famous, so when I broke free I wasn't as large a threat as you are and will be. I was small potatoes to my controllers. But to God I was important, as all His children are, and He has commissioned me to dedicate my life to seeing to it that you, some of the most talented human beings on this planet, are freed. This is His wish because He has assured me that you have at the center of your being, love, and that when you can know the magnitude of issues we face at this time, that you will stand and reach your hand down to your fellow brothers and sisters, to help them. At this time I am lending my hand, via Him, to you in hopes that some of you may be freed in order to reach your hands out to the masses. It is our last hope and we are running out of time. God has placed a great magnitude of love in my heart for you and my children, and I love all of you more than life itself, because indeed in sharing this information it would seem that I am putting my life at risk. But the Master Himself has assured me safe passage, as I go for help for all of you. And this manuscript is my attempt to "go for help," for you. I also am aware that those of you who are programmed will not be able, like oil reacting to water, to read or comprehend what I have written. But I hope others will intercede for you in order that you can be delivered from the bondage you have been held captive by. I love you, as individuals and for the beautiful heavenly creative talents you possess, but not as immensely as God does. He wants your freedom, He wants your release and He won't rest until you are all free of this evil force, one that at this time you are unable to be aware of.

As the concert proceeded, Barbra said, "I am going to light this candle in memory of all those wise and good men whose lives were senselessly and violently snuffed out before their time: Lincoln, Ghandi, Martin Luther King, John Kennedy, Anwar Sadat, Olaf Palmer, men of peace and vision, voices the world so desperately needs now — father figures. I think we've all lost someone whose guidance and wisdom we miss in times of fear and confusion, and this is for them." After which she sang: "May the light of this flickering candle, illuminate the night the way your spirit illuminates my soul." Sounds to me like bits and pieces of reminders of people I watched killed over the years.

Next in her backyard concert, Barbra sang Pa Pa, where the lyrics say, "Pa Pa can you hear me? …Looking at the skies I seem to see a million eyes which ones are yours?" Again, there is the "eyes watching you" theme.

Next was, of course, Memories, with the lyrics reminding our subconscious minds: "Memories like the corners of my mind, misty water-colored memories like the way we were. Scattered pictures of the smiles we left behind, smiles we gave to one another for the way we were. Can it be that it was all so simple then or has time rewritten every line, if we had the chance to do it all again, tell me would we, could we? Memories may be beautiful and yet, what's too painful to remember we simply choose to forget. For it's the laughter we remember, whenever we remember the way we were."

At the end of her concert, in a patriotic quest, Barbra sang America the Beautiful and invited the audience to join with her in song.

During those years, (although at the time I was consciously unaware of my involvement) her therapist and I were often in charge of keeping Barbra stable and balanced. The therapist worked with her psychological state and I worked on her body, doing massage therapy, accupressure, polarity therapy, etc. All this was done to keep Barbra in shape and in line. She was fragile and needed a lot to keep her going.

I was called in often to shore Barbra up, especially in between times when she was out of relationship or having problems with her male friends. Later in her career, she had trouble even having sex with men. When she was alone, she would get scared at night and need someone. As programmed, I'd go over after my children were taken care of or when our maid was there, at which time I was free to go at anytime. I held Barbra and did whatever she seemed to need to get her stabilized.

We walked on the beach a lot, especially after she bought the home away from the Colony nest (the grouping of homes she owned) and people that knew her. She bought a place just a few blocks down the street. It was very clever because if people thought they saw her on the beach, they could assume she was at home, but then she'd disappear into the anonymous home that was purchased in

another name to give her the privacy she needed. Then her therapist and I could go to her there unnoticed. She wanted privacy even from her maids, and would arrange for her therapist and I to be with her. If she didn't call on the car phone and tell me, she would walk to the new house and call me from her bedroom. I was instructed to go to the front gate and from a call box tell the maid a coded message to give to her. Barbra usually gave the maid the rest of the day off, explaining she was going to be with friends. Then after the therapist and myself arrived, we would take her to "the house-house," as she called it. One night we were called out for a 'Barbra emergency' and when her therapist and I arrived we found Barbra in the closet upstairs at the 'house-house, even before it was carpeted. She couldn't wait. She was all huddled into a little ball and crying with her hair all stringy and hanging in her face. She looked like a little frightened child. She was breaking down often and her controllers couldn't afford for her to break up yet. She was a real mess. She just survived to do what they needed her to do. She sat in my lap and I nurtured her and she showed me her dolls and things. I massaged her and did reflexology, accupressure, polarity, whatever I could do to help her. I did body treatments on her often, usually more than once a week — up to five times a week — and it usually ended up in sex as she initiated it.

Barbra had to be kept together because she had been used to make the connections to some very important people, and especially to the masses. Because she had been so heavily invested in, as a mind control asset, they now had to keep her «maintained» 24 hours a day at times and had to use other slaves to shore her up. Unlike a «normal» person, she could never talk about what she saw and remembered in private (during sleep or upon awakening) without being monitored. Whatever it took or cost was worth it to her controllers because they built her up to a certain targeted audience so completely that her controllers paid exorbitant amounts of money to keep her together, and her fans would pay any amount to see her. Many may themselves be under mind control.

They carefully prepared Barbra to harmonically control crowds. She did, not only with the natural talent she has and the trained harmonics in her voice, but also with the hand signals and word combinations she sang. She is a total robot and is breaking down, but they will spend a fortune to keep her together (like poor Elvis) until she just can't function anymore.

So no expense was spared for her. We organized little tea parties for Barbra based on different themes given to us by my professor in the Master's program. We'd buy items that were just made for Barbra. I would stop at Michael's Party Shop and give them the list of items and the sales people would gather it all up for me. Then I'd go to Barbra, switched to the personality inside of me who was created to be older than me and older than Barbra, the one who was designed to care for the "Big B," the "Queen B," when she needed it. She was our friend. We hated to see her crumble.

Sometimes the Council gave me different drugs for Barbra. She always got to choose one, but I think they all must have done the same thing, just packaged in different wrappers or capsules. As soon as she would pass out, and that is what she always did, a group of men would come into the house with equipment to work on her. Sometimes it looked like her body came off the couch from the electroshock. It was awful to watch. Then when they took the equipment off of her body, it would be cold and clammy, yet she would have a band of sweat on her face. It was my job, or her therapist's, to get her back on her feet again. Sometimes she would sleep for days afterward. Then I heard them say they had to adjust her, that is, give her more "sessions." When she came around we would be soft and kind and gentle to her and

200 eventually she would come out of it. A friend of her therapist helped Barbra, too, on nights she couldn't. It became increasingly difficult to manage getting her put back together. It was a team effort.

I gave her injections, also. I was taught to pinch the skin on the top fatty portion of her arm, then stick the needle in it so I couldn't hurt anything. I was given a syringe to deliver drugs to arms or thighs when and if the need arose, which later became quite often. I had to give Barbra the injections whenever they told me to; otherwise they would have killed us both. I'd seen them do it to others.

Barbra liked for me to sing with her and harmonize. She said it made her feel happy like the good ole' days when she was young. She had on pink bell bottoms and a white tank top. She was really out there, stoned, drunk, or drugged out of her mind.

The massage idea helped keep a slave enslaved and contained because the accupressure points often matched up correctly with programmed touch spots. It worked well. Bodywork eased the stress of the body while locking the mind in program — a great leisurely and heavenly containment idea to further imprison mind control slaves. With rich and famous slaves they said it was easy because they

could send them off on endless journeys, trips, workshops, special spas, expos, etc., because these slaves had the money to pursue different avenues that often led them directly back into containment. The Colony is not far from Point Mugu Naval Base (a mind control programming center) and seems to have been in conveniently close proximity for reconditioning purposes. More on Point Mugu later.

They also programmed us to «psychically» deliver messages or directions for slaves to follow, since we all had the belief in psychic gifts, etc. and were so suggestible. To some celebrities (most of them women), while giving them a massage, I would touch certain 'points' on their body while dropping a psychic prediction and they would think I was really gifted when in a few days, my prediction would come true. The higher the level of the slave, the more the controllers were willing to invest financially to make the predicted experience "come to pass." Someone of Streisand's stature and programmed investment was worth a "prediction come true episode" that had class and dignity. This is not to say that I don't believe in psychic reality, because I do, but these psychic realities were created and controlled, by those who sought to create circumstances that were making them lots of money.

I was used with Streisand most often in 1985–1987, during the time I attended Pepperdine University in Malibu. Before 1985, I was sent to her when she needed me in the evenings in Malibu. Craig often drove me out to dinner to accomplish these rendezvous, but after I started at Pepperdine, I would tell him that I had to go back to the campus to study. I often parked in the Pepperdine Library parking lot where I was picked up by the men in suits and dropped off at Barbra's house. This way they had different cars going in and out. Lots of times I was told to go to her during daytime hours. I had a high level of fear that was present with me most all the time, only I was so scared and programmed that I was unable to think about it with my mind. But my pain-filled, often weary and exhausted body told the truth of my experiences.

Barbra switched personalities a lot. I think that might be why she was afraid to perform on stage. Those with 'the eyes to see and the ears to hear' might have greater insight in regard to an article written about her in the July 1994 issue of Ladies Home Journal. In it, when asked about her string of unhappy relationships and her inability to have long-lasting relationships, in her own words Barbra states, "I live with a lot of angst," and "I'm a mass of contradictions. I change and I grow. I change my mind all the time. So tell (whatever) man I'm looking for that if he likes to have affairs with lots of women, then I'm perfect for him!" Could she be referring to first-hand experience with Multiple Personality Disorder?

When she did perform, such as the concert she gave at her home in Malibu, she had to have someone like me to focus on internally, someone who was part of her programmed reality so she could feel stronger. To accomplish this she was programmed to pretend that myself or someone else was standing next to her on stage so it would shore her up to do the performance. Then she performed, just like she was programmed to do, delivering her controller's strategy to the unsuspecting and perhaps partially programmed crowd.

I once overheard Henry say that he would give the public what they wanted and demanded celebrities and fanfare — since that was all they were capable of understanding anyway. He said most of the private sector were totally ignorant of governmental matters and that, since they didn't avail themselves to knowledge of the way their country was run, it was evident that they really wanted and needed for "those in the know" to take charge and run things. He said that since he and other leaders were interested and capable, they would do the job, making the decisions and seeing to it that things ran smoothly.

Hollywood celebrities are constantly tied back into the White House to add flair and drama, and to bring in covert funds, but most importantly to add diversion to keep the American public focused in whatever direction the controllers want, instead of having the public focused on what is really going on behind the scenes.

One time when I was shoring up Barbra at her home, I found her huddled down, crouching, wringing her hands, terrified. She looked up at me in a childlike manner and said, "I don't have to sing tonight, do I?"

I said, "No, honey, not tonight."

She replied in a childlike voice, "Phew…"

I felt frightened to see her acting like a child when she switched to very young parts of herself, and didn't know what to expect when she said, "Let's play with the clay again." She had a table where

we sat to play with clay. It looked like a child's table for adult size people. She switched personalities often then, so we would have tea parties and play games to entertain her child personalities.

Her son also played different games with her. One time she dressed like a clown and was acting and kicking like doing karate and she yelled out, "Hey Jason!" and he came running and jumped into bed with her and started cuddling. Then they both went to sleep and, as instructed, I could then leave. Sometimes she wanted her therapist to join them and would say, "Come and see how fun Jas is." And, one of us would. We were all unable, incapable, and not of our own mind to choose anything else. Usually we cleaned up the mess she had made playing and then afterwards, would cover her up, tiptoe out of her room and leave.

I flew from Kauai, after I had these memories about Barbra, in order to meet with one of my therapists. She met me at a restaurant in Los Angeles and as I told her about the memories I had about Barbra Streisand the color drained from her face. Later, I understood her intense reaction, as I became aware that Barbra was her client. That day we both sat in shock and silence. I knew then that, although my therapist and I did not understand what everything meant, the love that we both believed in and the Holy Spirit that led us was ever-present. And not knowing what else to do, all I know is that the love and compassion I have for Barbra Streisand and all victims of mind control demands that I now share this information. I told Barbra's therapist everything I knew at that time, so she could attempt to help Barbra. Since I was no longer in California and easily accessible, I stopped being the one used to keep Barbra Streisand under program. I am glad for that.

Elton John

Elton John's, "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road, " with its obvious potential to trigger those with Oz programming, called my attention. Elton wrote Candle in the Wind, in regard to Marilyn Monroe, and he later produced a version in honor of Princess Di. He sings, "…you crawled out of the woodwork and they whispered into your brain, they set you on the treadmill and they made you change your name." He continues, "…Hollywood created a superstar and pain was the price you paid. Even when you died, oh the press still hounded you, all the papers had to say was Marilyn was found in the nude…" and, "…the

202 candle burned out long before your legend ever did." In Someone Saved My Life Tonight Elton sings "…sitting like a princess perched in her electric chair." "…You nearly had me roped and tied, alter-bound, hypnotized, Sweet Freedom whispered in my ear, "You're a butterfly, and butterflies are free to fly, fly away, high away, bye, bye." Perhaps Elton knows personally about these Project Monarch, mind control issues and in his own way, through his songs, has attempted to help others to freedom. I know that his songs personally affected me deeply and I felt that he might have 'understood. So much so, that I attended one of his 1996 concerts at the St. Louis Riverport Amphitheatre and sent one of my books, STARSHINE: One Woman's Valiant Escape From Mind Control, backstage to him. However, I suspect that the stagehand that took the sparkling package from me never delivered it to Elton, since I never received his response.

We Are the World

Writing this chapter also brings to mind the video done in the 80's by a group of famous actors, actresses, and singers, who met in Hollywood with the special purpose of recording WE ARE THE WORLD. An urgent common concern brought these entertainers, normally competitive with one other, together and they set aside their differences to serve a higher purpose; bringing in funds for starving children in Africa. The line they sang, "We're saving our own lives," may be truer for some of these individuals than they can 'think' about due to the mind control some of them may be under.

This information I have provided to you may change the way you look at many of Hollywood's finest celebrities, many of whom myself and others have witnessed being victimized at the hands of the ruthless people who control others for reasons of power, money and domination, with the end result serving their agenda — the New World Order. I beg for you to question and look into these issues I bring before you, because the lives of many that are as yet in bondage rely on it.

If we truly serve others as we have been spiritually called to do, and understand that what we do for others we do for ourselves and ultimately for God, then we must join together to stop this control of the minds of some of our most talented and creative people. Together, we can help create a world

that is safe and free, where creative and talented children are safe to grow up without the fear of being owned or manipulated by the hidden group of individuals who now are in power on our planet — a group who does not believe in freedom, but instead is invested in totalitarianism, torture, mind control and human slavery. Please help me expose and stop this insane form of abuse and hidden slavery and set the captives free!

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord has anointed me to bring good tidings to the afflicted; he has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to those who are bound."

Isaiah 61:1

Chapter Twenty-two: Prince Phillip, Prince Charles, and Princess Di

"I Know You, l Walked With You Once Upon A Dream"

For mind control purposes, a song from Disney's Sleeping Beauty was instilled into my programming to keep all memory of hidden events separate from my conscious mind. The lyrics as I remembered them reminded me, "I know you, I walked with you once upon a dream. I know you, with you in my arms you're so familiar again… " I was programmed to feel familiar with kings, princes, and presidents and this song served to reorient me into my dream reality, the one that existed Over the Rainbow.

I was prostituted to Prince Phillip and also Prince Charles. On one occasion, Prince Charles explained to me that royalty are given the right and reserve to have affairs outside of the royal family. He said it was in the interest of their country for the royals to remain balanced and happy, and that was done by whatever means needed in order to accomplish that. The requirement was that they were discreet and didn't get caught.

I was prostituted to both Phillip and Charles in Los Angeles on different occasions and was set up with them at other times in Washington, DC, London, and New York. Prince Phillip thought he was God's gift to the world, and was arrogant and egotistical. Charles was much different. He was quieter, more somber, and more controlled. The Council told me it was important for me to form a sexual bond with him.

Charles liked to talk a lot in bed. He would lay on his side with his head cradled in his hand and talk and talk to me. He said that he was very lonely, that Di never talked to him about anything of substance and that they just didn't seem to be matched that way. He told me that they had good sex but that was it, and that he had trouble getting her to act like a member of the royal family was suppose to act so they could lead their country in the way it needed to be run. He said that she didn't have much depth and was more interested in how she looked than anything else and he said, "Frankly, that bores me."

While I listened to him, his sharp nose, dark hair on his chest and the little crop of dark hair right at the small of his back grooved indelible memory in my mind files. After the first time we were together, he liked to be on top when we had sex. I don't think he knew I was a programmed slave. He just treated me like a trusted confidant, a friend, a lover, but sex was never paramount to him.

Charles explained to me that it was important for the royal family to have a good public image in order to wield the power they have, to lead the masses. He said that if the royal family was seen as weak and unstable, it could lead to a level of chaos within the English society. He said if a royal family could maintain stability, through whatever means necessary, then it was for the good of the whole country. So said Charles.

The Rockefeller family set me up with Charles and I was instructed to just be a good listener with him and to report back to them what he said. They wanted to know what his dreams, desires, likes and dislikes were so that they could use that information in the future to control him, and ultimately, his country. They wanted to know his "Achilles heel" so that they could use his weakness to their advantage in regard to political and business dealings between our countries.

They arranged a trip for the royal couple to come to the United States and they took great care to set everything up just right for their enjoyment. I was used as a guide, a person they could turn to for anything they needed or wanted. I was directed to anticipate whatever needs they might have and fulfill them. I was assigned to purchase Disney toys for the boys that were left in their room upon arrival. Food, clothes, rest, massages, shopping, entertainment, anything they wanted, I arranged it

for them. They paid for Diana to get the full treatment at a beauty salon during the time set up for me to target Charles.

They put me with Charles while the rest of the royal family was being entertained and I was told to tend to him. As always, they told me that he was shy and, because of his position, could not ever make a sexual advance to a public individual. So, they explained to him that I was a trusted and safe person, and in turn instructed me that all I had to do was to come on to him; he knew the door was open and safe, all I had to do was lead the way.

While Di was off getting coiffeured and someone tended the children, I was told to lunch with Charles in the room and then to come on to him. When it was time, I reached out and touched the white dress shirt that covered his chest and when I saw that this created a favorable reaction, I reached out and took hold of his hand. I was trained that a man must feel sure that you care about him and will not humiliate or make fun of him in any way. He was to feel 100 % safe with me. So during lunch, I listened very carefully to everything he said and kept building him up, complimenting him and showing him that I really understood what he was telling me completely. He seemed to need and like that a lot. Towards the end of lunch, he picked up my hand and kissed the inside of my palm and told me how wonderful it was to have someone he could talk to, someone who really understood. He explained that there were not many people he could talk to like this in his country, because it could leak to other people and then it could cause him and his country many problems. Prince Charles said that it had been explained how trusted I had been to the Rockefellers over the years and how he could also trust me, that I would keep private "our meeting," he called it. He was very sincere and acted like he meant every word he said. Evidently, Charles really trusted the Rockefellers. I don't know why. After he kissed my hand, I reached over and put my hand on his face and reiterated that he was safe with me and that I was thoroughly briefed on what his needs would be while he was visiting, and that he could totally relax knowing that anything that was said or done would remain private and protected. With sincere gratitude he said, "That means the world to me. It is not often that I am allowed this privilege."

The royal family was on a schedule and I only had a couple of hours to do the job I was assigned to do on Charles. After listening and a sexual rendezvous, I took him into the shower and soaped him down and rinsed him off, then helped him out, dried him off, and brought him some clothes. He seemed comfortable with all of the attention and I acted like I loved nothing more than doing everything for him. While he combed his hair he explained to me while he was looking into the mirror, that he was not used to the luxury of being alone in this way, that at home he always had servants attending to him and so he really liked the time we had together. Taking his hand, I delivered the message that I was preprogrammed to deliver, laying the groundwork my controllers dictated for future encounters. I explaining that I deeply enjoyed the time we had spent together and looked forward to many other such joyous occasions! He smiled and said yes, and I let myself out of the room. There were security men in the hallway by their suite and I smiled at them, neatly redressed now in my navy suit and heels, as I walked to the elevator.

My instructions after I left Charles were to go to a room down on another floor and let myself in with a key I would find in my pocket. Once in the room, I picked up the phone and dialed a number and began telling all the details of our conversation and time together. For all I know, I may have been talking to a tape recorder on the other end. Without making any other conversation, I finished my debrief and hung up. Then I went down to the lobby. The hotel was very elegant, with waterfalls, wood, glass, and brass decorating the lobby. I do not know the name or where I actually was.

Charles' repeated disclosure of the vital importance of his relationship with Di remaining stable for the good of his country was the information Kissinger and the Rockefellers needed to form their strategy. I believe that now armed with this information, they had the perfect way to destabilize England, through destabilizing the royal couple's relationship. So they did just that and began devising a plan to destroy Di and Charles' relationship from the inside out. Over time, little seeds of doubt were planted, originating from Kissinger's and the Rockefeller's strategic plan, at times delivered through me, about the royal couple's relationship and about Di to Charles and about Charles to Di, and they may have worked them both from other angles. I know that they had me give certain messages that were meant to be a wedge between the two. They were always subtle, never aimed directly at them, but the inferences were there.

For example, I was sent in to talk to Di. They had me befriend her by giving me information about her that I could 'drop' at a time when we were alone. I did and she opened up and began

crying, which is just exactly what they wanted her to do. Then I talked to her and helped her feel better. They wanted a bond to be set in place for later use so they could get inside information about England. Even more they wanted to know how they could "get to Charles" in order to influence him without him knowing. I was with them several times and each time spent time alone with Di talking about her difficulties. She seemed starved to talk to someone who understood and I had been armed with enough information to be that understanding person. Our controllers wanted the familiarity to 'breed' in each succeeding visit so they could have more and more of a doorway in to influence the royals. I overheard our controllers arguing about using me with her again. They said, "We can't risk having her become a familiar face." To which another man reported, "She's a long way from home and so is Di and they will never meet again by accident in a million years. You worry too much. These things always have a way of working themselves out."

So, the other man said, "Okay, okay, we'll use her, but just one more time."

I could relate to Di. We were both married, had children and shared some common ground, including having husbands that were not sexually passionate and seemed disinterested in that way. They were hoping to be able to keep Di involved because she was so easy to access — as they termed it, "loose-lipped." But that isn't how it worked out. After Di was comfortable with me, I was programmed to disclose that I wished I had a husband who liked to be very sexual with me. All the while my programmers knew from my report of Charles' sexual encounter that he was not a sexually motivated man. Then they could go about directing their media arms to capture and detail any problems that came between the royal couple, even at times creating problems that were not there in the first place — creating suspicions on both sides. It was an ugly strategy, but looking back, it worked. The monarchy was destabilized by this plan.

"We cannot live only for ourselves. A thousand fibers connect us with our fellow men; and along these fibers, as sympathetic threads, our actions run as causes, and they come back to us as effects. "
Herman Melville

Chapter Twenty-three: They Stole My Baby

London, England was cold in the winters and was very cold and dreary. Many of the buildings I was taken into were made out of grey stone, and everything took on a greyish cast. Maybe that was due to the ominous experiences I had while in England. There were a lot of ornate black wrought iron fences around estates; even the parkways and parks often had fences surrounding them. I accompanied Reagan to London many times. I overheard that these were important assignments in facilitating diplomatic relations.

This time Ronald Reagan had on a black overcoat and we were walking across the street to visit an older lady with dark grey hair. She wore a hat and very sturdy shoes and a suit. I think she was the Queen of England, or at least someone of importance. It was not Margaret Thatcher, though. She explained that she could walk around in her country without Secret Service agents but chose wisely the time she went on "outings," she called them. She had a medium size dog that she took when she went on walks. She was very opinionated and very dominating. For some personal reason she didn't like Nancy at all and said that Ron and I made such a handsome twosome that it was a shame that Ron and I weren't a couple. She told him that Nancy made him look older than his years, and that a baby born of Reagan and I would make her happy. She said she felt there was some special chemistry and she wanted it badly. She was convinced that I was Sharon Weatherby and that I had excellent lineage. All this bloodline stuff really meant a lot to her and for whatever reason, I was the target. Maybe the Council influenced her and told her I was someone I wasn't. I don't know.

We gathered to talk in a sitting room with all white wicker furniture. There was a bird in a large ornate metal cage and there were lots of beautiful plants around. I remember how she and everyone around her spoke in English accents. They talked about the PLO and other news of the day, but I couldn't retrieve all the words in order to more completely remember their conversations. She had seen my capabilities; the mind files, the profound statements delivered in public (pre-programmed though they were by the Council), the wit (pre-programmed by the Council) and she felt I had some extraordinary genetic structure and she wanted some of it. She viewed this breeding thing like people think about horse and dog breeding. She was really into it and she had her mind set on having an offspring of mine coupled with Reagan, whom she thought was the perfect father.

There were many meetings where this subject was discussed and eventually she got her wish.

The child I bore for her was the result of many meetings of negotiations over the years. The talks started out slowly as she and Reagan took small safe steps toward defining their otherwise preposterous scheme.

The child that was born for the Queen was to be brought up in a strict environment and groomed for later marriage into the royal family. It was a baby that was delivered into the arms of some of her people.

They said this baby was a gift of diplomacy between our countries. Reagan called the baby a peace offering to show the United Kingdom our willingness to extend a hand toward future relations with their country.

When the doctors were ready to deliver my not yet full-term baby, I was taken aboard an airplane. They laid me on a cot-like gurney made of white canvas on a metal frame. There was an IV bottle hanging over my head and I was afraid it was going to swing off its stand as the plane was entering turbulent weather. I couldn't say anything, because I had a mask over my face.

My baby was born in the air, delivered by doctors dressed in surgical gowns and masks. They had utensils and long-shaped stainless steel bowls with alcohol or some type of sterile solution for their utensils. There were no nurses. Just two doctors. The baby was also to be part of some experiment. As I flashbacked, abreacted, and retrieved this memory I felt the uterine contractions and pain, my tailbone hurt and stung because they gave me a spinal injection. I didn't have the baby naturally; I heard the doctors say the word "epidural," but at the time didn't know what that word meant.

After the baby was born and the plane landed, one doctor wrapped him all up in a thin white blanket and soon headed out the door of the plane with him. I screamed with everything I was: "NO! NO! NO!" But I don't know if I was able to scream the words out loud or if I was just screaming inside. Tears were streaming from my face. I looked out the airplane window and saw a dark-haired man and a woman with medium-length blonde hair standing together on the tarmac. The doctor who took my tiny newborn son from me handed him first to the dark-haired man who, in turn, handed him into the arms of the woman. The doctor then pointed for them to go on and I thought I would die when this couple took my baby and walked away.

When the doctor reboarded the airplane he and the other man said I made a wise choice and made a great contribution to society. I didn't know what they meant. I hadn't made any choice. As they spoke of matters of national security, I was becoming increasingly more hysterical. The doctor injected a drug into the IV bottle that instantly put me asleep. The next thing I knew I was dressed in a grey sweat suit and groggily walked out of the airplane to my mom who was dressed in a red sweat shirt, white blouse and red pants. She took my face in her hands and said, "How's my sweetie?" and she helped me to the car.

I overheard the doctor say the baby was of good size despite the fact that he had been taken so early. All I could see was the top of his beautiful little head because he was wrapped so tightly in the blanket, but my love for him was and still is intense and powerful. He was part of me, but they took him away. I never saw my baby again. I was grateful when they drugged me out of my misery because the feelings and experience were overwhelming and I couldn't take anymore. My body started shaking uncontrollably and I was freezing but they said it was okay — normal in fact. It sure didn't feel normal. I was in a daze for a few days, quiet, withdrawn and very, very depressed. My soul ached. It still does today.

The grief is totally encompassing. When I think of him I still cry uncontrollably. How could they steal my baby? How could they?
"Jesus wept."

John 11:35

"Thus says the Lord: Refrain your voice from weeping, and your eyes from tears; for your work shall be rewarded, says the Lord and (your children) shall return from the enemy's land. And there is hope in your future, says the Lord; your children shall come again to their own country."

Jeremiah 31:1617

Chapter Twenty-four: USC: Higher Education or Mind Control

Uncle Charlie Donates $4.7 Million to USC

In 1973, as Uncle Charlie greased the way, Craig entered University of Southern California (USC) Dental School and commuted everyday from our home in Agoura to downtown Los Angeles. As I was to later find out, Charles Lilley Horn had quite a name at USC, as well as in San Francisco at the United States Mint. He personally knew members of the Federal Reserve Board. As I discovered, he was connected to Federal Reserve Bankers; old money, and Hearst newspaper type of old money friends. Uncle Charlie was a direct link with the Council through the money he was able to generate. He was revered by those who knew him as a trusted businessman, a family man who was adept in politics and investments. I believe Charles Horn was the single most important family link to my control by the global elitists. The reality of what I was involved in was carefully concealed every Christmas when I dutifully sent a box of See's Candy to him and his wife at their winter home in Scottsdale, Arizona. I was drugged and programmed that this act of gift-giving reminded me to forget, which it did for many years. And, I was programmed to watch the popular television series, Charlie's Angels, in my controllers' attempt to cover and scramble my memory.

Charles Lilley Horn, as Chairman of the Board, retained control of Federal Cartridge Corporation for many years until relinquishing control around 1970 to his progeny, Charles B. Horn and William B. Horn, presumably his sons. Federal Cartridge Corporation is a munitions manufacturer, based in Minneapolis, Minnesota (address: 2700 Foshay Tower, Minneapolis, MN). Dun & Bradstreet Million Dollar Directory indicates that Federal Cartridge Corporation was a long-time subsidiary of the Olin Foundation, Inc. headquartered in New York City. The Foundation Directory shows that Charles Lilley Horn also was President of the Olin Foundation, Inc. throughout the 1960's and 1970's.

The Olin Foundation, Inc. (currently F.W. Olin Foundation, Inc.) was established as a charitable trust in 1938 for Franklin W. Olin, founder of Olin Industries, which later merged with the Mathieson Chemical Company, eventually becoming the Olin Corporation of today. During the 1970's, the Olin Corporation was interlocked with the Chase Manhattan Corporation, whose Chairman was David Rockefeller (see diagram). The Rockefellers, of course, have long had controlling interest in the United States Federal Reserve, which as many people know is actually a private corporation, with shareholders.

According to The Foundation Directory (1995), the F.W. Olin Foundation, Inc. (with William B. Horn, Vice President) listed its assets at $317 million (as of 1993). The Directory describes the Foundation's purpose and activities as "primarily for constructing and equipping new academic buildings and libraries at private four-year, accredited degree-granting colleges and universities…" In the book, Understanding Foundations (1967), the Olin Foundation, Inc. is similarly described; it states, "Many grants in education are made, especially for construction. Grants show a preference for the field of engineering… Recent recipients have been the University of Southern California…" (among others). This information was confirmed by the USC Office of University Advancement, indicating two grants given to USC in the 1960's by the Olin Foundation: (1) In 1964, $2.4 million to fund the Olin Hall of Engineering and (2) in 1965, $2.5 million to fund the Vivian Hall of Engineering. With these donations, it is no wonder that Uncle Charlie (Charles Lilley Horn), who was President of the Olin Foundation at the time, was popular at USC, particularly with the Engineering School which is currently located in Olin Hall.

Interestingly, during the 1960's the USC School of Engineering was transformed into a major research facility and expanded into several new areas, including biomedical engineering. Today the Engineering School boasts several academic departments and research centers. One such research facility is the Center For Neural Engineering, which lists among its research activities: (1) Hardware Models of HippocampusToward Brain Implants as Neural Protheses for Memory Loss; (2) USC Brain Project; and (3) USC DARPA (Defense Advance Research Project Agency) UltraScale Computing Project-to name a few. Apparently, the USC Brain Project is sponsored by the National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) and the National Aeronautical and Space Administration (NASA). It is also worth mentioning that the DARPA project involves "Hybrid Neuron-Silicon Computational Systems For Pattern Recognition" which includes the interface of electrode arrays with hippocampal tissue slices and neuron cultures, as well as growth techniques for cortical neurons on silicon substrates, and even technologies to interface silicon-based computer systems and neurobiological systems. In 1998, the USC Alfred E. Mann Institute for Biomedical Engineering received a donation of $100 million from biomedical entrepreneur Alfred E. Mann, for whom the Institute is named. The donation was said to be one of the largest in the history of higher education, and is second largest ever to USC, behind $120 million donated by Walter H. Annenberg to the School of Communication.

Standing back and looking at this patchwork picture painted above, highlighted by advanced research projects in biomedical engineering and incredible amounts of funding, one cannot help but be struck by the obvious potential at the USC School of Engineering for major advancements in the technology and application of MIND CONTROL!

HELLOOOOOO!

Now, ask yourself, why is DARPA (American Defense) operating in a university setting? What are they actually researching? What do you think is really going on?

One can see that foundations don't always make donations to university academic departments that one might expect, based on the donors' apparent line of business. Another example is the H. Leslie Hoffman and Elaine S. Hoffman Foundation, with assets approaching $20 million. H.L. Hoffman was the CEO of the Hoffman Electronics Corporation, a long-time Los Angeles-based company since 1932, in the business of manufacturing various electronic devices, generally entertainment related (including special ones for government agencies). The USC Hoffman Medical Research building is named after its donor Elaine S. Hoffman.

The Hoffman Engineering Company, located in Minnesota, is listed as a division of Uncle Charlie's Federal Cartridge Corporation. Hoffman Engineering makes metal and composite enclosures for electrical and electronic controls, instruments and components. I wonder if they made covers that house those nasty ECT devices I was regularly zapped with? To date, I haven't yet determined a linkage between Hoffman Electronics and Hoffman Engineering, but that Hoffman Medical Research connection sounds promising. Apparently later on, Federal Cartridge and Hoffman Engineering merged to become Federal Hoffman Corporation (FC Holdings, Inc.). In 1988, the company was purchased by the Minnesota-based Pentair Corporation, increasing Pentair's total sales by nearly 40 %, and is currently listed as a subsidiary of Pentair in the Directory of Corporate Affiliations. After that transaction, Uncle Charlie's relations no longer appear among Federal Cartridge Corporation's corporate officers, but instead have been listed among the officers of the Olin Foundation, according to the Foundation Directory.

Uncle Charlie continued to be an invisible influence in my life. But even though I was unaware of this, in my public and conscious reality I was still working as a dental assistant, though unknowingly placing dental implants (some type of miniature electronic transmitters) into the teeth of unsuspecting patients, without my own conscious knowledge and awareness. My four day work week for Dr. Jacoby, a USC dental school graduate, was extremely productive, for him. While I did all the hands-on dental work with his patients, including fitting and cementing bands, making archwires and headgears, removing braces, making retainers, and performing general check-ups, Dr. Jacoby sat in his private office and either read magazines or worked on his computer. At 22 years old, Craig and I had no idea that our lives were totally controlled and not our own; nor could we have known that we were living our lives under total and complete mind control.

Who Are the Annenbergs?

Moses Annenberg made his fortune during the Prohibition days by creating an information monopoly on which bookies and gambling mobsters depended. His cartel controlled a nationwide racetrack news wire service, The Trans-National, headquartered in Chicago. The street savvy he gained first as a newsboy, then later as a high executive within the William Randolph Hearst media empire, gave Annenberg the wherewithal to pull off his racing news coup, and made him one of America's wealthiest men. However, in 1939, Annenberg was convicted of tax fraud and was forced to give up the wire service aspect of his business. This brought about a battle to take over control, which resulted in several sensational murders, including that of Bugsy Seigel, who, as Al Capone's west-coast agent of Trans-American, managed to wrest control over Trans-National through the strong arm tactics of his 'enforcer, Mickey Cohen. Annenberg's media empire then continued on as Triangle Publications and included the Daily Racing Form.

By 1946, the dust cleared, but all the turbulence soon brought about a Congressional investigation into organized crime in America, headed by Senator Estes Kefauver's Committee. Following its hearings, the Committee concluded that mob-control of the racing news wire service was undermining America and represented the heart of mob operations. During 1950 and 1951 the

Kefauver Committee heard from 600 witnesses, "...including most of the powerful gangsters of the day. It was an astonishing spectacle. Never before did so many criminals pass in review before the general public; never before were so many put on display singly or in tandem as members of a single community of outlaws." (Albert Fried, 1993)

During this time, Walter H. Annenberg had dropped out of the Wharton School of Business at the University of Pennsylvania in about 1930 to join his father's company, as a bookkeeper. In 1942, he became the company's president. As head of Triangle Publications, Walter Annenberg started two new hugely successful publications, TV Guide, America's best selling weekly magazine, and Seventeen magazine, and continued in his father's path as a media mogul. In 1988, Rupert Murdoch, a leader in the media industry, purchased TV Guide, Seventeen, and Daily Racing Form from Annenberg's company for $3 billion. The following year, Annenberg established the charitable trust known as The Annenberg Foundation. Its current assets are listed as $2.6 billion.

According to the Foundation Directory, the Foundation's current primary purpose is to support "early childhood and K-12 education (including public school restructuring and reform)." In 1993, Annenberg announced a $550 million gift, the largest private donation ever to benefit education, providing a series of grants for school reform projects geared toward improving elementary and secondary education. Regarding this donation, the Los Angeles Times (Dec. 17, 1993) reported: "Although White House officials refused to give details of the awards, three groups are expected to get a major share of the money: the New American Schools Development Corp. in Alexandria, VA [which is not far from the CIA's Langley headquarters]; the Coalition of Essential Schools at Brown University in Providence, R.I.; and the Education Commission of the States in Denver [boy, that area has been in the news recently, first, the JonBenet Ramsey murder mystery and now the Littleton school massacre]. The New American Schools Development Corp. was begun in 1991 [coincidentally, just before the 1992 election year] by business leaders and George Bush Administration officials who believed that they could develop more effective and creative learning programs outside the traditional public school system [I guess George's presidential lap would qualify in that case]. This colossal donation came on the heels of one just months prior, a gift of $365 million to four colleges, including the record $120 million donation to the University of Southern California, as mentioned earlier, another $120 million to Annenberg's alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania, $100 million to Peddie School, Annenberg's preparatory school in New Jersey, and $25 million to Harvard University [Henry's old stomping ground]. After creating the

Annenberg Institute for School Reform, the Santa Monica — Malibu Unified School District received a $500,000 grant from the Los Angeles Annenberg Metropolitan Project. Prior to that, according to the L.A. Times (Jan 24, 1996), Annenberg had given $53 million to fund a fiveyear school reform project in Los Angeles County, purportedly "to begin work in elementary schools to wipe out [cultural] differences between the two groups [i.e. Santa Monica and Malibu kids]." The School District, after receiving a $5 million share of project funds, reached an agreement with Rand Corp., a Santa Monicabased 'think tank, to evaluate the projects impact on the District's 10,500 students. Rand Corp. has long been known for its technoinformation-oriented projects, and is reputed to have participated in 'MKULTRA-like' projects during the 60's. Note two of its studies: P-2575 "Long-lasting Effects of LSD on Certain Attitudes in Normals: An Experimental Proposal" (1962) and P-2676 "Experimental Designs for Investigating Conditioning" (1966). In its Index to Selected Publications of The Rand Corporation, it lists among its areas of research investigation in the field of psychology, the following: "Automata," "Laboratory Man-Machine Studies," and "Sleep Learning" — many projects under these headings appear to have mind control applications.

The Annenberg Estate is a sprawling 300-acre tract, located near the intersection of Frank Sinatra Boulevard and Bob Hope Drive, in Rancho Mirage, California (near Palm Springs) and features a private golf course, swimming pool, and several lakes and ponds. Nicknamed "Sunnylands," it has been the magical destination of the British Royalty, as well as the simply rich and famous, and is considered a second "Camp David" by U.S. Presidents. Walter Annenberg established his friendship with the British Royals back during the Nixon Administration, when he had accepted the post as U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Great Britain. Later, during the Reagan Administration, his wife, Mme. Ambassador Leonore Annenberg, functioned as chief of Protocol to the White House. Their tie to Prince Charles was solidified during his visit to Sunnylands in 1974, when he reputedly attempted to play the private golf course polo-style from his golf cart. Bob Hope, whose home is in Palm Springs, was a regular guest at the Annenberg Estate. He was valued for his many contacts and

his contribution to the Annenberg's social register, which at times included Henry Kissinger. Incidentally, Bob was knighted by Queen Elizabeth several years ago, as was "Sir George Bush."

Given my personal, though mind-controlled, involvement with Pete Wilson and others, in altering the California school system curriculum to include mind control (which I will discuss further in a later chapter), I believe my experiences reveal a mass plan for the 'enhancement' of many children in ways that do not respect their freedoms. I invite the public to help me bring together the pieces of this puzzle, in a way that will protect future generations.

USC Dental School 1973 -1977

A big part of what I thought was our entertainment during my husband's dental school years was frequenting USC football games. When we attended the games, I was told to dress immaculately, and be ready with carefully groomed hair, make-up, and polished fingers and toenails for the team. During the game I was programmed to stand up from my seat in the stadium and walk out through the tunnel to my left. My husband, now a USC Dental School student, stayed in his seat just like he did when we went to Dodger games. I walked to the locker room where the team went during half time. Lots of times I didn't even see whom I was servicing. I just felt like a sucking machine. On one such occasion the coach dressed me in a little cheerleading skirt and had sex with me in front of the mind-controlled football robots that needed extra incentive to work harder, or as the coach said to them, "Step right up and enjoy the pussy. Get it while it's hot," he'd say, like he was a street vendor and I was a piece of meat. Then he would caution the players, "But only if you perform today." If the players did well, performed to the coach's standards on the field, they got to have sex with a slave. If they did really well, they got to have one of us for the evening. I never stayed all night but entertained for the evening. I don't know where my husband went but he was waiting, later that night in the dark, for me in his Datsun 280 Z. There were also USC basketball mind-controlled robots. I had to have sex with one of them in the locker room after a game we went to one evening. It was just a quickie since they didn't view the basketball team as important as the football team.

O.J. Simpson was their star quarterback, their prize athlete, a real machine. He played at most of the USC football games that we attended. I remember hearing everyone talk about how the coach bought him an expensive new car. One time Henry gave some advice to the coach on programming that he appreciated.

One night at an alumni meeting, the coach spoke to a group of older alumni men around a table. They were all smoking and drinking at this so-called meeting. The coach said, "This young lady has a very wealthy uncle and she's a Trojan all the way." Then another man stepped forward and helped me onto the table as they started playing the song "the stripper" and I took my street clothes off and danced in front of these drunken men. I was around 22. The men in charge seemed to all know who I was and where I came from. They seemed to regard me more as my Uncle Charlie's than as my husband's.

After I stripped, a man helped me off the table and one drunken USC alumni yelled, "Put her back up on the table and let's see her put her clothes back on. If she's gotta' put them back on, let's watch." So I climbed back onto the table and a man kindly put a chair up there for me to sit on because I had nylons to put back on and it would have been hard to do standing up. They were screaming and hollering which clothes to leave until last so I did as they said. On the way out I kissed the coach on the cheek and smiled and waved to all the men as they whistled and cheered. They were drunker than skunks. I was trained to always kiss the man I was bolstering on the cheek and be affectionate with him in front of the other men. But if the wives were there I was to remain discreet. There were different rules for different situations. After that, I was passed all over USC, not as much among the mind-controlled robot students as the dirty old' alumni men. I don't think the men knew I was under mind control, but I believe USC Coach Reddin did.

I was prostituted to the Dean of the Dental School after Craig got accepted. Dean Walker and Dean Crawford also seemed to be 'friends' of Charles Horn. I was prostituted to Coach Reddin, also, at times, like I cited above, in front of the football team for incentive. And there were a lot of other important persons at USC in the main university, aside from the dental school, whom I was directed to "cater to." Some of these men seemed to know all about my Uncle Charlie's family. I felt strange because, depending on which personality I was keyed into, I didn't think of him as my family and didn't ever see him consciously, yet all these men referred to me as Mr. Horn's niece, Susan. I

'serviced' administrators at the main college and heads of different departments. Usually, I was briefly introduced to them in their offices and then after a football game or on an evening when I thought Craig and I were getting together with some of his classmates, I'd be taken to a hotel room to entertain one or more of them. From what I overheard and understood, Uncle Charlie had a big role in providing funding for the "furthering of education at USC." I believe a lot of his money went to further research or mind control 'projects, such as different members of the football team. USC had to be full of mind control robots because USC was granted huge sums of money if they participated in the mind control project. So, they participated in the academic and sports end of it in order to qualify for the grants. Plus, of course, there were persons in positions of leadership at USC who were part of the 'elite' group.

Mind Control Demonstrations

I was «demonstrated» often at USC in front of doctors, scientists or other professionals who were 'selected' to be a part of the project. The moderator, who was a big, tall, salt and pepper gray-haired man introduced me as Charles Horn's niece, the founder of the project. Perhaps Uncle Charlie's money went to start the project at USC in the early 60's. Be that as it may, the moderator showed his audience how I worked by calling out simple commands. Initially they weren't shown much, because what the moderator was attempting to do was enlist the aid and future work of some of these scientists and doctors. Half the men present already knew all about the project and were there secretly posing as people who were unaware. In actuality they were planted to influence the moral attitudes of the other individuals; they would agree easily in hopes that others would also agree, comply and join their research program. It usually worked as they said, "To get them past any hang-ups they might have in regard to the fact that we're working with humans instead of animals." Then they proceeded to explain that the subjects were originally defective in some way or they would say, "all the results are actually doing is enhancing the person's abilities, not hindering them in any way." They went to great lengths to condition some of these men slowly over the first few meetings.

They demonstrated my typing capabilites, "speed and accuracy," the moderator said as he took the paper from my typewriter and showed it around the room. Then at later meetings they would demonstrate the photographic memory enhancement or some other 'enhancement' this project had provided me. Initially, some of the men were not so much in favor of it or were hesitant, so they were not invited back to subsequent meetings. In this way, the project's secrecy was protected and not further exposed to those who wouldn't support it.

Uncle Charlie seemed to have done his part by keeping the money coming to them. The goal of the group at USC was to turn out thousands of "enhanced citizens" who would do their work and function on behalf of the cause. Because Charlie was popular there, so was 1, and they had plans to create some fine physicians, lawyers, dentists, oral surgeons, etc., who lived in or around Los Angeles, so the likelihood of them remaining in the area was larger than the out-of-state people. They planned to make good use of them in the future after they were secured in their professions. They laughed as they said, "Hell, they'll owe it to us for making them some of the best professionals in their fields, so they won't mind donating some of their time back to their old alma mater!" They needed a cluster of professionals in and around the Los Angeles area to funnel illegal money through their business' at a high level, but many didn't even know their names were attached to separate monies filtered in at selected banks who were positioned for just this purpose. There was a whole financial framework set up to support the project in the future, with every year, yielding more and more financial backing as the children were born and used to create more and more funding, and then their children eventually would attend USC or another affiliate school to crank out more «cooperative» professional graduates. I overheard a lot while I was waiting at a meeting to service some man afterwards. But as instructed, I was recording into a mind file, what was said at the meeting in order to report back to Henry.

Henry programmed into my mind a map of the campus at USC because it was such a large campus. And when I would have to go somewhere to service some man, he would tell me to go to D-3, for example, on the campus map inside my head and I'd know where to go. There was also a coding system to keep track of where I was to be at a certain time at a future date. I went to many different buildings on the USC campus for various reasons; sex and to pass messages to different scientists, professors or doctors.

There were times I was taken to a USC football game the whole entire game, just for one man's

sexual pleasure. Craig was so focused on the game that he never seemed to notice I was all messed up or that the perfect make-up that I had arrived in was smudged or that my hair was messed up. Some of the men I serviced had big motorhomes that they parked right outside the stadium or on the grounds of the Coliseum near USC where they would picnic and party with their friends before the game.

USC was a pilot project in Los Angeles, one designed to harness and utilize some of the finest minds in the country. These were the cream of the crop, some of the top achievers from all over the nation and they wanted to utilize them. They felt that mind-controlled doctors, especially surgeons, were 100 % more accurate than non-enhanced doctors and surgeons. They were experimenting to see if by showing young interns how to do surgery visually, they could retain the procedures. There was an inner group of selected students who were chosen based on their childhood histories to be a part of the pilot project. They felt they were creating super humans and used them to do their work. They used the technology on my husband and some of his lab partners. I know because I heard Henry talk to Reagan and other «insiders» about this. He also made appointments for me to get 'treatments' there. Some rooms at USC marked "authorized personnel only," at first seemed like dark rooms for processing photos but they weren't. Instead they had chairs similar to dental chairs with goggles for virtual reality. The chairs vibrated, turned, and became hot or cold and made it feel like the scene I was seeing came alive. It sounded like, and the goggles made me feel that I was spinning in space, swirling and spinning, and I got very, very dizzy. They exposed me to a lot of weird scary things. They also played very loud, irritating noises, like high shrill screeches and 'nails on a chalkboard. It was often excruciating but my hands were immobilized on the chair arms so I couldn't reach up and pull the headphones or goggles off; I dissociated in order to withstand it. These experiences happened to me on days when I went to the dental school in order to have Craig work on my teeth. After the dental work was completed, then I had this other torture. This was during the time Nixon was President, then Ford. Reagan was Governor and Kissinger was still in office.

The Council heavily used USC, and many 'enhanced individuals' were turned out to work for 'the cause' and proliferate, creating more new little Trojans. Those working for the New World Order saw "the takeover" wrapped up since the numbers would snowball each 20 to 25 years. My children would be destined to continue at a college or university that could 'further their enhancement. The Council also knew how easily they could shape the minds of the students at the university, since their minds were as yet uncluttered and they could teach them.

These people were heavily into breeding and genetic bloodlines. They said things like, "Hell, people pay more attention to breeding their horses and dogs than they do planning for their future progeny," and that, "People in the project, however, have been fortunate enough to have that research and selective breeding done for them, so their offspring will be of the highest quality. It's time we quit wasting precious space on this planet supporting inferior human life. It's time for a quality race to people this planet."

This was the evolutionary step they saw. And they felt that, "since the common man can't think to bring about these changes on his own, we who are capable are left with the responsibility. Someone has got to do it, or we will be annihilated."

"Let us then approach the throne of grace with confidence, so that we may receive mercy and find grace to help us in our time of need."

Hebrews 4:16

Chapter Twenty-five: Baby Monarchs are Born

Craig and I decided, at least I thought we decided, that it was important for me to take additional means of birth control to insure that we did not conceive a child while I was working to put Craig through dental school. Dr. Stoddard referred me to Dr. Harold Lusk, a Hollywood OB/GYN who, on my first visit, examined me and told me not to worry, that my female reproductive organs were in such bad condition that I could never have children. I was so devastated that I couldn't talk, much less question the doctor. I drove home numbed by the news. Later that afternoon, sobbing through my words, I told my husband that I would never be able to have children.

Craig called Dr. Lusk immediately and was told that I had a disease called endometriosis, plus fibriod tumors and cysts, that the doctor explained were common in upper and middle class women when they put off having children until later in life. I was only 22 years old! He told Craig that if he

performed surgery on me it might be possible for me to get pregnant, but that we would have to start the process of trying to have a child, immediately. Over the next year, I had two major surgeries for what I was told was to correct the damage, and began the medical process of dealing with what I was told was infertility. When, after the two so-called surgeries, I didn't get pregnant, as a last resort, Dr. Lusk gave me a fertility drug called "clomid," and soon after, I became pregnant. I continued working as a dental assistant until I went into labor and gave birth to our first child, Kevin Craig Ford, on October 19, 1975.

The Birth of Kevin Craig Ford

Late at night, as my labor progressed, we were met at the hospital by a group of anxious hospital staff. Craig phoned ahead alerting them that Susan Ford was on her way to the hospital. They thought I was Susan Ford, the President's daughter. I guess this was understandable due to the fact that Nixon had stepped down and Gerald Ford was now President. They thought I might have twins, since I was so huge, but after an intense natural childbirth, Kevin was born and was immediately taken away from me for what seemed like a very long time. They told me it was standard procedure despite the fact that there were no complications. But later, suited men came into my hospital room. One man took a syringe and some type of drug out of his briefcase and, while he was readying the injection for me, I began screaming, "Where's my baby? Where's my husband? What did you do with my baby?"

As he injected a drug into my arm, he said in a calm, emotionless voice, "You see me but you don't see me. You can't see. You can't see me." Waiting a moment for the drug to take effect, he said, "You need to calm down. just calm down. down. down. down. down… one …two…three…going down …deeper now …going down. You're in the well, next to hell, and everything that happens there, oh well, or is it oh hell? You're there."

Taking my pulse, he continued, "This is our baby. Don't ever forget, it belongs to us. You will hand him over when cued. You will not react. You will simply hand him over, like he is a sack of groceries. Do you understand? Nod your head if you understand."

I nodded.

"Good, very good. This way no one will have to get hurt, we don't want that do we?"

I shook my head no. I felt very drugged.

"Good," the man said hypnotically. "Bad things happen if you don't obey. Very bad things."

I felt very sick, very tired, and very terrified. I couldn't breathe, I was too scared. "They'll take my baby," I thought, terrified beyond words. Frantically I worried, "Who will watch my baby, what are they doing to him? Help, I can't get help. No one can hear. I can't talk, I can't tell. THIS IS hell!" Afterwards, of course, I couldn't recall or think about any of this traumatic event.

After a brief hospital stay, Craig and I brought Kevin home and began trying to parent this baby who would not suckle at my breast and cried non-stop.

I was programmed not to lock the doors to our home in Agoura and often men in suits let themselves into our house. They always had guns and sometimes a knife. These men usually came in threes — one to handle and torture my baby, one to torture me, and one to guard the door. The men said they had a "little treat for the baby." They went to Kevin's room and took him out of his crib, where he was sleeping. They held Kevin in front of me and threatened me, with a gun pointed to my temple. They said that if I didn't cooperate they would cut his penis off, or slit his throat. At times they would cut him and make him bleed. Watching helplessly, as they hurt my baby, was the single worst nightmarish feeling and experience. I wanted my husband to help me. I wanted him to protect us, but he never did. Now, I understand that he never could.

The men did different things each time they came to harass us. At times they took Kevin into another room and while they had him, another man restrained me. I stood silently and helplessly while I tried to listen to what was happening to my baby. The agonizing silence was intensely painful and was always followed, after what seemed like forever, with the screams of a crying baby in excruciating pain. God, the screams and the torturous crying were nearly unbearable to listen to. I was so helpless. I could not help myself, nor could I help my son. Another time they asked me if I wanted to see a "blue baby" and then one of them proceeded to stick his thumb down my baby's throat until he turned blue. The lead man always said that if I cooperated and did a better job, they would not have to subject my son to this. But they tortured us no matter how well I did my job.

And, it is said that America is the land of the free and home of the brave. Where oh where have we strayed, so far from the ideals set forth for this country?

One day my infant son was swinging, peacefully sound asleep in his wind-up swing, when they came. They threw a glass of water into Kevin's face to wake him up. He cried and the suited man picked him up and carried him around the side of the garage out of my sight. Dying inside, I waited anxiously, hoping they wouldn't hurt him again. After the silence came the horrifying crying and screams. The suited man carried him back, his baby bootie was off and blood was dripping all over. Holding a razor blade up to me, he said, "Solve this problem my little cutie." He handed me my screaming son, who was dripping with blood. When they left, I took Kevin into the house and sat with him on the couch, sobbing, rocking him, and trying to stop the bleeding with a towel I wrapped around his little foot. He cried so hard that he was sweating and sniffling, gasping for air and sobbed himself to sleep.

Our neighbor, Ron Peters, was one of Governor Ronald Reagan's bodyguards. He was usually around when I was used with Reagan in California, but didn't appear to be the lead man. I never knew when these men would barge into my home. Sometimes they even arrived in the middle of the night. When this occurred, I was programmed to walk to the front door and open it, and the men in suits would push their way in. They often pushed me into Kevin's room and closed the door. Craig always slept and never woke up to protect us. It was always the same torture, horror and threats to both my baby and me, and when they were finished they would leave. These hellacious experiences happened over and over and over again. At times, in those early years, there were instructions given over the phone in the middle of the night, but later on there was programming done that paired tones on the phone with different instructions. I responded robotically to the different tones I heard on the phone. A programmed part of me knew the instructions that matched the tones and knew just what they meant and how to respond.

As my programming dictated, I robotically delivered my baby to my father's welding shop where I handed him over, probably for further trauma programming, and left.

This kind of trauma, tied to my maternal instinct, was enough to keep all the programming intact. It kept hidden the awareness of my use in high security work for the government and other secret criminal activities I was involved in without my knowledge, consent, or awareness. In my conscious waking state as well as my sleeping hours, I was unable to think about what was happening to me and my family, but after Kevin was born I began to have excruciating migraine headaches. I also had stomachaches, colitis and constant pain in my female organs. My body was expressing what I could not.

My husband graduated from dental school and immediately set up a dental practice on Topanga Canyon Boulevard in Woodland Hills. I continued to work out of our house, doing dental lab work, so I could stay at home with our baby. I also began working part-time at Craig's office. During the hours I worked away from home, Kevin was left at a babysitter's house in the old neighborhood where I grew up in Woodland Hills. When he was out of diapers he filled a long-awaited slot at Little Oaks Preschool, in Thousand Oaks, California, where he, and later, the rest of my children were further ritually abused. The fact that I had put my baby on a preschool waiting list just weeks after he was born was not a detail I could reflect on. Nor, did the fact that I left him at the home of this babysitter who gave me a very dark, gnawing eerie feeling that wouldn't go away, ever hit me mentally. I could not, due to the mind control I was under, consciously think about any of this.

Each year my husband and I would attend the American Dental Association's annual convention, which was often held in Anaheim, California. In addition to the regular dental convention agenda, I was programmed to switch and then slip off to side rooms where I presented the latest in mind control technology for the dentists who wanted to own the best assistants money could buy, complete with all the latest enhancements available. Then at night we went to Disneyland. On several of these nights the park was closed to the public at large, in order to entertain the dentists and their families. Our controllers never missed an opportunity to combine functions so that they could accomplish two or more things at once. Of course, at Disneyland my family and I were reprogrammed and reconditioned in order to preserve our high level programming. Nothing was ever what it seemed and often there was an alternate agenda, a parallel reality going on at the same time as a publicly acceptable event.

Back in Agoura, there were nights I was triggered to walk out of our home on Valley Heights Drive to the waiting car of Secret Service agents or other men in suits in order to be flown to many

different destinations. Clothes were always provided and were kept separate from those I wore at home, lest I gain access to my memory by the sight of clothing I had worn on a "government mission."

Drugged

My husband's dental training came in handy, as he was adept at injecting my arm with drugs that our controllers wanted me to have. There also were flat, round, chalky tasting tablets, the size of Rolaids, that he gave me at times before I was taken away by the Secret Service agents. There were lots of drugs given to me orally and intravenously over the years and I never knew what they were, I simply dissociated and complied when they were administered.

Around this time, my husband announced that he had located a beautiful piece of property in an exclusive area of Agoura, called "Old Agoura." Wanting to share his find with me he drove me down a little one-lane country road that led to a secluded dirt road. We entered a beautiful rural area, dotted with huge oak trees everywhere and there was a beautiful stream that went through the land. Craig introduced me to Aaron Funk who was the owner of one whole side of the street. This stranger announced that he was hand-selecting his neighbors for this exclusive area, and we were to be among them. This property was located less than a block from the entrance of Bob Hope's 2,324-acre Jordan Ranch. Within days, an agreement was struck, and although my husband was fresh out of dental school, and our funds were extremely limited, he made a financial deal with Mr. Funk to purchase the acre of land for $78,000. This close proximity to Bob Hope's property factored into my family's abuse, heavily. (See appendix for map.)

When I was to be used at parties — like at the Queen Mary the night of a supposed dental party we attended where I was later taken away to service Bob Hope and Alan Cranston — first Craig put some liquid drug into my drink and I drank it as instructed, "Drink it like a shooter, one gulp and it's down." Then Craig gave me some drug from a plastic bag that he pulled out of his suit pocket. He took the white powdery substance and wet it on a mirror, put the liquid into a syringe and injected it into my arm. At different times, he gave me shots in a variety of places — my arms, thighs, hip and buttocks. Sometimes he tied a rubber tourniquet very tightly around my arm before he gave me the injection. These injections hurt sometimes, especially the ones in my lower arms near my wrist. Sometimes he would try to use veins there and the shots really stung. My husband was an expert in laying out this drug paraphernalia in preparation for readying me for an event. He knew my arm like a road map and where to hit the good veins.

A man in a suit frequently delivered a supply of the drugs to our house, intended for me. He left it high in the top corner of the garage, taped to the wall. I saw Craig retrieve it from that location on a number of occasions.

My husband also injected me before porn was filmed. They were still using me in porn in my 30's. Craig injected me, just before my use, oftentimes when I was in someone else's car ready to be taken to my assignment. If one of the kids came up at that time, he would yell at them to get back in the house. Sometimes there was a certain smell to certain drugs, almost like sulfur. When porn was filmed in the dental office, "Dr. Ford" injected me or gave me some tablet or wafer to eat, beforehand. I don't know what the deciding factor was as to whether the drug was given interveniously or orally, but I sat in the dental chair and watched as my husband mixed up the powder on the dental tray, liquidized it, placed the liquid into a syringe and then shot it into my arm. Only then could they start the porn. I was always drugged before filming pornography.

As our children grew older, they also were drugged before they were used.

While retrieving some of these drugged memories, I didn't feel any emotions. It was as if I was just a «doll» and not real. Rag doll is a very common program theme among female slaves. Bob used to refer to me as his doll.

It took two years after retrieving these drug memories before I could actually begin to feel the pain and betrayal of this act performed, unconsciously, but still, by my own husband. And, until I had a sufficient amount of memories of our early cross-programming, I could only see my husband as a perpetrator, and not as the victim of the same evil system that he truly was.

The Birth of Our Second Mind Controlled Child

Bob Hope's "Little Filly" and George Bush's "Bush Baby"

In 1977 we decided, or it was decided for us, that it was time to have a second child. I kept saying I wanted to go to Maui to conceive this second child after dental school. Actually, our controllers had planned it all. Craig and I arrived on Maui and he told me to dress for dinner. Being in the mood to celebrate, Craig made us a Hawaiian cocktail in our hotel suite. It tasted like a combination of a Mai Tai and a Pina Colada, and it must have been drugged. I drank the drink as we watched the beautiful Maui sunset from our balcony. Then I went into our bedroom and dressed in a beautiful clingy, long purple dress and we went out as my husband had told me I thought to dinner. Instead of what I thought was going to be a lobster dinner, I ended up staying in a hospital for a few days. In fact, I was flown from the island in a helicopter, with a facemask on through which I was breathing some kind of drug, to a hospital where they did something to me (I believe Kelly was genetically engineered) and I was in this hospital for awhile. The doctors wore green surgical scrubs and did something to me vaginally. I don't know exactly what. They had test tubes, the glass kind that were very long and slender, and they looked at each other over their green facemasks. They didn't speak out loud but their eyes looked very serious. I had an IV in my left arm that was tied to a board with cotton and gauze around it. After that night I became deathly ill, severely nauseated, and I don't really remember much else that happened on that trip.

When Craig finally picked me up after they finished with me, they had me dress once again in my purple dress, and then Craig took me to the awaited lobster dinner. At that time there was a switch in my personality system and I didn't (couldn't) consciously know what had transpired. But that is how I really got pregnant with Kelly. Craig and I weren't allowed to have sex for awhile, but were allowed to as they said, "enjoy it in your mind." Kelly was the classic blonde, blue-eyed prototype, with large cheekbone structure, and all the right things they wanted for her to be sexual. Years later, Sylvester Stallone would comment that Kelly looked to him like a little 'Bo Derek. The UCLA doctors were in correspondence with other doctors on Maui. When I got pregnant with Kelly on Maui in June of 1977, they monitored this conception heavily. When we returned to the mainland, I found out I was actually pregnant. I began spotting and my doctor recommended I go to bed, which I did for a few days until the spotting ceased. Kelly has a personality named Papaya, in honor of, and use for, Hawaiian experiences. As I remembered this experience, in obedience with my programming, my heart started racing and I felt like I was having a heart attack.

Our daughter, Kelly Suzanne Ford was born on February 23, 1978, and from then on Kevin wasn't always the main focus of the torturous trauma — Kelly was.

The torture and trauma began right after her birth. While we were still in Valley Presbyterian Hospital in Van Nuys, California, three men in suits came into the hospital room and closed the door. They took my new baby girl out of her bassinet, held her up and put a pistol to her head. Another man put a gun to my head and the third man stood guard at the hospital room door. The man holding the gun to my head said, "If you fail to follow our instructions, just one time…" he clicked the gun, but nothing happened, "we will just have to kill this precious little one." Then the man holding Kelly took a wad of Kleenex off my hospital tray, wadded it up and put it into the glass of water on my tray in order to wet it. He held my precious baby girl faced downward and forced the wad of wet Kleenex into her mouth, interfering with her ability to breathe.

With a gun to my head, I watched in absolute horror and terror, as my baby girl choked and gagged and then went limp in the man's arms. I thought she was dead. Then he said, "That's all it takes. It's as simple and easy as that." He took Kelly into the bathroom and did something to revive her because she was breathing again, and began crying loudly. The man literally threw her into my arms and said, "Mama, your baby is crying, maybe she's hungry." Then, they forced me to breastfeed her in front of them while they watched and then they left. The hospital nurse never knew they were there and since I was programmed, I was unable to think or remember it had happened so that I could get help. That was one of Kelly's first life experiences — one of her first birth traumas.

As an aside, I will share with you the reader, that as I sought recovery and understanding of what was wrong with me, I attended groups for people suffering with Multiple Personality Disorder. It was an enlightening time of new understanding as I met and shared with other Multiples, some who were RN's, intensive care nurses and therapists also attempting to heal. It leads me to wonder if some of the nurses and doctors in the hospital who attended the birth of my children were themselves programmed and controlled? In one particular Christian group I attended for Multiples who had been

ritually abused, in the opening prayer, an MPD'd, ritually abused nurse prayed for the Lord to heal one of us so we could expose this atrocity and get help for the others. As she made her request, I knew it would be me that would heal and go for help. I healed as fast as I could, but help didn't come as quickly as I would have liked.

When Kelly turned three months old, our family moved into a large doublewide portable home on the recently purchased Chesebro Road property in Old Agoura, where we began life as «chosen» neighbors. Soon we had an architect draw up plans to build a large two-story home. The open, undeveloped area provided access to our family in many ways. Aaron Funk moved away and we were left on the street with only one neighbor. Helicopters could land in the adjacent area, and Bob Hope's Jordan Ranch would later be used for countless encounters; none of them were pleasant.

Our lives went on and, as programmed, I dutifully delivered my little daughter to Point Mugu Naval Weapons Base in California where military men took her from my arms wrapped in a beautiful pink blanket my mother knit for her. They kept her for a long while and then brought her back out to me. Sometimes when they needed to have one of my children for programming I was instructed to park my car on Las Virgenes Road, just past Agoura Road, and the men in suits picked us up and drove us the rest of the way to Point Mugu.

As Kelly grew a little older, at around age two our programmers laid her by my side on a gurney where we were both hooked up to sensors all over our bodies — head, chest, and pulse points (wrist and neck artery), in order to monitor something. What exactly, I don't know. The men working on us wore surgical greens so I assumed they were doctors. Kelly and I were drugged and totally out of it. I watched as my little baby daughter's eyes rolled up in her head like she was convulsing. Sometimes they put a mask over our faces to further drug us or injected drugs into our forearms and sometimes there was even an IV bottle left to drip for us both. There was one IV bottle, with the tubing split into two, one for me and one for Kelly. They also hooked us up to sounds delivered through earphones and often added bright lights. It felt like they programmed Kelly and I through sound and light by hooking us both up to wires. It seemed like we were getting a blood transfusion, but we were connected to wires instead of tubes and there was no blood.

There were also water experiments. They put me into a metal ball with a door and plunged me into the water, spun it and immersed it deeply. It was hard to tell what was going on from my position inside. It was very dark and very confining. I just pretended I was somewhere on the beach until it was over. If I had to guess, I would say they were doing experiments and research on the mind and the brain. Sometimes we were encapsulated and were weightless. There were all different sorts of chairs; some were for electroshock. One had a headrest with a band on it and straps for our wrists and straps for our ankles. They would zap me, and Kelly would be in the same kind of chair facing me and then they would zap her. It was horrific to watch her being tortured. They would have to almost carry her off when it was through because she was so out of it. The electoshock was usually the last thing they did. But before the electroshock, sometimes we were subjected to virtual reality machines, like moving rides we entered with a video screen showing pictures with lights and sound. After we were in it for awhile, they took us out and tested us with EEG and EKG equipment and asked us to fill out questionnaires, or they would ask us to write down the answers to questions they casually wrote down. The questions were related to what we had just seen, how we experienced it, and how we felt or there were questions about different personalities within us; maybe they were checking our programming or our inner systems.

There were other machines we entered where the floor tilted while our feet were tied down and we'd lean over, and sometimes there were mirrors where we looked distorted. There was lots of virtual reality equipment. One apparatus was a helmet with front eyeglasses attached with wires all over. They placed it on me and I saw a visual of lightening striking the top of my head while I was feeling electroshock to the top of my head. Then I heard the words, "You feel no pain. Hit by a bolt of lightning yet you feel no pain." After all this they tested me neurologically to see if I could walk, touch my nose, etc. Once I was tied inside a big roller and, with hands and feet tied spread eagle, they spun it real fast and then took me out. Kelly wasn't always there, but she was present more often than I care to remember. I remember the two of us laying next to each other on the gurney with towels over our bodies, IV's in our arms, with glasses and goggles on and we were totally drugged. There was a dolphin tank at Point Mugu, with an underwater window where they could watch as we swam with the dolphins. Swimming with the dolphins usually signaled the end of it. After that, we were returned to our car that was parked somewhere in Agoura or in the canyon.

I thought United States military officials were supposed to be in service to protect and defend their country and its citizens. Where are the high ranking men of honor that protect and defend the women and children in this country? What has gone wrong?

Genetic Engineering

Soon after I had finished breastfeeding Kelly in 1979, I continued to have severe pain in my female reproductive organs that no one seemed to be able to help me with or understand the origin of. Dr. Galloway, the doctor that delivered Kelly, admitted me to Valley Presbyterian Hospital in Van Nuys, California. Late in the day I was assigned a hospital bed and understood that my doctor had ordered a D & C for me. He explained that this was standard operating procedure.

Later on, I was taken into surgery, a mask was put over my face, and I was anesthetized with some sort of gas. It was nighttime when they performed this procedure on me that wasn't a real D & C; they really took my ovum for in vitro fertilization with other genetic strains. "Ideal genes, from healthy stock," they said. I cannot identify the doctors who were doing this to me.

Before I became pregnant with Kevin, they had taken other ovum during times when I was previously hospitalized for so-called "surgery." They thought I couldn't hear, but I could hear and see what they were doing. I was out-of-body and could hear and see everything they did. Their perception of reality seemed to be limited to the physical world. They didn't yet understand that a person could be out-of-body, that it is possible to take your consciousness out of your body to see and experience events in other locations. While my body was lying on the operating table under anesthesia, from my out-of-body position overhead, I could see their side of the table with equipment they used to take my ovum and a special dish with a special solution that they used to put the ovum in. Immediately upon placement of the ovum into the dish, a nurse came in and quickly took it away somewhere.

This is genetic engineering. These people do this a lot — they steal women's ovum to experiment on. They take good genetic stock. This is why, later on, I wanted a hysterectomy; subconsciously, I wanted to stop what they were doing.

I recorded in my memory files what I overheard the doctors say that night in the operating room: "Her children by her husband are inferior to those created here. We can team this ovum up with superior sperm to create a superior genus. These children will one day rule the world and we will be able to weed out the weaker genetic strains. Room must be made for this advanced race. The plan has been carefully orchestrated. It will come about with "our strains" in leadership. We have chosen the genetic strains of leaders, those whose drive is to lead, and to that end we have "strained in" health, intellect, and leadership qualities. These children will be raised in isolation, like the leaders in the shadows and will be taught advanced skills from birth meditation, diet, emotion modulation, and will be fed a strict diet of higher knowledge. The rulers of the future will be elite in every way, shape and form. We have spliced her genetic health and intellect strains with those perfect physical forms of the intellect donor to create the perfect species — both male and female. These strains will rise to the top. The forms will be so advanced that the normal human species will not be able to compete, and so ours will be the elite — the ruling class — and the lower forms will be the so-called worker-bees. There is no way the normal man can compete. Ours is the elite. We will soon have enough of our people grown and implanted with our direction and our wisdom, and now that we know how to program their minds from birth, we will have total and complete control. They will be ours — a race — a genus we can be proud of, created from the best genetic structure on earth."

They said, "The future on earth belongs to the scientists. It is time we weed out the inferior races."

Under the direction of my doctors, I mindlessly and compulsively charted a graph of my temperature to know when I was ovulating. Now I understand why that was so important. They even did an experiment of combining my genes with those of my husband's best friend and colleague. On one occasion, while he was performing so-called "oral surgery," while I was under anesthetic, they had him mount me to impregnate me. Then, I was instructed to report to UCLA where they took the sperm-fertilized egg from my uterus. They compared which genetic structure was superior — between those created in vitro and those created by a natural union and then taken from the body to mature.

This determination to create a 'superior race' is, as you may remember, the same drive that fueled Hitler's regime in Germany. One needs only to read Linda Hunt's book, Secret Agenda: The United States Government, Nazi Scientists, and Project Paperclip, and then visit the Holocaust Museum

in Washington, DC, in order to put two and two together. If you observe some of the pictures of innocent people in the concentration camps as they are being used for brain and behavior experimentation, it's easy to ascertain that more was occurring than just the torture of innocent Jewish people for religious or racial purposes. This experimentation was also done intentionally in order to further the understanding of the mind and body, and how people could be controlled.

We as a people have not fully embraced the reality of the horrors in Germany that were perpetrated on victims there, and to that end we allow it to continue to the present, as those who should have been prosecuted for their war crimes often went free. As a matter of fact, through Project Paperclip, many were brought to our country by the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), which was our own intelligence apparatus at the time. They were placed in our major universities and hospitals to continue their unconscionable scientific research. It was through the invaluable wizardry of one of these Project Paperclip Nazis, General Reinhard Gehlen (German Intelligence Specialist), that our fledgling CIA came into being just after World War Il, and the "Cold War" was born.

Len Horowitz, in his book Emerging Viruses: Aids and Ebola — Nature, Accident or Intentional? points to a linkage between Henry Kissinger and General Alexander Bolling. He mentions that Gen. Bolling played a major role in Project Paperclip as well as the Joint Intelligence Committee, a newly formed administrative unit that recruited former Nazi scientists expert in mind control. Their combined research activity soon led to classified projects that paved the way for the CIA's Project MKULTRA. Horowitz also links Kissinger to oversight of project MKNAOMI, a military program to develop biological weapons having genocidal application. The Rockefellers, who spearheaded a national eugenics movement, supported research activities of similar nature to Project MKULTRA and MKNAOMI through their preWW II funding of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute whose director was, at one time, Joseph Mengele's superior. As you may remember, Mengele conducted horrific medical experiments at Auschwitz, many that were related to mind control. All of these facts are discussed in Horowitz's meticulously documented work.

From reading I did after I reintegrated and deprogrammed, I began to understand that the newly created CIA and the Rockefellers with all of their money and foundations, carefully researched and hired top former Nazi scientists to carry on their personal belief in creating a "master (Aryan) race." They are doing so through mind control experimentation and genetics research in systems within the confines of carefully white-washed hospital or university research facilities, not to mention military bases.

The Holocaust has not ended, it has just gone underground, and the victims are silent due to the mind control they have been put under.

I believe these scientists have fallen short in their understanding that, while the physical, genetic structure a baby is born with is very important, God in His perfection has patterned a life for this child. When this is altered by human intervention, it no longer can serve the highest purpose for the child's lifetime. It is not just the physical structure that rules a life of a child. A 'soul' is born into the body, and if left to the natural order of God in His infinite wisdom, there is a higher agenda and purpose to be accomplished. How can man in his finite wisdom begin to believe that he can out-create the Creator? I don't believe that physical perfection is the main goal here. Scientists will forever be lost in their own egos until they realize the absolute divine and perfective nature of God.

Dental Office Money Laundering Schemes

Arnold Stengle was our first accountant, but was replaced by Bruce Frank who was an accountant from Soquel, California. He directed me how to handle the dental office books from his Northern California office, and visited our office every now and then in order to further direct me. To give me instructions, he would sit across from me at my little office in the back. I would put my hands up to my head, my elbows to my knees and in "ready and alert" program stance, I would listen as programmed to "every word spoken." And he always had lists upon lists of 4digit number series. I don't know what they meant, but I would rattle them off later to different people, especially Reagan.

I also was programmed to report to different banks in the area. One was Safra Bank in Woodland Hills. On a typical day I went to the Safra Bank underground parking and when I entered the parking lot I was programmed to switch to Sharon. Then I went into the bank. When I entered the bank a man in a suit was waiting and gestured for me to go to a woman teller. I did as instructed and handed her the envelopes that two men had just given me in the underground parking lot. I never knew

exactly what was in the envelopes, but when the teller opened them there were usually checks and cash. When the transaction was completed, I drove back to the office, switched now to Susan, and not having a clue that I had just been used to perform an illegal banking transaction for my controllers. Years later when I filed for divorce, my California attorney, Doug Wolfe, told me to go sign papers at Safra Bank before the divorce could go through. I remembered feeling really scared, but I went to the bank like I was told and signed a paper a man put out on his desk for me to sign. When I was through at the bank a man later used a stun gun on my back near my waist as he said, "You're a real waste, do as you're told to do and nothing more, nothing less, or you will be a mess."

Reagan Is President and Our Vice President is a Pedophile

Over the years, Kelly was closely tied into the trauma I received. Repeatedly she was tortured and traumatized in front of me in an effort to keep me in line. Her torture fragmented her psyche in order to create multiple personalities within her, so she could follow in my footsteps for later use as a "presidential model." Unfortunately, she didn't have to wait very long for that so-called «privilege» as our newly elected Vice President at the time, George Bush, was/is a pedophile and Kelly was created to be, as I later found out from a renegade CIA operative, what was called a "Bush Baby."

Barbara Bush brought snacks in on a tray to the delight of the children clustered around her husband. The kids munched on animal cookies with sprinkles on top as they listened to the Vice President read them stories. The reality created and the accompanying program he delivered was, "You are what you read." This was during the time they lived in the house with the flat rock fireplace. The fireplace had a stone bench that you could sit on in front of the fireplace and George had his easy chair near it. There was a brown coffee table and a couch, and hunting pictures of Springer Spaniels holding birds in their mouths and pointing, graced the walls. George was into that sort of stuff.

Barbara thought I was there as a representative of the new educational system being implemented in California, which was true, although I wasn't consciously aware of it, and she was told that the children were there to demonstrate to the Vice President just how well the new system was working. But later, when the demonstration was over, Bush would take Kelly or another small child to the bathroom or to "show them something special."

During the time the Vice President disappeared with my daughter, Barbara often made lots of small talk, always smiling, cheery and pleasant, speaking nothing of importance. She talked a lot, especially when her husband was out of the room. I was on edge, even under mind control, as parts of me sensed that my little girl was being hurt. The connection between mother and child often makes physical presence unnecessary to know the status of one's child, and it was difficult to carry on small talk with Mrs. Bush while my child was being raped. The Vice President brought Kelly back when he was finished. She looked dazed and out of it.

Bob Hope arranged many other times for George to be with Kelly in different and more private settings. There was a weekend retreat home the Bush's went to in the mountains, so they could relax, and George would take their dog out hunting wild fowl. Barbara stayed inside and baked and did needlepoint, like a typical housewife. I believe that she was unaware that her husband was molesting droves of little girls. George always said he had a special place in his heart for little girls.

Bob Hope Utilizes His Little Filly Asset

When Kelly was brought to Bob's parties, he gave her as a gift to known pedophiles that liked little girls. Then, he really owned these men. He would act like he really thought it was okay to have sex with a child, to men he knew were pedophiles. Without actually saying it in words, he portrayed that attitude and then after the person had raped the child he would say something like, "Do you know what news like this could do to your career?...to your family?" At the parties, these children were kept in a back room. On nights I was programmed to act as 'the hostess, I was instructed to escort men back to the room where the children waited for this expressed purpose. I was even programmed to facilitate their choice in which child they wanted for the evening. Sometimes, acting from program, I even offered my own daughter to these men.

Kelly was brought to Bob's on nights when men who had "younger preference" were in attendance. Bob used that term with people like George Bush. When Kelly was nearly three years old she was provided to George Bush to satisfy his pedophile desires. Bob invited a group of men with

"younger preferences," and later provided them with a group of children, both male and female, for their pleasure.

With people he really wanted to own or use he would take pictures of the molestation with hidden cameras. He knew just how to get to these people. Then afterwards he would show them a picture of the rape of the child and say, "We sure don't want these pictures, or any others like these to get into the wrong hands and ruin your entire career, do we?" Then he would simply tell the man what he wanted, in exchange for impunity. It usually had to do with getting another «friend» of his into a «key» position in the government, looking the other way when a case came down, or getting a bill passed or vetoed. He knew just how to control these men and they usually complied.

In 1993 as I was attempting to get free and get my first book published, due to the fact that I was not cooperating and "staying in line," I was raped and then forced, under mind control, to pose for pictures that if shown to others would have totally discredited me, making me look like a perpetrator. In this type of scenario, the media is called in and a person is publicly discredited-end of threat! Back in the 60's and 70's I watched as people in positions of authority were set up and compromised in the same manner in order that they could be used. And in the 90's I watched with horror, as many of the dedicated individuals who were attempting to end this abuse and help the victims, were publicly discredited, often via mainstream media channels.

Hunted by Bush on Hope's Jordan Ranch

George Bush was one of the men in safari uniform on Bob Hope's property who hunted me when Kelly was little. Bob was laughing when he laid down the rules. "There will be no running, or hiding, you will simply stroll along the path, skipping, if you like, dancing if you wish, but NO running, until you are TRAPPED. It's inevitable, there is no escaping it, especially with an expert hunter like George." Looking me in the eye, Bob said, "Are there any questions?"

I shook my head no.

"Good, then remember, every step you take may be your last." As a helicopter touched down off in the distance in this rural Jordan Ranch area, Bob said, "Bush will be coming from a different angle."

I walked down the road, which with every step I took, became more and more like The Yellow Brick Road that I had been programmed since childhood to follow. I was absolutely terrified, waiting to be attacked, killed. whatever; I didn't know what they had in store for me this day. I walked for a long time and it felt like I was hallucinating along the way. In my mind, playing over and over like a horror movie were Bob's words, "Every step you take may be your last."

In my blue jeans and red checkered shirt, I kept walking. I was still walking when it got dark and I was really scared then because I was so far away from where I had begun. My arm ached from the injection they had given me in the bend of my arm and I rubbed it wishing I wasn't so alone in the world. I was getting frantic, totally panicked by now and I just kept walking. Nothing seemed real anymore. I felt like a caged animal and I couldn't remember the rules any longer. I was trying so hard to remember exactly what Bob had said, thinking if I just did it right that I wouldn't get hurt and my children would be safe. But my drugged terror was escalating, and I couldn't think anymore, I felt like I was losing control.

After what seemed like a very long time, George Bush stepped out from an old outhouse-type structure that was on Bob's ranch and calmly walked over to me, "Betcha didn't think I'd ever be hiding in there, did ya?" and he laughed. "Well, I like to play hide and seek a lot but there's only two of us here so let's play another game that only requires two, the two of us."

I nodded, frozen in terror.

"I just happen to have an apple. A beautiful red apple here in my pocket." He pulled the apple out and said, "I know the game is supposed to be played with a bow and arrow (I'd been accidentally shot with an arrow in the jaw when I was five) but I forgot mine. I did remember however to bring my revolver." And he pulled a gun out of his other pocket. "Now, this game is called William Tell, and you get to play William. Here, you stand over here, so if I miss, the bullet will go into the tree instead of traveling wildly out of control."

He placed me in front of an oak tree and put the apple on top of my head. By now I was crying. I couldn't help it, I just couldn't control it. "Please don't hurt my kids anymore," I begged.

Bush said, "Shhh, don't interrupt. We're playing a game now. Now just stand real still and

remember your name is William Tell, and this is what happens if you don't." Slowly, he cocked the gun and took aim at the apple on my head or me, I couldn't tell which. Then, taking his time he said very slowly as he took aim, "Ok are you ready for the games to begin? Will you tell?"

I squeezed my eyes shut and he lowered the gun as he sighed real disgustedly, "No, no, you can't close your eyes, you have to see this coming, otherwise it won't be any fun at all."

So, I opened my eyes and George took aim again and said, "Remember this is what happens if you don't TELL." He kept aiming and re-aiming trying to get it just right and then he asked me again if I was ready.

"Yes, Sir," I answered.

He put the gun down to listen to me, then took aim again, "Now what's the magic message?"

"Don't tell," I answered. Immediately, he fired and shot the apple off my head. It blasted a hole in the middle of it and blew out a huge chunk and he walked over, picked it up off the ground and said, "Looks like we both won this time. You wait for your ride, I'll take mine another way," and he disappeared.

I tried to see where he went in the dark but I couldn't locate him. Shortly after, a couple of cowboys that tended the cattle on Bob's ranch came driving by in their old pick up truck and angrily said, "Get in, we'll give you a ride back to the end of the road. You're trespassing lady." So I climbed into the back of their pick up truck, not even on the seat in the cab and bounced all the way back to the end of the road. Then, I walked the short distance home.

When I walked in the house, Craig said, "Where have you been? I got dinner started and was getting worried."

"Oh, I was over at the neighbor's," I answered, falling into line helping with the kids and the dinner. During dinner, I just wanted to hold Kelly, who was two years old, and kept feeling so glad she was safe, at least for now.

I kept rocking her at the dinner table and it was a good thing my daughter was in my lap or I probably would have appeared as I really was, "psychotically experiencing an episode." That's what they told me the doctors would say if I went to them for help. "They'll say you're psychotic," Bob said, "and it won't take them long to figure it out. It will be obvious."

George Bush lorded and ruled over me for years once I had children. There were lots of scary program tactics they installed to insure the safety of his use of Kelly and me.

Mission Assignment on Maui

An early experience of cross-programming with Kelly took place in order for me to be used with newly elected President Ronald Reagan and Kelly with Vice President George Bush, on Maui.

My pedophile father, Calvin Eckhart, paid for my husband, young children, and I to vacation with him and my mother to Hawaii. This was a trip to the island of Maui in 1981 where I was taken from my family to be of service to my country, to serve President Reagan and others. Before the trip Bob Hope checked Kelly out at a distance. My father took us to a public park in Reseda, California and, although at the time he was very physically debilitated, he gave Bob a hand signal as we passed by. Bob looked at Kelly and gave my father a wink and a thumbs-up sign and we left.

Like all these «missions» before, I was totally amnesiac of this occurrence and could not remember much of what happened at all during the vacation. At the time, I did not realize I couldn't remember what happened on the vacation. It was only years afterwards that awareness was available to me. Then, the only thing I could recall about this trip was having dinner at the Charthouse on Front Street, in Lahaina with my parents, husband and children. I remembered that my five-year-old son Kevin ordered lobster, and that was all I could remember about that trip until years later when I returned to Maui without my family in 1991. Then the memories of that earlier trip began flooding back as I sat under the large mango tree located in front of the same place I had been taken to be with Reagan — the Puamana.

It all began like it had every other time before. Three men in suits barged into our hotel room where my family was sleeping and took Kelly and I out of the room. She was 2 /2 years old. Then they took us to another room and tortured us both in front of one another, programmed in some instructions for me, and then they took me away. At that time I didn't know where they took Kelly. The personalities inside of me that were programmed for use with Reagan and others on this trip

never knew what happened to my children during that time. The personalities I had that performed everyday, mundane, routine jobs, were amnesiac to the whole experience-they never knew it happened. Such is the reality of Multiple Personality Disorder and mind control through trauma-based programming.

I overheard my controllers speak amongst themselves explaining that the Puamana was specially selected for security purposes and had the advantage that it could be accessed by both land and sea. Seaplanes could secretly fly in foreign dignitaries at night. It was a gate-guarded complex that was easily protected by the Secret Service, insuring secrecy and privacy.

I was on Maui for a ten-day stay, supposedly to vacation with my family, and was used part of the time as a go-between with Reagan and many other politicians and foreign dignitaries. During the time at the Puamana, my job was to help make Ron and Nancy more comfortable. I researched restaurants and places to order food and did everything I was told to do to help them, in addition to being the «secretary» for mind files use at their meetings and later having sex with Reagan. I took shorthand, but more importantly could secretly «record» everything I heard and saw for later debriefing by Kissinger or the Council.

Nancy could see that I had a credible job, but when she would say anything accusatorily about me, Reagan would deny it and tell her she was just over-reacting and he would kiss her very lovingly on the cheek. All in all, she was not pleased that I was there. She was angry and unpleasant to me. She hated it when I was around. I hated it when she was around too; everyone was on guard because of her attitudes. Reagan occasionally spoke to me about her as if she was unreasonable, but mostly he would defend her, saying she was probably just a little tired or cranky.

I liked it when Ronnie (that's what he told me to call him when we were alone) and I walked on the beach in the dark together, as there was no one to interrupt us. Nancy never knew where we «really» were because Ronnie would tell the Secret Service agents to tell her that he was going to be in a meeting. They were instructed to keep an eye on her and make sure she stayed inside the room for safety, since it was dark outside. Reagan told them he would need me to be at the meeting, as I was functioning as his secretary at certain times and he would need my help. Then we would go off together to "do business."

Sometimes we did do business, but more often we would go off alone together and I would give him my "undivided sexual attention." I also gave him any information I was instructed and preprogrammed to give to him from the Council and others. Once elected, Ronnie said to me, "Can you believe I'm President now? Does it feel any different to you to be here with me?" He often complained about his job and how hard it was. That seemed to be where I translated his words to mean, "Please baby me, pamper me, take care of me, coddle me," and I did just that. Whatever he wanted or needed, I was programmed to perform for him.

I was assigned a room on the beachfront at Puamana. The room was actually just another one of his rooms a place where they took me to be alone with him. The Secret Service agents acted like they did not see or were not watching, but sometimes I would notice them snickering or smiling at things I did with Reagan.

The Council told me what to do, when to do it, what words to use and what to say later on in the evening to have the greatest impact on Reagan. I don't think he ever knew I was being "an actress" — doling out the lines I had been programmed to deliver — but he loved it! So did Tricky Dick (Nixon). These tactics worked especially well on old men, and that is exactly what these men were.

This late night rendezvous at the Puamana, in the little pool overlooking the ocean, I bounded out of the pool and began unfastening my bikini top. I took it off and began dancing, slinging it around like I had been trained to do, as I sang, "Let me entertain you," like I had done for Bob Hope. Reagan was laughing and a bit embarrassed, I guess because of the Secret Service's presence, but he didn't stop me. I slowly pulled off my bikini bottom, danced around more and then slipped back into the pool next to him, naked. This personality, specially created and devoted to Reagan, was very comfortable being naked. I never even considered picking up my bikini afterwards. As I climbed out of the pool, Reagan put a large beach towel around me and the Secret Service agents picked up my wet bikini and brought it inside.

The Secret Service agents were usually younger than the Presidents and I could see in their faces that I had their respect and admiration, but was confused as to why. Sometimes after these antics, they would have a little grin on their faces.

The words that went with these little acts were not political, but were used by the Council to entertain and bring Reagan closer to me, to make him want me. They figured if he wanted to be with me, they could use me to slip important messages to him later on after sex, upon awakening or in the evening when he was just dozing off to sleep. The Council knew that, if they could keep him interested and pampered over the years, they could maintain control over him.

I was programmed to make him feel good. I did everything he wanted and helped soothe him when he was troubled or distressed, and I even had some opinions that he was surprised I was "old enough" to have. President Reagan said I was, "wise beyond my years," but he never did know that I wasn't really-I just had the Council pre-empting me. I would say that I was so interested in his success and the success of our nation that I read up on things in the newspaper and got a new «idea» or perspective after my research. Or, I would say that an idea just came to me. I don't believe he knew just exactly to what extent I was being set up for him. The Council knew just what would make a man happy, and more importantly they studied exactly what each man specifically liked or disliked.

Newly elected Vice President George Bush was at the Puamana for this trip, also. He and Reagan were having all sorts of leaders secretly flown in by seaplane to the back of the complex in the middle of the night. My job was to go and greet many of them as they arrived and help them to their rooms in the dark. Some were foreign ambassadors. They had meetings with these men and had a formal gathering one evening in the large banquet room that was used for parties. It was decorated in red, white, and blue, as it was soon after Reagan and Bush had been elected and many of the foreign dignitaries were congratulating them.

I overheard Reagan and Bush talking before the party and Bush told Reagan that this was an important night to lay the groundwork for future negotiations with certain foreign countries. These leaders were flown in, spent a couple of days and were flown back out.

The men from Saudi Arabia had to be flown in on separate days because I overheard them saying that they would not «mix» with the other guests. No one spoke of them afterwards to any of the other guests. They wore their white robes or native dress and were mostly dark-skinned.

George Bush seemed like the leader as far as these negotiations went and I noticed that Reagan "leaned on him" heavily for guidance and instruction. Bush had done his homework and studied the situations and Reagan took his expert advice. Although I don't remember Kissinger being present for this meeting, at other times, Reagan also took advice from Kissinger.

George Bush pounced on me when I least expected it, often delivering a devastatingly terrifying cryptic message while I was speaking to some foreign ambassador or politician at a White House function, gala, ground breaking, or golf with Hope. But this time we were on Maui at the newly-elected President's dinner. He waited until no one was around and then said, "I don't know what the President sees in you. He must have on some of those strange Elton John glasses, that make you look otherworldly like a little green Martian."

Later at night, I was told to stand out at the beach and wait until I was signaled with a flashing light and then I was instructed to swim out through the surf to the sailing vessel. A man aboard the big white sailing vessel took me aboard and into a darkened room below where a man sitting in the dark delivered a message to me, "You are to tell Reagan it's a green light. It's a go. And tell Bush to keep his dirty mitts off this one." Then he laughed and said, "No instead say, 'George, the men on high say that they have got this one covered. Anything you do would only interfere in the master plan." Then he said, "You may go now. Take flight and deliver your messages on cue."

I walked robotically out of the room and over to the area on the boat where there wasn't a railing, dove off and swam back to the beach. The Council maintained vigilant contact with Reagan especially during this trip. Reagan was aware that I swam to get information because he commented that it turned him on when I swam to my assignment.

I swam often and had programming that allowed me to swim long distances without tiring. This swim program was often tied to 'dolphin themes' in my conscious mind so, in case I began to remember, my thoughts were automatically directed to thinking about how much I loved dolphins. These are the words that directed my swim programming: "Your body is warm as you glide through the water, swimming easily, effortlessly, endlessly through the ocean, like a dolphin. Dolphins deliver messages, and so will you." Other times I swam out from the beach and waited to hear the sound of a helicopter, and like the dolphin waiting below the spaceship in the movie Cocoon, I waited to be

"beamed up." My programming dictated my reality. I thought that I was living this intentional movie-scrambled reality while the actual event was hidden beneath the surface of this programming. As I experienced the flashback of the actual occurrence, I could feel the cold water on my body, taste the salt water and hear the helicopter. They dangled a rope ladder down and my instructions were to "climb the stairway to heaven." As I did, I entered the movie reality my programming commanded, and felt like I was on an angelic/dolphin mission. The rope ladder stung the bottom of my feet. When I made it to the top, a man grabbed my arm and pulled me in, sat me down, put headphones on my ears and said, "Listen and learn," as I retained the message to deliver to the leaders.

One night, the Reagans and a foreign guest went to dinner late in the evening. I was taken along as this man's escort. (I am sorry that at this time I am not able yet to remember his name.) We went by limo to a restaurant in a large shopping area that had storefronts like boutiques or the French Quarter, with brick walkways leading to the back and flowers alongside. We ate outside at a patio table surrounded by bushes and flowers; it was very private. The Secret Service were with us but kept a low profile, so as not to attract anyone's attention.

Something happened at the restaurant when Nancy and I went to the restroom. She said something to me about indecently coming on to her husband and then she slapped me. It really messed me up, as slapping was also part of a program to switch me into different personalities. A Secret Service agent quickly took me aside. I had switched into a child personality and was crying, and he could not let me go back to the table like that. He straightened me up, smoothed out the rough emotional edges, and took me back to the table where everyone was finishing up.

Despite this incident, we had a successful late night dinner with this man and went back to the Puamana without being detected. It was the only time I knew of that Reagan went into public during the entire trip. I think this guest had expressed a desire to see the small town of Lahaina. He did not seem too concerned about the security risks and Bush encouraged Reagan to go and entertain him. Reagan and Bush usually went into public places separately for security reasons.

After my use with Reagan at the Puamana was over, I was taken back to my family. I do not know what happened to them in my absence, but just like each occasion before, none of us experienced a break in time, and no one knew that I was gone or that I had «just» returned.

When we returned to California, no one in my family thought of this hidden experience again, as it was buried deeply under programming.

Reagan's Ranch

I was also taken to the Ranch to visit President Reagan, as I had at times in the past when he was Governor. I was picked up in front of my home in Agoura by a man in a suit and was flown to the Ranch located near Santa Barbara, California. Ronnie insisted saddling up the horses himself when we went riding, even after he became President. He did not want anyone (including Secret Service agents) to do it and so he did it himself! I rode the brown horse.

President Reagan «acted» very romantically while we rode, just like we were in some old movie! It seemed he lived in a type of «movieland» mentality a lot of the time. We rode all over the ranch, down near the Oak grove on the far side. It was beautiful in the springtime, with green grass and wild flowers as far as one could see. We got off our horses and he put his arm around my waist and pulled me to him for a kiss. He explained, "A man needs a young woman in his life to make him feel younger." I just smiled. I did a lot of that, didn't use many words, just smiled, and was pleasing, helpful and compliant. That is how I was created to be.

Then Reagan sang, "Younger than springtime." He took his hat off and put it over his heart while he was singing, just like he was in some musical. He could be very corny.

Later he explained he had barbed wire put in between the wood fencing on the Ranch to keep people out. He said he didn't like to have to do that, but the Secret Service suggested he go along with it for security reasons. He explained that he did not like to always have people watching him, but that it went with the job now-it was different than when he was Governor, but, he explained that nothing could change our relationship, we would just have to be more careful.

Nancy Reagan was very mean to me, much meaner than Barbara Bush ever was. Barbara Bush just sort of ignored me altogether, whereas Nancy was very angry and controlling. I liked it best when Nancy was not around. When Henry Kissinger or George Bush met with Reagan at the ranch, Nancy

served them snacks. I was never allowed to eat, but just sat quietly wherever I was «parked» and recorded information into my mind files whenever I was directed to. Henry knew just how to file it inside of me, all in the correct storage areas for easy retrieval later on. They met at the ranch quite often.

Sometimes we flew to meet big leaders in their own country, if they were at all concerned about the security at the ranch. But most people felt pretty safe there with all of the security systems and the Secret Service agents.

I observed a lot of Secret Service security techniques because at times Henry left me with them when I was not being used. Henry sat me next to the agent at the security monitor and told him to keep an eye on me, but to not feed or talk to me. So, I was able to watch the monitor and listen to the agents. They even had agents placed at the far corners of the ranch all night long for security. Each agent carried a walkie-talkie to keep in touch with each other and the agents in the house. A Secret Service agent was stationed inside the house with television monitors and other equipment to help supervise the agents outside and was always listening to the men in the field with the walkie-talkies. The agents took shifts so that there was always someone fresh and alert manning all the «posts» 24 hours a day and night.

Reagan laughed a lot when he was Governor and in the beginning days of his Presidency, but he acted very differently after he was shot. Kind of like how different Nixon became after the Watergate scandal broke. Like the life went out of him.

Reagan gave me a bracelet on one occasion when we were at the ranch. But I had to turn it over to the men who flew me by helicopter back home to Agoura. Nancy had been gone that weekend. She usually was when Reagan and I were together sexually. But, she saw me when Kissinger and Reagan or Bush used me at the ranch for mind file use. It seemed like she hated it when she noticed her husband perk up when I was around, so she was mean to me. Actually, even under mind control the parts of me that were dedicated to Reagan felt sorry for her, having to be married to him, if he had sex with her in the same passive manner he did with me.

The Conception of Our Third Child Under Mind Control

In 1980, I felt a deep desire for a third child, though I am not sure if I ever really was solely responsible for having decided such things on my own, or if it was up to the Council, Bob, Henry, etc. My husband fought me for months on end, with the logical reasoning that we had the perfect family — a little boy and girl, and for him they were enough. But for me, it wasn't. I was experiencing excruciating female reproductive pains and had been for a long time, and my pain seemed to increase as time went on. When I sought medical help, Dr. Feldman, my OB/GYN doctor, examined me and said, "You have a large fibroid tumor growing in your uterus," and his avenue of resolve for my worsening condition was a hysterectomy. Looking back on this situation from where I am now in my more healed understanding, I realize it was indeed this man's attempt to help me remove my "hysteria." Unfortunately, I was unable to understand that this hysteria that manifested physically in my innermost female private part, was the cellularly stored terror and devastation of my children and me. I was unable to think on my own, but I could understand what I felt. And, what I felt in my heart was that I wanted a third child and I wanted him desperately. I don't know if I was programmed to know, but I knew then that this child was to be a boy.

From his authoritative position between my legs, as he examined me, my doctor's orders were that I could have 30 days to try to conceive a child and after that time I was to return for the hysterectomy.

Craig and I used the "scientific method," the same method we used in the past to insure that the sex of our third child was a boy. And he was. Daniel Robert Ford was born on March 15, 1982 at Los Robles Hospital in Thousand Oaks, California. I was 31 years old. I have little conscious memory of Danny as a baby. When he was visiting me in the summer of 1996, he looked at me emotionlessly and said, "Mom, I don't remember anything about my childhood." He just stated the fact. What was very apparent to me was that my teenage son had no emotion attached to this statement or even any means to think this thought through to understand what it all might mean. It seemed like he was merely reporting it to me and, having done enough of my own healing to realize what this all meant, I was devastated. Understanding now that my children will not be served by remembering anything about their past until they are in a safe, supportive environment to do that, I simply acknowledged his

reality and recommitted to doing whatever I could to bring about his freedom.

War Games at Jordan Ranch to Terrorize Kelly and Me

When Kelly was around three years old, we were told to walk down to the "end of the road," which I knew to be Bob Hope's Jordan Ranch. Once inside the fence we were injected with drugs in the back of a limo and were told to start walking out onto the ranch. Somehow, all of a sudden, my little daughter was gone. There was a whole group of men in army fatigues who I later found out were playing war games. But in the drugged state of mind they put me in, I had no way to know this was just a game. Bob had a walkie-talkie that he used to radio instructions to the men in army fatigues. He told them what to do and say to us. I know because the guys would listen to their walkie-talkies while I heard Bob say directions like, "Ok, rape her now."

These guys were shooting their weapons and throwing hand grenades. As I revivified the memory I was able to realize that the hand grenades and gunfire were all fake, but the drugs I was subjected to made everything feel very real and very terrifying. While these men were shooting at me, I was running for my life, ducking under bushes trying to stay alive so I could find my little girl, and the drugs made it impossible to think clearly. They told me Kelly's life depended on me finding her quickly. A helicopter flying overhead landed nearby and I finally found Kelly, naked and huddling near a small scrub bush. She was very dirty and had cried so much that her little eyes were swollen nearly shut and her face was covered with dirt and tears all mixed together. She was crying so hard that she was shaking and had begun the involuntarily sniffling and jerking that infants do when they have cried for a very long time. I picked her up and took her, as directed, over to the helicopter. Due to the severe trauma, I was unable to retrieve the rest of this devastating experience. This is the type of activity these men needed to use in order to guarantee that, under national security, a mother and her baby daughter would never remember the perverted experiences for which they were being used by Henry Kissinger, Bob Hope and the agenda of our other high-level controllers. When I was deprogramming and really getting beneath my instilled trauma-based programs in order to retrieve my experiences, my programmed mother sent me a picture of Kelly that she had taken. In it, Kelly was crouched down, hiding beneath a bush. Most likely our controllers had my mother send that picture in an attempt to tap into this traumatic memory in order to remind me what my odds were, in order to keep me under control.

Trauma Before Use

After I had my children, they always inflicted trauma on me and one or more of my kids (always with my daughter Kelly) before an assigned rendezvous took place. Those experiences were terrifying and horrific enough so, that my controllers felt very certain I would never gain access to memory of the experiences the trauma was meant to cover. The trauma they inflicted on me and then on my children in front of me, began when they were born.

The following is a vivid example of the kind of programming and torture my family and I had to endure before I was used with a President, Governor, Senator, entertainer, or whoever else they decided they wanted to send me in on. I have no way of knowing what the rest of my family might have been assigned to, in my absence.

This time, we were in Catalina and my husband told the kids that we were going to look at a new hotel complex on the island. When we arrived, three men in suits told us to go into a room where there was a single row of chairs lined up against the wall. We were told to sit down in the straight back chairs. Passively and robotically, we helplessly complied. Kevin our oldest son., who then was nine, was the first in the lineup; then Craig, me, and Kelly, who was seven, and last, at the far end, our youngest son Danny, who was three. One of the suited men took a razor blade or something similar and started with Kevin and slowly and deliberately ran it over the top of his legs, then onto Craig's, then mine, Kelly's and little Danny's. All of us were bleeding and traumatized, in a daze, physically frozen, staring straight ahead. I was terrified and panicked, but sat there, helpless to do anything to protect my children, as a result of years of abuse and mind control programming.

Craig could do nothing to defend the children or me. He couldn't even defend himself. All of us just sat there like zombies with blood trickling off our burning legs. One suited man informed us, "This is just the beginning," and they took Danny and threw him up against the wall. With the air knocked

out of him and in obvious pain, he crumpled over and crouched up into a small ball, already, at three years old, knowing better than to cry out or make a sound. They always did something horrific and if the kids or I cried out or showed any reaction or retaliation, they would hurt another one of the kids or me even more. Craig simply took his seat and never moved until he was told to. He was totally and completely immobilized.

Watching my children get hurt was always the worst; nothing they ever did to me was ever as bad. Then one of the men took a cotton ball doused with alcohol and dabbed the blood off our legs. It stung badly.

Then the men in suits took me away, and told my family, "run along and play at the beach. Your mother will be along in awhile. You will never even miss her, never even be aware she is gone." Without reaction, Craig stood up and robotically walked out the door with the kids following in like manner.

After my family was gone, they took me to an empty room, ordered me to strip naked and they began slapping me around until I sank into a shivering, naked ball in the corner of the room. The rest of the day, all night, and part of the next day, I was left in isolation. Food and water were deliberately withheld until I was reunited with my family, which could be up to three days. A man in a suit would come to get me out of isolation and take me to get ready for Reagan or Nixon, or Pete Wilson or whomever. I was instructed to shower and dress in the clothes they provided. Outfits, complete with accessories just my size, were left for me.

After the sexual encounter was completed, I was taken back to the room and ordered to put on my own clothes. Hypnotic commands were given to, "simply walk out and sit down with your family on the beach. You will not notice any lapse of time, but will resume interacting with your family normally and naturally." On this occasion, I was told to sit down next to Craig on my beach chair and it was as if I had never been gone! No one mentioned another word about it. The experiences were supposedly wiped away from all of our minds as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

Each time I was taken, there was similar trauma before they could «safely» use me and be able to insure that my programming and amnesia would remain locked up tightly. All of this for a Governor's or President's sexual perversions, or for the fulfillment of the New World Order agenda.

Bob Hope's Escapades

We owned a large family camper that was fully self-contained and we kept it stocked and packed, completely ready at anytime should we decide that we wanted to get away for a long weekend or week vacation. We traveled regularly on Thanksgiving holidays and during summers, often driving up Highway 1, winding up the scenic and beautiful California coastline. We went to Ojai Valley, Big Sur, Carmel, Monterey, San Francisco, Oxnard, Paso Robles, Santa Barbara, Leo Carrillo State Beach, Emma Woods State Beach, Pismo Beach, San Luis Obispo, and Napa Valley. At other times we went up into the High Sierras, to visit Mammoth, Sequoia, Tahoe, Reno, Yosemite National Park, Big Bear, and Crestline. We also took the children to Six Flags Magic Mountain and, of course, Disneyland.

Bob Hope showed up in many of these locations. It seemed like he was everywhere. I had a number I called to let him know my vacation plans or he would make the suggestion of where to go. When we arrived at our destination, I wouldn't consciously know to expect to see him but the part of me that was programmed and readied for the rendezvous was instructed to walk towards him when he appeared. Sometimes he would snap his fingers in front of my face or jingle his keys in front of my eyes to get me to respond. He often liked to meet for sex or information exchange in mountain cabins. He would say he needed some time away from the hustle and bustle of city life and I was his plaything. He said I was better than «Jeanie» (the genie) because all she did was come out of a bottle. He said with me he could rub my magic spot and it was magic-he'd come! He usually spoke in clever little lines and phrases. I met him aboard yachts, also, even when I thought Craig and I were simply going sailing with friends. What actually occurred often was a rendezvous with Bob or some leader they needed to get information to. Sometimes Reagan was brought out on a little ocean excursion and ended up navigating right to us. I was then transported aboard with him for sex and messages. Sometimes I stayed all night with him on his transport and then was put back on the sailboat I came on the next day.

Reagan in Mazatlan

I was with President Reagan in Mazatlan, Mexico. In fact, my husband and I acquired a timeshare, the "Presidential Suite," at the El Cid Hotel, in Mazatlan, where we went in later years.

One evening in the early 80's, while we were 'vacationing' in Mazatlan, Craig and I dressed to go out and I became panicked because I put my contact lens on inside out and couldn't get it back out. From my attempts my eye was becoming red and ugly. Craig's father was with us at the time and the two of them thought I was acting very strangely to be so upset about such a little thing. But, my inner system of personalities knew that this would not do when I was nearing an assignment with the President.

The next thing I remembered, I was escorted by the Secret Service to the back door of a dark Mexican Restaurant. I joined Reagan in a booth in the back of the restaurant and waited for him to finish eating. It wasn't long until we walked out on the beach. We walked hand in hand along the beach with the Secret Service agents following a short distance behind us. As we were walking on the beach that night, Reagan seemed upset and anxious, very nervous. He said he was concerned about the 'state of affairs. With my pre-programmed sexual orientation, my mind immediately went to the thought of sexual affairs, but as he continued speaking I realized he was speaking of the affairs of the nation. He went on to explain that being President was difficult, that there was a lot more to it than I could imagine. He said he was concerned about the way things were going and was upset with Kissinger about some things he had handled. He said he was very upset with Henry for taking so many matters into his own hands. He said he knew a few hours with me would help him snap out of the mood he was in.

I had been given a few key words by the Council to help Reagan "snap out of it" when he got into one of his slumps. They were very simple phrases like, "everything will be okay," said while I was rubbing or caressing his forehead over and over. He seemed to respond to that like a kitten going into a purr. I would generally rub him all over, front and back, before climbing on top of him to satisfy him sexually.

We went into a little cabin-type motel on the beach. It was just the two us with Secret Service agents all around outside. The little room was done in Mexican design; a red bedspread in Mexican colors, yellows and blues, and a little pair of maracas sat on a wooden dresser. I had sex with him and then we left; he did not go to sleep as usual. He hugged me briefly outside the motel and kissed me on the cheek before he left with the Secret Service agents.

A Secret Service agent took me back to where I was staying with my husband. It was a very quick encounter; rushed, like Reagan had somewhere else to go.

Craig and I returned to our home in California without conscious knowledge of my "missing time" or of what he did during my absence.

NASA

When Danny was an infant we went for programming together. He was a year old when his innerspace mind files were created in order for him to have a wide range of access points, without the necessity of as much trauma as was necessary back in the days when mine were created. Time had shown our controllers that trauma itself was one cause for the breakdown in slaves. So Danny was exposed to their newer technology, from birth, and Danny and I were both heavily programmed and cross-programmed together.

I was there with Danny when he was 3 or 4 years old. It seemed like a school field trip, but the series of events that unfolded were much different. Danny had on long baggy blue print shorts and a light blue T-shirt. We were sitting with other mothers and children, in the front row of a circular auditorium. Men in NASA suits, who were dressed like astronauts were all around and one of them came over, lifted Danny up and put him into a chair. "Like the real astronauts sit in!" the man explained. This chair had equipment all around it.

Danny smiled so sweetly across the auditorium at me like he was so proud and so happy to be chosen to sit in the big astronaut chair. There was such anticipated excitement and innocence in his joyful smile. Soon the man instructed him to lean back so his head was properly aligned to fit into a silver band and when Danny was in the proper alignment, I watched the NASA official clamp the back of the silver band to fit snugly around his little forehead. Danny looked up at the NASA official, eyes wide with innocence and youthful exuberance, and smiled as the man said to Danny, "Hold on for the ride of your life!"

Another man brought in some sort of visual/optical glasses (virtual reality?) to rest in front of Danny's eyes and told him to look into the viewer. Then to my horror, the man standing next to Danny gave a cue to another man and I watched in agony as Danny's little body jolted. They must have been giving him electroshock and God knows what else. After a time, his little body went limp and he was unconscious.

I was dying inside, but knew from many past experiences with his older brother and sister that if I made any attempt to interfere things would only get worse for all of us, especially Danny, so against all maternal protective instinct, I maintained my composure.

Pretty soon the NASA official waved a smelling salt or something in a cotton ball bound with gauze, in front of Danny's face. He came to abruptly and they released him from the equipment and then from the chair. He was sweating profusely around his forehead and under his nose. As the man helped him out of the chair, Danny looked over at me and several facial expressions quickly washed over him. At first he looked utterly humiliated and embarrassed, which was soon replaced with a look of utter shame that spread over his entire face and down his little body.

He could barely walk over to me and when I stood to help him, the NASA man said, "He's a big boy, he can do this on his own."

"Mommy, I feel sick," my little son said as he hobbled over to me and put his head in my lap. The men did the same thing to several other children, including another little girl from Danny's preschool, Born Learners. Soon we were escorted out, put on a shuttle back to the airport and were flown home. None of this experience was available to my conscious mind until years later when I began the grueling process of deprogramming. And, to this day, Danny has no memory of this event available to his conscious mind.

Different parts of me took care of Danny and our controllers assigned other parts to take him to places for conditioning.

The Highway to Heaven billboard that we had to pass along Kanan Road on the way to Zuma Beach or Point Mugu dissociated me. Instead of the actual sign, I would experience an internal experience of, "You are going to another plane of reality, one that only exists in your imagination and this Highway is your start off point in going there," and, I would go into a programmed mode that my controllers called the Highway to Heaven zone. There were landmarks (landmines) all over California that they used in order to keep me in line, "in the right state of mind."

Danny's mind files were filled with data early on and expanded after he was three years old. I drove him to Point Mugu or we were intercepted at the intersection of Kanan and Agoura Road, and go in the car with these men. They usually drove a dark colored sedan with tinted windows. Whether I drove or not, these men took my son from me in the car at Point Mugu in the morning, and returned him back to me at the car by late afternoon. He would just limply lie on my lap all the way home, and then I put him to bed in his crib where he slept until the next morning without waking.

Whenever he and I would go to the beach to fly a kite or play in the sand, they always took him away from me and brought him back later. Once some men on a Coast Guard boat took him from me at Zuma Beach when he and I were playing. He was around five. They came up close to shore, yet remained just beyond the crest of the waves. A lifeguard type guy in a red swimsuit that was about 25 years old took Danny by the hand from the beach and swam out to the boat with him. Then they took off with my son, while I stayed on the beach waiting, just sitting all alone, zombie-like until they returned my son. I helped Danny walk back to our brown station wagon and we went home.

Henry Kissinger filled Danny with high-level information, intended to span many years and to be delivered whenever necessary at specific future dates to large crowds of people. Danny had historical files put in, as did I.

At Born Learners Preschool at three to four years of age, Danny started special computer classes that kept him at school long hours, sometimes into the evening. When I asked him if he wanted to stop he always said he loved it, as did his best friend Justin. I believe programmers do more of the training via computer screen now, often using virtual reality. After computer class, I took the two of them to Monarch's Gymnastics, the same gymnastics school his older brother and sister went to for lessons. I usually waited in the car or ran errands while they were there and I was always so exhausted I could hardly stay awake. I had usually been to therapy abreacting the horrors of my own childhood and hurried home from Westwood to pick up Danny and Justin from preschool, and later on Danny from Kindergarten. I didn't like Mike, the man who ran the gymnastics center. He had a very

bad temper and was often emotionally out of control. Kevin, Kelly and Danny all went to Monarch's Gymnastics in conjunction with the Montessori preschools.

I thought I would not be able to bear the pain and grief when I began remembering scenarios of the ways in which I had been programmed to be a part of my children's preschool mind control experiences. This is information I would prefer to withhold because it goes against everything I believe in, but in order for people to understand how this system works, it is necessary for me to share the following. Keep in mind that this scenario could have happened to any three of my children and indeed it did. But once again, I will use an experience I remembered about Danny because, for whatever reason, I have more memory retrieved about him.

This event occurred in Danny's preschool. On occasion, I helped out in the class. I remembered standing with Danny's preschool teachers who were instructing the children in a game where they all had to take their clothes off, step onto a colored circle and then take turns doing sexual acts to the child next to them. The teachers were laughing and clapping and everything seemed surreal, just like it always did when programmed events of horror occurred. As the game progressed, with music playing in the background, the children looked progressively more stunned. They were told to walk in a circle and stop on a color. If they didn't do what they were told, the teacher yanked them out of the circle by the arm and yelled at them. I couldn't tell what she said but it scared the child into compliance. The games always took place at the same time in the mornings and were centered around colors, music, body movement and hand signals. Hand signals were taught to the children this way and put to music for reinforcement.

There was a VCR off to the side of the classroom where an individual child was placed to watch a special pre-selected tape. The child was taken out of the circle, sat in front of the VCR and told to focus on the movie. This way each child got the individual training they were supposed to have according to what their curriculum planners felt were their strengths and career aptitudes. All of the special private preschools my children went to took this approach. And, ritual trauma and sexual perversion was often the way we were programmed to begin with the children.

Danny completed computer classes in preschool before he was four years old. During my deprogramming process, I was horrified when I remembered that I continually read him the story of Danny and the Dinosaur. As I re-read the story years later, I found a phrase in the book, which states, "there's no place to run, no place to hide. " And here again was another example of how 1, as his programmed parent, was used to keep my own son's programming locked tightly in place, reinforcing the programs that were used to keep the parts of his mind that were compartmentalized for our controller's use, separate from his conscious everyday awareness. And consciously, neither of us had any idea that any of this was occurring.

Henry Kissinger has been Danny's main man. He was the one calling the shots and organized the creation of Danny's mind files for NASA/military use. Danny was, and may still be, scheduled for a major position within NASA one day, following in the footsteps of his grandfather Ford and Uncle Lyle Curran. They have him scheduled to become a scientist or something of that nature. I overheard Henry talking to someone about it.

Danny has very specific programming themes that center around all the planets — Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Pluto, Saturn, etc., and I was programmed to tell him often before he went to sleep, "I love you to the moon and much, much, much, much, more than that. A thousand times more than that. A trillion times more than that," and on and on until we got to the highest number beyond infinity, and Danny knew that number. For some reason I can't remember it. I never could. Then, he would go to sleep.

Danny and Kelly both had those neon, glow-in-the-dark stars and planets on their ceilings and so did 1. Danny has tons of high tech information in his brain. I saw him demonstrated at Point Mugu when they put him in front of a group to demonstrate his capabilities. Henry took Danny to different locations to 'display the technology, showing that a five year old could appear to be genius level, "a computer whiz." He had mega memory, displaying the intelligence level of what they termed a "Junior College Student." Danny was seen as having the intelligence of the future and they said he would blossom in high school, whatever that meant. They said that, by then, Danny would be fully functional and used by them extensively in international work. Henry talked a lot about Danny and I remember Danny holding onto Henry's leg one time when he was demonstrating Danny in front of a whole group of people. Despite the programming, Danny remained very shy until he was 5 years old.

Danny was also traumatized at Disneyland year after year. The Matterhorn ride was one they

used before they took him away from me at Disneyland for other programming.

There was further programming done at Edwards Air Force Base. Craig took us all there as a family in our camper and we stayed overnight and were programmed the next morning. Two men in white uniforms came to get Danny and me from the camper and compliantly and mindlessly we went with them. Kelly, in her little strawberry blouse, was crying that she didn't want Danny to go and Craig held her and spanked her leg to stop her crying. The men took us through glass doors and we were escorted once again to the big chair, where the nightmare started all over. We sat side by side in the big heavy, metal chair while we looked into the large goggles that were placed in front of our faces. Before they began, we were injected with a drug. Earphones played music at times, but mostly sound effects, while they told us we were 'one' and the solar system that we saw through our eyes would now exist in the innermost regions of our mind. There was a beautiful visual of the stars and planets and the whole universe. They told us that we each had a system, but that we also had the other half of the other person's system much like those friendship bracelets that are separated and when they come together they are whole. Afterwards, Danny's eyes seemed to be moving all over the place at once and not together. Even in my drugged state I was terrified for my child. Looking at what his eyes were doing was scary. Afterwards, they escorted us out and I helped my little boy into the camper and laid him up on the top bed so he could sleep. He lay backwards on the bed and didn't move, totally out of it for the rest of the day. I walked around outside in this big white gravel parking lot with the other kids in a total zombie-like state. I felt totally drugged out of my mind and I fell asleep sitting up outside. When I woke up, I ran frantically into the camper to check on Danny. I held him and loved him. He looked to me like he was going to die. I said, "I love you Danny, is there anything I can do for you?" He was sucking his thumb by then and without any words, shook his head no. So I just held him.

Kelly was taken to military bases in Ventura, Oxnard, Point Mugu, and Edwards Air Force Base, but Danny went mostly to Point Mugu. The whole family went to Edwards Air Force Base. Sometimes from Point Mugu, they would helicopter Danny away and I never knew where they took him. Parts of Danny were programmed very early on to play the perfect game of chess, in order to take up where I left off in deciphering and delivering cryptic messages.

Catalina Island Excursions

One or two weeks a year were set aside for a planned vacation. Extended weekend excursions were commonplace, often planned at the last minute. But, our August week on Catalina Island, 26 miles off the California coast, was a standing vacation for years. Craig and I went there almost every year from 1971 until I left California in 1991; nearly 20 years. My children still go there with their father and, now that they are older, they have gone independently.

I was used on Catalina Island, for sexual rendezvous with Reagan and/or sometimes other public officials or entertainers. I was programmed to have sex with Reagan at the Wrigley Mansion, the Zane Grey and other hotels on the island. It seems Reagan was usually on the island anonymously; for security purposes, no one was to know he was there.

While I was busy carrying out my duties, I had no idea what my children and husband were up to. It seems likely that there was some reason they had us all there together.

We're Paying Taxes For What?!

And, I am sure that you the reader were unaware that your hard earned tax dollars were being spent on security, airflight, and high tech programming in order that Presidents and leaders could be extramaritally satisfied sexually, and that messages fueling the success and implementation of the New World Order could be sent and returned via a national security mind-controlled asset. Not to mention the salary of politicians and NSA people like Henry Kissinger who spent countless hours strategizing agendas to carry out their personal plans. I can only imagine the cost to privately helicopter, task a team of Secret Service agents, coiffure, and ready a mindcontrolled operative and then pay a limo to deliver her to her assignment. A few years ago my daughter was transported via ambulance after one of her many suicide attempts, as she carried out her program command to kill herself if she began to remember. That bill alone was unfathomable.

"…but you shall cry out for pain of heart, and shall wail for anguish of spirit."

Chapter Twenty-six: Dodger Diamonds

The following information documents some, but by no means all, of the experiences I recovered in relation to my use with Tommy Lasorda and the Los Angeles Dodgers. I have randomly selected specific events I believe will aid you the reader in understanding just how far mind control, gone unchecked, has proliferated.

Tommy Lasorda gave a new meaning to the Dodger lineup. Instead of the Dodgers lining up, it was women and children lining up for the baseball team to choose from, for sex. A Dodger incentive to do better — to win more! If they won, they got to choose — if they lost, no women.

"Dodger diamonds" had a double meaning. In addition to the baseball diamond as on a baseball field, in my experience, it also referred to the "Dodger Diamonds," the mind-controlled women the Dodgers could select from for sex. Lasorda often spoke in cryptic language, intended to manipulate and inspire the Dodgers. Here's an example. One evening as he spoke to the team, he said, "If you play good on the Dodger diamond (the playing field), you will get in return a 'Dodger Diamond" (a sex slave). Presidential model sex slaves often wore diamonds as program identifiers. My daughter and I wore diamonds, as well.

Back in the men's locker room when the women and children in the "Dodger lineup" were in their places, Lasorda would point to a woman or child who had been 'chosen' by a player and say, "he'll take that one." He never referred to anyone by name — always just pointed and said, "that one." It was part of the «game» they played after a win. The Dodgers weren't allowed to just go up and pick one of us. They had to tell Lasorda who they wanted and then he would make the announcement. We then stepped forward to the player we were chosen by and went with him to another room, corner or wherever he pleased. Sometimes the locker room was filled with Dodgers having sex with women and children at the 7th inning stretch, to "inspire and invigorate the team," as Lasorda would say. But most of the time it was done after a winning game.

Sometimes I got stuck with that little short guy — the one that walked like a duck to first base. His name was Ron Cey. He would often pick me from the lineup. After I was chosen, he would lean against the wall with one arm and talk casually to me for a minute before he had sex with me. He was impressed with how well I could have sex standing up against the wall. He also liked my hair and the whole idea that I was married. He seemed to know all about me, while I knew nothing about him, except that he smelled like sweat and was really gross to the personality inside me who was created especially for this Dodger purpose.

Cyndy Garvey (Steve Garvey's now ex-wife) was often part of the "Dodger lineup" of women and children to be chosen by the Dodgers for sex after a winning game. My daughter Kelly was also occasionally used. They usually put Krisha and Whitney (the Garvey's young daughters) into the lineup. The players who performed the best during the game got to choose first.

One night when they put Krisha and Whitney in the lineup, it was Whitney's first night. She was now "old enough" to participate, in spite of the fact that she was only four or five years old. Cyndy started screaming, "No, not Whitty!" (That was the nickname she called Whitney.) Two men stepped forward and grabbed Cyndy by the arms and whisked her away. They took her into the next room and we could all hear her screaming. It was awful.

"If you step out of line, you always pay the price, maybe with your life." Lasorda said. Then they took Whitney out of the line and into a side room, and we could all hear her screaming and crying.

Lasorda said to those of us remaining, "We won't have that problem anymore, will we." He was very brutal.

When they brought Cyndy back into the room, Lasorda said Cyndy's behavior had caused Whitney to get hurt. He said, "If the mother had acted respectably, there wouldn't have been a problem."

When they brought Whitney back out, she could barely walk. She didn't make it into the lineup that night; she was too injured.

I experienced and witnessed these types of horrors that kept me from ever interfering with what they were doing to my children, especially Kelly. I knew from experience that they would hurt her worse if I ever tried to protect her.

On nights the Dodgers lost, there was no Dodger lineup game and we would all go home, but not before the Dodgers saw us lined up and then leaving. Tommy said he wanted the boys to learn from their mistakes and to have incentive to win big. "Big wins equals big bucks," Lasorda said.

Tommy Lasorda and others humiliated Cyndy. They brought me into the locker room and put me up against the shower wall. They put Cyndy across the room but close by, and they brought Steve in. He had sex with me standing up against the wall. Cyndy was forced to watch and then someone, usually Lasorda, would tell her she wasn't good enough or enough of a woman for Steve. They told her she was stupid and backward. Then Lasorda slapped her across the face really hard. I don't know why they did that, but they did it to me also and I watched other women get slapped often. While this was going on, Steve was laughing sadistically. Cyndy looked like she wasn't really "there." Soon after, Tommy Lasorda took her out and sat her behind the dug out where she usually sat during the games — being the dutiful and supportive Dodger wife.

On nights like these, Tommy gave the press orders not to talk to or interview Cyndy. He told them if they did he would have them thrown out of the ballpark and he would have their job. If they asked why, he would say, "She's not quite herself tonight."

In line with the information about Project Monarch, some rich people actually own certain Dodger players and their children. Often it's cryptically called "sponsoring," but it's really ownership (much like owning a racehorse) because the owner makes all the decisions about the players life without the knowledge or consent of the player. When the player does well, the owner collects large sums of money from behind the scenes.

Steve Garvey, his (now ex) wife Cyndy, and their two children were «sponsored» (owned) by some wealthy person and from what I saw, the family was manipulated much the same way mine was, through mind control, for the financial benefit of others.

One night I watched, as I waited for the "lineup," while Lasorda was coaching the team. He chalked a diagram of the field onto a large chalkboard. The Dodgers were all sitting on a bench in front of him. Lasorda spoke in funny rhymes to some of the players, rhymes that didn't make much sense to me. It seemed that the players were like robots that were robotically manipulated by the words Lasorda spoke to them. I overheard him say, "Steve (Garvey), you will hit a home run. Ron (Cey), you will bunt since you're a runt. Only runts bunt." And he went on and on like that, seeming to program the plays into the players.

I never did end up watching much of the ballgames. If I tried I couldn't concentrate to watch because I was programmed to not see the players or to recognize them if I should see them. I was preprogrammed to not look at the Dodgers with the phrase, "there will be blood everywhere, if you continue to stare," or "you won't recognize them anywhere, you won't even know they are there." People who didn't know how I was programmed often teased me about my inability to follow or understand baseball games. One time, after attending games for a long time, I asked my husband and the couple that was with us, "Who are those men down there in suits?"

They looked at me like I was retarded and laughed in embarrassment for my question, and then explained, "Those are the umpires." I didn't know. I was just obeying program.

Craig took me to the Dodger games, but I never wanted to go. I hated to go, but had no reason I could «think» of for not liking or attending the games. Sometimes our small children would go with us, and then they would show up in the "Dodger lineup" to be used by the Dodgers for sex. I felt very out of control, despite the mind control I was under. Personalities inside of me didn't know how my children got there or how they would get home or if they would be safe or killed. Craig stood and watched like a zombie and often had this strange, nervous laugh that happened when he was anxiously trying to be a part of things. We were both totally helpless to think or act in order to protect our children or ourselves.

Tommy Lasorda was connected to a lot of mob-type men. They were always around Dodger Stadium in their suits with concealed weapons.

At times there were secret, private meetings at Dodger Stadium during the games. Sometimes the meetings were between politicians and at other times there were meetings where drug deals took place, or meetings between mob members and other top leaders in politics and/or the entertainment field. These meetings often took place during the time the games were being played. In the early years, money was transferred for drugs, illegal stocks, bonds, or other investments. Money in briefcases was exchanged for something in another briefcase. In my experience, this could have been

anytime from 1976 on. Bob Hope was limoed in just for a brief exchange and then left quickly. He had a thing for Cyndy, always kissing her and touching her breasts while she just stood robotically.

Whoever owned the Dodgers at one time used to come into the big fancy restaurant there at Dodger Stadium or into the locker room. Many times Bob Hope would limo me in and give me specific instructions on how to seduce this man and ask him key questions or deliver messages. One owner had dark skin, dark hair, was average build, and always wore a suit and dark glasses. He liked it when I took his glasses off his face, laid them down and started kissing him. He wore strong cologne and black underwear, and had a holder for a gun he carried on his ankle. I was used to «disarming» men by «carefully» removing their weapons while I was seducing and disrobing them. I was instructed to do that sometimes for people who wanted others eliminated. They sent me in to seduce and disarm the person and then they would send in a hit man. I wasn't functional for days after one of these events so they quit using me for that type of assignment.

This particular Dodger owner didn't like to be seen in public. He didn't operate alone and had a company of mob-type men who worked for him. One day Bob Hope sent me in to «console» him. He was sitting alone on a locker room bench. I walked up to him and put my hand on his back so as not to startle him. He knew me and thought I worked for Lasorda. So, he let me go through my routine as I kissed him, rubbed his neck, and got him calm and relaxed. Then he said, "Let's get out of here." And he took me to a room at the stadium that is plush with a big bed in it. He ordered a bottle of champagne and caviar from the restaurant and we got it quickly. I used the little white pills I was instructed to place in drinks to get the most cooperation when I was sent in to gather information. He had sex with me and afterwards I asked him questions about a Colombian drug connection. I asked him where the transactions were taking place and he said, "Jamaica." Then I asked him when they were taking place and he answered, "in the spring when the apple blossoms are on the trees." And I asked him «who» and he told me, "Tommy's group and the Feds." It seemed like everyone always knew everyone else.

Reagan came to the Stadium on occasion. He often met with Hope. They met in the restaurant there when the restaurant was closed to the general public and made plans. I know because I was witness to their conversations as I sat with them. Sometimes my job was to listen and correct them if anything they said went against something in my data/mind files. These deals were connected up to whoever was in the White House at the time. Reagan, Ford, and Bush were all there at different times. With the Presidents, it seemed that there was already built into this corrupt drug/porn network a place or slot for the highest levels of government — the President — because the people who were Presidents came and went, but the job they did was always the same. It seemed like the stadium was a place where they could meet undetected or something.

On occasion I was flown away in a helicopter with Secret Service agents and taken to DC and debriefed or given new information to deliver somewhere else around the country. Then I was flown home.

Leaders from all over met at the Dodger Stadium. It was where the U.S. Government, White House level and state level, met with the Mob drug connections and made "deals." These deals were made with people and leaders from all over the world. No one ever knew they were there as they were limoed or helicoptered in and out at precise times-carefully coordinated and timed by the Secret Service.

During the time Steve Garvey was playing for the Dodgers he had an office in Calabasas that was used by him and the group that controlled him for illegal activities and pornography-adult and kiddy porn. I was filmed pornographically in Steve's so-called office with a variety of people, including himself, his wife, and his children. Even my own children were pornographically filmed there at different times.

Sometimes they filmed my daughter Kelly with Whitney and Krisha in kiddie porn. Lots of other children were filmed pornographically including our oldest son Kevin. But these weren't filmed at Dodger Stadium; instead they were filmed in private offices or homes.

Cyndy and I were filmed together in porn, at Steve's office. We both had little skimpy French maid aprons on and nothing else. Cyndy wore something like a black eye mask, maybe in their effort to disguise her. She had a bowl of whipped cream that she held and smeared all over her body and I was forced to lick it off of her while they filmed. I was told beforehand what to do and say. They took close up shots when I was commanded to perform oral sex on her.

There was other pornography shot during this time, beginning in the 1980's. When my daughter Kelly was old enough (3 and up) they began filming Cyndy, our daughters, and myself. A title to one of these films was Mommy and Me.

Porn of Cyndy and I was filmed on a private beach in Malibu. I was picked up in a white van and at other times was picked up by a limo. Cyndy, some dogs, and I were running naked on the beach while they filmed us. Some of this was filmed in the «Colony» in front of one of Barbra Streisand's homes. Barbra wasn't home when they took us to do the porn.

"Our love must not be a thing of words and fine talk. It must be a thing of action and sincerity." I John 3:18

Chapter Twenty-seven: Education 2000

Las Virgenes School District

Henry once said, "There is nothing more convincing than to have a pregnant woman speaking out for educational issues." He had me speaking to groups that were involved in various aspects of education from the top officials and big wigs down to California State legislators. He said I was fighting to increase the level of education for my future progeny; starting now, so by the time they were in school I could rest assured that they would get the finest education possible.

I began this in 1978 when I was very pregnant with Kelly. He used me in Sacramento to "further legislation for our children's education." And I went to Washington, DC, when it became necessary to take what had been won in California in the way of educational advancement and present it to influential people in DC who could make a difference in furthering this goal. California was the model and once the framework was set they wanted the new educational system to be used nationwide, but that took planning and fortitude. Years of preparation went into this to insure that the nation's children would be ready for the year 2000, when their transformation of the masses would be complete. "…And peace will guide the planet and love will rule the stars …the dawning of the Age of Aquarius." Through programming, this song was instilled within my mind to anchor a lot of this educational activity and to also bring me under a greater influence of my true birth sign, Aquarius. The plan was for my humanitarian interests to be of such a magnitude that I would become internationally known as a leader in ending child ritual abuse. This focus would have served to keep those who found out about this abuse «busy» and distracted with "satanic behavior," and still not aware of mind control, until they could gradually implement the transformation to get people more completely under control. They referred to the time frame after the year 2000 takeover, as "The Great Transformation."

Don Zimring, the Superintendent of Schools for the Las Virgenes School District (LVSD) was heavily involved in deciding which children got special instruction. Each 'special' child in the school had their own program design and was individually monitored so they would get the early training and conditioning they would need to fulfill their destined position within the hidden inner circle framework. I was programmed to report to the LVSD office to see Don Zimring in order to be «instructed» in regard to the «special» children who were in need of individual attention and individual programs. I sat before him in a robotic «sponge» state, while he rattled off profiles of children and special videos or instruction booklets they were to be subjected to. By the time the children hit elementary school they were conditioned sufficiently so that their «programs» could be absorbed readily and easily through just saying a word that opened their access way to special abilities, like photographic memory or rapid learning states. Many women, purposefully placed in teacher and principal positions, were either programmed themselves or just didn't pay attention when a child was removed from class for "special instruction." Children were targeted for their natural talents and abilities. For example, in families who were athletically inclined, or where one or both parents excelled in sports, they put in access codes for "super athletes" and then someone from higher up had the option of stepping in and 'sponsoring' a child with a promising future. Which meant that this "higher up" funded socalled 'special education' for this child, often without the parent's conscious involvement or consent, and from then on had a special interest in how things were taught to the child. Kelly was monitored closely, always having a special tutor to "shore her up." Our controllers viewed her as a young beauty and noted her extremely positive social skills and built upon those. There was an "inner group" of school officials, parents and teachers who were involved in seeing to it that the preconditioned children were groomed

in the ways necessary for them to step into future pre-designated positions.

The people behind this scheme have done endless research on the brain in response to everything, including spinning rides at amusement parks, and know just what level of stimulation is needed to make programming most effective. Over the years the research has been tried and tested through the experimentation on children who were targeted before birth. The genetic engineering aspect is highly used and they take into consideration the inherent genetic talents and abilities coupled with just the right training at the right age to produce a "highly advanced child." But, in essence, what they truly have created is a highly advanced robot that has been dehumanized to the point of not being able to think or choose for themselves. They have been robbed of their free will or any real choice in their lives.

The California Capital 'Sexcramento' and Senator Pete Wilson

The organization and framework is large. There were many people involved and the technology over the years has risen to the level where children in the preschools require less trauma and torture in the beginning stages to set in the "cues and programs" that will be built upon in later years. Pete Wilson was very involved with all of this and was set into position in the 1980's. I was sent to Sacramento with Ann Eklund, the principal of Sumac Elementary School, in the early 1980's, to set up these programs through the school districts. Although at the time I didn't know I was participating in this, years later, during a flashback, I remembered boarding a plane with her, getting off with her and being met by a taxi that drove us to offices of the California State Department of Education. It seems that the instructions to implement these "special programs" filtered down from "the top." The higher ups see it as technologically advancing the children, creating "mega minds of the future" for later use within their own system. The children are force fed information into previously set up inner systems of mind files and are trained to be able to accept vast amounts of highly technological information beginning at age three. They are not taught to think, but only to be used and accessed like a computer.

Ann Eklund was highly involved in the project and had been since its inception. The framework was set into great motion in Sacramento in the early 80's between Ann, Don Zimring, Pete Wilson and several officials from Washington, DC. I was flown to DC to speak before a committee meeting to describe how the program was progressing. Sometimes a child would be «demonstrated» to the committee to show the advanced mind technology that was possible. Disbelieving Senators and Congressmen 'in the know, needed to see to believe. The child could be made to perform on cue and recite mega amounts of highly complex technological information. They saw these children as being prototypal descendents of mine. These particular politicians knew how I was used with Henry Kissinger and were «amazed» to know that any similarly conditioned child could possess the same qualities of mind ability. Reagan was also involved and so was Bush. Our instructions for individual children's programming often came from the White House level as many of these wealthy people «adopted» and «supported» children "with promise." These elite overseers viewed the 'special' children as the minds of the future, the future world leaders, preprogrammed with their own wisdom and desires for how they feel the world should be run, based on their own values. GOD HELP US!

LVSD was the No. l pilot program and many funds were approved to be used within the school district, but were actually skimmed off the top to finance a lot of "special programs," really aimed at the children who had been targeted. Children who were targeted were dismissed from class, taken to a room for special attention and were hooked up to special audio tapes, linked with accompanying picture books, in the beginning years, and then later on to computers and sound. Large reels of film were used occasionally when not available on video and it was timely for the information to be "visually cued" into a child's brain. But usually it was done by video or computer. It created complex brain function and set up controls within the child that these people manipulated. They have performed experiment after experiment over the years to develop the most effective equipment to use on children. Much of the funding earmarked for use within the school district was siphoned off to be used for research and to pay technicians to develop and test the equipment, computer programs, etc. During that time, many of the state school funds were misappropriated and used for things other than what they were approved for.

I am pretty sure now that the memories I had of accompanying Reagan to Point Mugu and other places for speeches, was when I was being «demonstrated» to others and was cued to speak about

the same technology that was being used with children three, four, and five years old. Reagan used me often for demonstration because he said I stood the test of time, which meant that I had been in operation for over 30 years without a leak, or without a problem. I heard him explain to people that I was so «real» that he sometimes forgot I was a programmed robot. He said he liked that because, "you get all the benefits of a robot with human softness added." He was very proud of the technology and spoke freely about it within a trusted group. I was presented to the military, to politicians, etc., for them to see and witness the technology, and then I presented my pre-programmed information. Many requested private demonstrations of my sexual capabilities in order to become believers. Whenever there were men at the presentations, and usually they were men, there were private one-on-one sexual demonstrations afterwards.

In my head, when I was retrieving these memories, I kept hearing the phrase, "Senate subcommittee meetings on advancing education in America." I remember Pete Wilson speaking and there was a demonstration done on the educational system that had nothing to do with what was actually going on behind the scenes, but they had to justify the large amounts of money that they were trying to appropriate for their secret system. It was all a sham — they knew they would get the money, they knew where it was coming from and how they could get it. It was just a matter of making the steps and actions look like it was all above-board, while behind the scenes they planned the new technology in education, privately. Their attitudes were that other people in the private sector wouldn't be able to grasp what they were doing because they didn't have the required intellect. So, they justified its secrecy this way, feeling this new system was the advancement of society and until people could really see the results in action and how effective these methods of education would be in the advancement of society, they needed to keep the methodology quiet. They used big words to intimidate those people they wanted to leave them alone and they were quite successful at accomplishing that. People who couldn't understand what they were saying would back down and walk away. They used me for this project beginning in the early 80's and didn't care whether I was pregnant or just out of the hospital or what. They just overrode what my personal situation was by using my multiplicity.

Pete Wilson was probably elected governor so that they could pull this whole thing off without any problem. Ann Eklund introduced me to him in the very early 80's and the sexual connection was made, then I was fed information by the Council (from the hotel room in the Holiday Inn or the Marriott) to «deliver» to Pete even in the early years. He jumped though all the hoops they presented to him with no problem and so they kept promoting him just like they did Reagan. Only difference was, Reagan seemed ignorant compared to Pete and I guess that meant that Pete was more knowledgeable and better informed about certain situations, beyond acting in accordance with what the Council wanted. Reagan just acted in accordance, like a puppet with no understanding of what he was doing in so many situations, always worried about the state of affairs of the Nation, but easily calmed and his attention diverted to another subject.

The school district plans were directly tied into the preschool abuse. They made sure they had «qualified» preschools set up in areas near the elementary and secondary education schools so the children would be «prepared» before entering kindergarten. Then the public school system had in place the network of people to carry out the children's "further education." The controllers have people placed in positions, high up, in widely varying areas to fund their plan and to fill the positions required in order to make it successful. They had programmed people in place from the janitor all the way up to the school district supervisors and on into the state and federal government. All key positions were filled to make sure their plan is implemented and failsafe. They moved key people around as needed.

In 1985, not long after my April 12th auto accident, I continued on as coordinator of the carnival at Sumac Elementary. I had been working on it for months. But I was in so much pain that I had to do it with a neck brace and the aid of Percodan. My mother and father even attended, with my father in a wheel chair-all this took place before I remembered any of my past. The funds that came from that little Saturday event were significant enough, with thousands of dollars raised, that the head of the Park and Recreation Department for Agoura invited me to be the fundraiser for the local parks department. Between the money earned by this carnival and the large sums earned by the Agoura Great Race, organized by a friend of mine, the school was able to buy computers, turning a whole section of a stage area into row after row of computers. It was a few years later that I began remembering a little boy sitting at one of those computers working away, 'lost in time. I walked

behind him and, as programmed, I intentionally lost my balance and drove my knee into his back in order to further 'dissociate' him, and then I tapped him on his left shoulder twice. There was usually a word command coupled with these actions, something that would cue the child back into a specific mind state or program at a later date. I also remember going up to one of Danny's teachers and saying something like, "Are you going to teach the child about Napoleon?" Napoleon was the key word. I don't know what it did or was suppose to do to the teacher, but it also was coupled with a tap on the left shoulder. Of course, while I know that I didn't consciously plan why I said that, I also wonder who coordinated all of this, cueing me to cue her and some of the students.

This new computer area installed at Sumac Elementary got the 'special' children out of class and gave anyone who wanted to approach them, access to them. They got a permission slip from their teacher and went by themselves to the computer area. Later, in therapy, I remembered pulling a videotape from my purse and coming up behind a child and changing what he was watching on a VCR. Later, they had computer disks that were similarly brought in. These children had been targeted since they were very small. Many children at the school did not receive this "special attention" — only those who were to become leaders in the future and those who were sponsored.

Of course, in the intentionally created reality driven by the mind control I was under, I simply believed that I was a good wife and dutiful mother. I had no way of knowing I was being used in this way.

"If I can stop one heart from breaking, I shall not live in vain.
If I can ease one life the aching, or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin into his nest again, I shall not live in vain.»

Emily Dickinson

Chapter Twenty-eight: Reagan, Kissinger, Bush and More Horrors

One day, on assignment, I was standing at the top of a very tall set of four or five tiers of marble stairs. President Reagan walked out of a room below and paused a moment before he looked up and saw me. Quickly he put his finger to his lips and I knew that meant to keep quiet. He motioned for me to come downstairs and meet him outside. I promptly looked away from him so I wouldn't be publicly noticed or connected with him, and started walking. Once outside, a Secret Service agent directed me toward a limo and as I got close he took hold of my head and pushed me inside. I was waiting when Reagan arrived. He stepped in backwards so no one from the outside would be able to see me. After the door was shut, he smiled and kissed me and said that he had missed me. He said he needed me to go with him to the Pentagon to introduce me to some friends of his.

There I was exposed to file after file of small typed information and was introduced to an officer who had on a dark blue uniform with gold trim that looked like a Navy uniform. Reagan instructed this man to show me information that was top-secret. This was information I needed to have in my mind files for some upcoming meeting. Then Reagan left. I followed this man to his office and watched while he opened his file drawer, took out some files and laid them open on his desk. He left me with them and went out of the room, locking the door behind him, locking me inside. I was in his office for quite some time and went over four files in detail. I couldn't remember the details when I was deprogramming the documents to read them to you now. The officer kept checking on me and when I was through he escorted me to a waiting limo. Reagan wasn't there.

White House Humor

"Once in the White House always in the White House, I know my own way upstairs!" Bob programmed me to say to Presidents.

When I said that to Reagan he said he didn't find that amusing. I told him, "Well Bob said for me to say that."

Reagan immediately softened up, laughed and said, "You tell that ole' buzzard I said hello."

Once you are on the list "to do the White House" they keep using you over and over if your Boss man agrees.

Cozumel

During September of 1984 or 1986, Craig and I went to Cozumel on a scuba diving vacation with a group of dental friends. A day and a half of the trip was reserved for Reagan. The men in suits came for me in the middle of the night. It often happened that way, where they just appeared in the room and took me away. They said they had come to "prepare me," which I knew meant torture and isolation, to be readied for my time with Reagan. I was put into a cement utility room. It was dark except for the pilot light from a hot water heater located in the corner. That was the only light until daylight. I was stripped naked and left in the cold cement room all night alone. The men opened the door every so often and used electro-shock on me, by putting a prod on my hips. My body contorted and convulsed, and my hands involuntarily rose uncontrollably into the air. Then, I collapsed into a heap on the floor and they told me to keep standing, not to sit down or go to sleep. They checked in on me every so often, to see if I sat down or had fallen asleep, and if I had, they zapped me again with high voltage, and even if I hadn't they would zap me. Either way, I got it.

If I had to go to the bathroom, I went in a corner and then they would slap me for that. The men in suits were brutal. Slapping me, shinning bright lights in my eyes, shocking my body… it was sheer torture. They injected my arm with some drug and I slumped over. One of them covered me up with a sheet and carried me to a black car, and the next thing I knew I woke up in a hotel room where I was told to shower, wash my hair and dress in the clothes they left for me.

When I finished dressing, they took me to a dimly lit restaurant where Reagan was sitting in a candlelit booth, already eating. It was late and there weren't any other people in the restaurant. Reagan smiled and took my left hand activating my touch program as he squeezed it. He winked at me as he continued eating. I just sat with him, with the Secret Service waiting behind him, while he ate. I was very out of it, and was having trouble focusing to keep myself together. My inner system of personalities was programmed to never make a mistake in regard to which personality was "presenting." I was forewarned by my controllers that if this ever happened it would be a fatal mistake and I was programmed to keep my inner personality system in check by an internal oversight committee that decided who was to be out in a split second snap of the fingers. It wasn't that I was switched to the wrong personality for this event; I think, at that moment, I was just physically incapable of performing.

Reagan said, "You look beautiful as always." I smiled shyly and he lifted his hand up, brushed my hair off my shoulder and pushed on the side of my neck. I felt like my eyes rolled out of my head. He looked to the Secret Service agents and said that he didn't think I was "quite ready.»

The Secret Service agents took me outside into the ocean air and walked me around a bit and then took me back to him. They said, "Perform!" and I sat down, this time more alert, bubbly and talkative!

Finished eating by now, Reagan took my hand again and said, "Let's get out of here." We walked through the kitchen and out the back door, with Secret Service agents before and after us, into a waiting limo. I asked him where Nancy was and he said, "She's home where she belongs!" He pulled my legs up over his lap as we drove away and said, "You're in for a real treat tonight."

It was late at night when we pulled up in front of a big white hotel. We went in quickly, after a Secret Service agent checked to make sure the lobby was clear. Reagan and I went hand-in-hand to the elevator up to the second floor. We followed the agent down the hall and waited as he stopped in front of a room, while two other agents guarded Reagan outside. There was a balcony off the room, and we could hear the surf. It wasn't the plushest of rooms, but it was nice.

Reagan took off the white summer coat I'd been given to wear and sat next to me on the bed. He started talking to me as he undid the back of my dress. He undressed me this time, revealing the sheer white lacy bra, panties and white nylons I had been given to wear.

Reagan was aggressive this night. This was not typical behavior for him, as he was usually so passive. He pushed me back onto the bed and kissed me eagerly while I began undressing him, one button at a time. He was in a hurry and very passionate. I was surprised at how different he was. He nibbled my ear, rubbed my navel to access touch programming, and I performed oral sex. While he lay on his back, I climbed on top of him to bring him to orgasm. Soon I lay down next to him, and we dozed off to sleep.

A few hours later, a Secret Service agent woke me up and put his finger to his lips to keep me quiet so I wouldn't wake up the President. The agent grabbed my clothes and shoes and took me to another room to dress. They put me into a dark sedan and took me back to my hotel, the El

Presidente.

The next morning I woke up next to my husband in our hotel room, as if from a nap, feeling really strange, very tired, and out of it, but with no trace of memory of my time with Reagan. That evening my husband and I went to dinner with our friends and I was unable to think or do much more than eat my dinner and smile occasionally at someone as they spoke at the table. I did manage to stay awake through dinner but couldn't wait to go to sleep. The next morning I woke exhausted and feeling ill, but didn't know why. Waking weary and worn out was such a common occurrence for me and I had no way of knowing why I was really tired. I just figured that being tired, dazed, and feeling ungrounded was the way I was born. I never was able to think past that thought in order to penetrate the amnestic barrier, until much later.

Catalina Island

I was used on Catalina Island, for sexual rendezvous with Reagan and sometimes other public officials or entertainers. If Nancy didn't accompany Reagan to Catalina, it usually meant my use with him was for sex. She accompanied him at times when business affairs were at hand and other people were present for meetings. If Ronnie would touch me on the hand or look at me, she would get upset. Quietly and off to the side, he would tell me not to worry my pretty little head about her. I was programmed to have sex with Reagan at the Wrigley Mansion, the Zane Grey and other hotels on the island. It seems Reagan was usually on the island anonymously; for security purposes, no one was to know he was there.

There were usually two Secret Service agents who escorted me to my assignment. We often walked to our destination on the island when it was only a short distance. They directed me where to go and stayed behind me so that it would not appear that they were with me. An agent delivered me to the hotel room to wait for Reagan. Reagan preferred for me to wait for him naked, but he told me each time how he wanted me to be the next time and I did as instructed.

The agents who delivered me were always waiting right outside with the other agents when it was time to go. Then, they delivered me back to my hotel room.

When I looked at Reagan's body when he was naked he had a white flabby stomach and buttocks, not fat, just flabby and old looking. When I was scheduled to be with him, I was preinstructed to put on five strategically located sprays of Oscar de la Renta perfume — one spray on each side of my neck, one on each wrist and one in between my legs. He was very sensory oriented and my body had to be super clean. He often told me he liked how I smelled.

Reagan literally lay on his back the whole time we were having sex and had me do him. It was always one-on-one with him, usually quiet and sedate. No violence, no intensity. He liked for me to rub his back and then help him on with his pajamas. At this point in the evening, I often felt like I was pampering and putting a child to bed, despite the fact that he was 40 years older than I was! He made sure everything was comfy and in place. It was fairly routine, never much variation.

One night at the Wrigley Mansion, Reagan wanted me to pretend like I was forcing him to have sex with me. After the game, he put the stun gun to the small of my back. I never knew when it was coming with him because he would smile and all of a sudden I'd get zapped. Then I passed out, just sort of fainted over on him and he would catch me and direct my body over next to him, and then he would turn away and go to sleep, but his body was still touching me.

Sometimes the stun gun was placed at the base of my skull. Different places for different reasons. In the forehead it was meant to erase the mind file just used.

Chronic Pain

Over the years, I suffered from chronic pelvic pain and sharp stabbing pains that shot up through my vagina and rectum. I went to the doctor in an attempt to alleviate the cause, but by 1984 it was decided that a total hysterectomy was the only cure for my pain. I was 33 years old. After the surgery, the pain did lessen, but wasn't completely gone. At that time I was still unaware that I had been abused but when I began to have flashbacks and memories of the extreme sexual abuse that I had endured my whole life, the pain lessened. Once my hidden past was brought to conscious awareness, I healed and the pain went away for good.

Secretive Meetings with the Owl

I had to maneuver through lots of fairy tale programming like the following in order to gain access into memory of experiences when I was used as a mind file for Henry Kissinger at secret meetings. There was a fairy tale about a beautiful redwood forest, but it wasn't real, it was only fantasy. It had beautiful giant trees with red bark and it was in the mountains. There was a beautiful fairy princess who visited there and she was allowed to because she had special connections to the forest animals. She made friends with the great owl who watched over her and kept her safe. He alerted her if there were any problems because he was so big and so wise. He looked big to her because she had taken the magic mushrooms just like Alice in the Looking Glass and she couldn't tell if he was really big or she was just very tiny, but he could watch out for her.

This fairy tale was intended to cover and scramble the real memory of a men's camp of sorts in the California redwoods. There was a wooden box mounted on a tree with a special phone inside that the group of men who met there could call from. Henry needed me there to assist him with data. After the meetings during the day he would layer in the fairy tales at night in an attempt to scramble my memory.

Kissinger also met with George Bush at a place outdoors in the mountains that was like a men's camp. There was a large wooden building that they used for meetings. They slept in smaller sleeping cabins. I slept in a separate screened-in cabin and Henry put me into a mode to stay there and not leave until he came to get me. Henry met with George Bush when he was Vice President, more than he did with Reagan, who was President. This was because Henry and George had more in common on this particular endeavor and worked hand-in-hand on the project.

Then Vice-President Bush, Kissinger, and a White House correspondent met to decide what the White House Correspondent was going to put out through the media to the public to insure success of their plans. Henry always had his strategies and accomplished a lot behind the scenes by working through and directing other politicians or people connected to the White House.

At another meeting, Henry and George accessed my geographic locations file and gained access to information about certain foreign countries. They would pick perfect strategic locations to start wars and/or disputes they wanted in order to distract the American people and others about what they were really doing in an area. I would rattle off information about an area, describing it's climate, terrain, ocean access, mountain access, etc., and I would keep going on with information until they heard a location that would work for their plans. Then they would say STOP and I would stop. Meetings took place there often.

Kissinger Mind File Use During Bush's Vice Presidency and Presidency

During Reagan's administration, Henry Kissinger and George Bush used me often in a mind file capacity. When Bush became President, my job didn't change — only the person holding the office of President did. One day Henry and I were at the White House and he shook hands with Vice-President George Bush. I was there for mind file use. They were talking about the IranContra situation and Henry was telling George what to say publicly to cover their tracks. He had a lengthy conversation with Bush, telling him "key phrases" to say when asked certain questions so they could keep their stories straight.

George didn't like Henry smoking his cigar inside, but Henry smoked anyway. I guess Bush needed Henry's help so bad that he didn't press the cigar issue any further. Henry filled my mind files with information to bring back to the Governor of California, who I believe at the time was Governor Deukmajian. We sat in wooden chairs with leather seats in front of Bush's desk. The floor in the room was wooden, with a large throw rug over it. There was an American flag to our left — to Bush's right. Bush took his glasses on and off when he got upset or nervous.

Dinners held to entertain important foreign leaders or politicians from our own country often involved Henry Kissinger. He was not one to be social, but attended these dinners out of duty. If I was to target an individual in attendance, I often went with Henry. I was «strategically» seated next to him as well as the person they were trying to monitor or influence. Henry always briefed me beforehand in regard to things that were important to a foreign leader or a certain Senator or Congressmen. I would say sentences that had been implanted in my head to draw them out and get them talking. Sometimes I was given little white pills to drop in their wineglasses to "help them loosen

up a little," is what Henry would say.

At these dinners, the President would clink his glass with a fork or spoon and propose a toast to the honored guest. All the presidents did it. Tapping of the wineglass was a means to call me to attention; most often it was a time when a very specific code was introduced to set me up for what I was to do the rest of the evening. After they clinked the glass, I subconsciously received the directions carefully embedded in the toast. Although Henry was the mastermind and loaded me up with information for targeted people for the evening, the Presidents were always told that I was at their service for the evening when I was included at a dining arrangement. Henry really had his own agenda that I fulfilled within the evening, mingling with those persons he predirected me to. But he took the courtesy of letting the Presidents feel they were in charge of me, so my instructions were to listen with an ear to hear the coded instructions and file them in with the instructions Henry had given me for the evening. Although I didn't understand consciously what to do, the coded parts inside of me knew exactly what to do and what area within the personality structure would carry out the duty. The Presidents I worked with knew exactly who I was, and knew that as a robot, I needed direction while I was sitting at the dining table with the guests. They gave me direction in relation to foreign leaders and which to target and what information to go after. If there were two foreign dignitaries then I would be told what to do with each of them. Bush utilized me often like this to hunt out information or find where loyalties lay.

Some of the guests at different times were royalty from England, foreign ambassadors, and other leaders from around the world. They often had interpreters with them at dinner so they could communicate. Henry put key phrases in my mind files, created especially for them because my knowledge of foreign languages was limited, but later, sex usually bridged the language barrier.

I was told what to say when questioned. Sometimes I said I was working for the State Department. Some of the men must have been given prior permission to have me sexually because they would touch my leg under the table or slip their hand up my dress. These men thought they were being given a gift, but they were really being interrogated or seeded by a programmed operative who had been well trained to do just that sort of job interwoven with sex. Sometimes it was just quick sex in a back office and then they would go home with their wife, or sometimes me. When I was to spend the night with a guest, we were often limoed to a nearby hotel for the evening. This happened when the men in control wanted some serious information. At other times, my instructions were merely to sit next to a targeted guest, deliver preprogrammed messages and record in my mind files their responses, reactions, etc.

Once a Machine, Always a Machine!

At times, Bob met and played golf with George Bush. "Once a machine always a machine," Bob said about me to Bush on the golf course in Palm Springs. Bush told Bob he acted like an old married couple with me. Bob laughed and said, "There's nothing old about her!" Bush didn't think it was so funny and just went on to the next hole in silence, followed by Secret Service agents.

George Bush knew all about my use as a human computer. He treated me very unkindly, like I wasn't human. One day, Henry and George got into a fierce argument over how George treated me. Henry said, "Would you go over to an expensive computer and kick it if it malfunctioned?" This was during Bush's Vice-Presidency when George accessed my files often and participated back and forth with Greenspan and Kissinger during that time. Henry said, "George if you're going to use the equipment you're going to have to learn to use it properly."

George said to Henry, "Hank, this young woman is nothing but a piece of equipment and if she continues to malfunction on me, I'll have to put a stop to her use." I sat blankly while they continued their argument.

The Game of Life or is it Slow Death?

George Bush was always mean, gruff and degrading. Overtime, he continually gave me brutal 'attitude adjustments. He knew just how to twist the knife psychologically and could get me 'back in line' quicker than anyone else, due to the fact that he had abused my daughter and could devastate me by reminding me of the brutal things he did to her. Or he would say, "I can read you like a book and don't ever forget it. If you ever get a notion in your head like this again your daughter will be

motherless. Don't cross me again." He was always yelling at me. He also started this program about 'life. I had eaten LIFE cereal my whole life as part of a program, and he said to eat it and remember while I was eating it that, "only by going along with the program will you stay alive and continue your duties to your family and country." In programmed response, I ate LIFE cereal all the time, even carrying little snack bags of it around with me if I felt scared or threatened. Bush also had my children play the game of LIFE with me and reminded us, "Spin the dial and see what life has to offer." George would remind us to remember whenever we played, "if you get off track, you will loose not only your own life, but the precious lives of those traveling with you, your children." (Or, in my children's case, "your mother or father.")

Henry was so busy perfecting and guarding his technology within me that, at the time, I experienced him as protecting me, since he personally wasn't violent with me. But I know now that he was very much a part of the group of people that hurt me and, in fact, had to have orchestrated a lot of my high-level abuse. At times Henry acted like a mad scientist, so pleased with his creation, yet lost to humanity.

Mexico

Lots of drug transactions took place in the middle of crowds, such as in parades. I was involved in a big one in Mazatlan on Cinco de Mayo. We had just eaten dinner with Craig's family, aunt, uncle and cousin at the Shrimp Bucket restaurant. They had a lot of alcohol to drink and Craig's aunt took me into the restroom and passed some drugs off to me and told me to put the bag inside my dress. I was wearing a peach colored cotton sundress and I did what she said but didn't like to put the package in my panties like she told me to because it made me look pregnant or fat. Soon, we all left the restaurant and stepped out into the street where a festive Cinco de Mayo parade was in full swing. As we entered the huge crowd of people dancing and marching in the street, we moved along helplessly sandwiched in between the crowd. Craig kept laughing hysterically and smashed confetti eggs in my hair. I was terrified because nothing felt real, and the loud noises and all the people jammed close together frightened me. A man with dark skin, wearing white cotton pants, shirt and straw hat grabbed my arm and pulled me away from the crowd, down a dark side street. He pulled me through what at first looked like a doorway into an old abandoned building but as we made our way to the back, I was escorted into a room that was restored and decorated. A group of men were sitting around a table with a low hanging lamp, smoking and playing cards. "Here she is," my guide announced.

Another dark-skinned man came over to me. I think they called him Johnny T. He patted my stomach and said, "What do we have here? A gold mine?" He pulled up my dress and removed the package. In front of all the other men, he set his cigar down, pulled off his belt, unzipped his pants, let them fall to the floor, stepped out of them and said to his comrades, "This is what I've waited all night for." And he pulled me to the ground and raped me in front of the group. When he was through with me he opened the package I had delivered and said, "Tell the United States government, we thank them for their gifts, for their generosity, and tell them we like the way they do business," everyone laughed as he continued, "and that we will continue to hold up our end of the bargain." Another man took me out to a waiting car and I was delivered back to Craig's uncle.

George Bush was often a part of the illegal drug activity in Mexico. It felt as if he followed me and my family around on our vacations; no matter where we went, he and "the boys," showed up. I realize now our vacation spots really revolved around our controller's agenda but in those days I had no way of knowing that. It seemed like Reagan was just a puppet and Bush made all the arrangements, did the thinking, planning and carrying out of the deals. At meetings and social gatherings, Bush made the connections and cut the deal while Reagan just acted oblivious — which is not to say he didn't know or wasn't aware, he just wasn't ever the mastermind. Bush was ruthless and brutal; the end justified the means. He even had a red handkerchief he kept in his pocket for wiping blood off of Kelly or me. He had high expectations and often expected us to do things that he had inadvertently forgotten to tell us, at which point Kelly or I got slapped, beaten, or dealt with in other torturous ways. There was a time on Maui when a Secret Service agent came to my aid saying to Bush, "Sir, I don't think you told her that." That was the end of his job; Bush fired him on the spot. One day Bush took a pocketknife out of his pants pocket and I was terrified that he would use it on me, but instead he used it to cut the skin off a green apple. He told me I'd be next to have my skin

cut off in the same slow, torturous manner if I didn't cooperate.

I saw the Mexican leaders more frequently at the White House than in Mexico; they were usually brutal and violent.

Craig's Uncle Lyle Curran, who worked for NASA, specially arranged for us to purchase a timeshare; the Presidential Suite, at the El Cid Hotel, in Mazatlan. My husband purchased the use of this suite, for the same week in April, every year for the next 25 years. My family and I always thought we were going there for a vacation. But that was never what occurred. On one such vacation, a man in a suit met Kelly and I just after we had bought our 'strawberry banana smoothies' at the hotel shake stand. Later I discovered that these drinks, although very healthy, were programming cues that were installed at an earlier time when we were taken to the Santa Monica Pier and put on the Carousel Ride. A man put both of us on the horses and told us, "tied together, you are one." There was other mirror programming and suggestions that created confusion over where I started or ended physically, and Kelly began or ended. There were to be no separate identities.

Anyway, we had on our bikinis and this suited man followed us over the bridged overpass that led to the Presidential Suite. As we went into the room he slipped in behind us. He told us to sit down on the bed. He put earphones on both of us, and injected our forearms. Kelly sat with one leg folded under her, in half Indian style position. We were body programmed and different body positions meant different things. George Bush arrived, dressed in a tan suit, and Kelly was «prepared» for him. Bush, a couple of Mexican leaders, and one other man had a meeting in our suite. I sat next to Bush at the meeting while he accessed my mind files. When the meeting was over George waited until everyone left the room, shook their hands politely at the door and when they were gone he went into the bedroom where Kelly was waiting. I sat robotically at the table.

Awhile later, when Kelly came out of the room, she had a smile on her face. Per programmed conditioning, she always wore a smile but she didn't look good to me. Bush left with two Secret Service agents that were parked outside the door to the suite. One of them called him, "Geo."

Another time Henry Kissinger was sitting with George Bush at a meeting that took place at the large dining table in our Presidential Suite at El Cid with two Mexican men. I was there to be used in mind file capacity. There were other such meetings that took place at our family timeshare, at El Cid, in the "Presidential Suite."

"Honesty is the first chapter of the book of wisdom."

Thomas Jefferson

Chapter Twenty-nine: Back to the Future

More High Tech Classified Projects

In 1985, after a head-on collision and the ensuing healing process necessitated by the auto accident, my direction and course were irrevocably altered. I left my position in my husband's dental practice, returned to college and attended Pepperdine University in Malibu to begin classes to fulfill the requirements for a degree in Psychology. But as always, in addition to the coursework leading to my degree was an alternate, hidden agenda, planned and orchestrated by my controllers. Along with attending classes at Pepperdine, I was used in the Malibu area for experiments that furthered parapsychology research, as well.

At Pepperdine there were experiments and research on the nature of higher consciousness, how the brain intercepts thought, why some brains process higher thought and others don't, how pure diet and water effects the brain, the effects of meditation on the brain, remote viewing and out-of-body experiments. I was programmed to meet with a group in a small room at the University where we watched movies. My attendance was carefully tied to my use in the projects and with Ronald Reagan. There were others in the room robotically watching the movies. They treated us like monkeys.

Telepathic Experiments

Among other things at Pepperdine, tests were done on studying and learning in altered states of consciousness. I began reading endless books on psychic phenomena and began being psychically trained and further experimented on. Each day at lunch I reported to the large cross that graces the hillside at the University, in order to sit in the small area inside and go into a meditative state. I did

this each and every day and felt as if I was communicating with the whales and dolphins in the vast ocean that spanned the panoramic view from that location.

Part of the experiments focused on telepathic communication and my controllers were sending messages to me via satellite systems to see if I could pick them up. They tasked me with these assignments that had to be performed in the ocean or near the ocean so it would be easier to pick up the telepathic messages sent over the airwaves that they were broadcasting to me. There were times I consciously thought I was just going to go for a drive, to have the day to myself, when in reality I was instructed and directed to different locations. One day I drove into a remote canyon high in the hills above Malibu. I positioned myself on top of a mountain in my beach chair and sat all by myself and read a book on Edgar Cayce. When I looked to the sprawling mountaintops, my eyes focused on all sorts of satellite dishes and instrumentation on the hill in front of me. After spending a few hours there I returned to my home in Agoura Hills. Later that day, the phone rang. I picked it up and a man asked me questions before saying, "We see you picked up the message about where to go today and followed our instructions impeccably. Good work and be waiting for the next set of instructions." Click, he hung up. Robotically I hung up the phone and went on like nothing had happened. Immediately this slice of reality submerged itself deep within the programmed recesses of my mind, and was kept there until a later time when I was reaccessed.

There were many places I was telepathically directed to in response to messages sent to me by my controllers. Often I was led to believe that incarnate guides and masters were leading me when I was really being led by the men who were instilling these thoughts in order to direct me to various places where they wanted me.

Further Adventures Along the California Coast

The American government seemed to be willing to sell anything, including children, to foreign countries in order to gain monies to fund the mind control and other research projects. Reagan presented it saying that it was the only way we would survive — that we would all be killed by nuclear destruction at the hands of these "foreign morons" unless we were able to have more control, and the mind control projects insured American safety. He made it sound like something the United States had to have to stay a safe and free nation. But the Council knows the bigger picture lies beyond what Reagan thought was "national security." It was really an international takeover by a group of megalomaniacs who have decided to insure the future for their own genetically advanced progeny. From my perspective, it had nothing to do with American freedom or safety. But Reagan was a pawn and didn't have all the information or know about the Council's higher agenda. If he had, he would have known the United States was being duped.

Reagan sent for me and I was picked up, once again at noontime, while I was 'meditating' under the cross at Pepperdine, in order to be taken for demonstration to men from all over. They were usually small groups because Henry or the Council was working that angle, too, putting together different foreign scientists or foreign leaders who would naturally be competitive so they could get the most out of them. Often Reagan, or a military officer, would explain the project to them as a group and they would toy with their national pride and play off their natural competitiveness and ego. Then after the meeting, one of our people would take them aside, into a separate room and tell them we were interested but that such and such a country (Saudi Arabia for example) had more to offer. They worked them like that to get more cooperation in hopes that maybe the leader or scientist would offer more favors, resources, connections, etc., so we would get even more out of the deal. Henry really knew how to work people, and he knew how to be very convincing. He told Reagan and others that it was all for national security, American safety, and these men all believed it, they all thought Henry was so smart and so pro-American, but he never really was. He just talked that way to get people to do what he and the Council wanted. "Reagan isn't a robot, but he might as well be," Kissinger said. I'm not so sure.

During the 80's I was keyed to a computer in my bedroom, where I began to get instructions at home from the Council. I didn't think I was very good at computers since I'd taken a computer class and felt I really couldn't learn the technology. But while the "I," the conscious part of my personality, was unaware of my computer proficiency, other parts were completely in tune! Upon awakening, before I brushed my teeth, I was instructed to report to my computer. It displayed a symbol if I had instructions and was to continue for further instructions. They made it simple for me to access. There

were codes for 'regulars, people I met with weekly, like some of the movie stars in Malibu and Beverly Hills. I was given schedules and lists of people to meet, or to be expecting to meet, and dates to be at certain places at certain times, so I would know to have my hair done, nails polished, what time, location, etc. I didn't any longer have to report to the room at the Holiday Inn; I could get my instructions from home. After the mid 80's, my controllers began accessing me more directly without Craig being so much in charge. They took more direct control.

Often my instructions were to wait in meditation beneath the cross at the University. I was used heavily during this time, and spent less and less time with my family. Men in suits or men that looked and dressed like they were gardeners at Pepperdine would come up to me and give me messages while I was in a meditative state. Later, men in suits would pick me up, tapping me in code on my shoulder two or three times, after which I would get up and go with them. This particular time, the men drove me to weapons warehouses where I delivered detailed messages to arms dealers and recorded their responses to take back. Lots of foreign countries' arms 'deals' took place in warehouses, at least the original dealings. After that I would take the message back and deliver it that night wherever I was directed. Then I would return home in the evening to my family, having thought I had 'studied' in the university library the whole day. Fat chance!

Mind Control Adventures

An Iran-Contra arms trade took place in a warehouse in Santa Monica. Nothing was ever to have been traced back to Reagan because it was to have been a covert operation to raise funds for other projects, "research projects." They felt justified in selling arms to anyone, including our enemies, because they felt that the days of armed conflict were over. Instead we could now win wars using our high tech psychological, chemical and electronic warfare, if we ever needed to, and be able to use mind control technologies to insure the enemy laid down their weapons. But in the meantime, we could sell them comparatively obsolete weapons and make money for furthering the research in mind control.

Lots of drug and arms deals took place in warehouses in California, especially in and near Santa Monica and Malibu. A lot of foreign connections were made in order to increase the funds for the continuation of the research projects. And they used the mind-controlled robots they had created to earn money for them. Many, many people are under mind control and have been working for them for years — men and women who are dentists, attorneys, stockbrokers, doctors, psychiatrists, psychologists, politicians, bankers, corporate heads, engineers, newspaper editors or owners, nurses, teachers, principals, etc. etc. etc. And all these programmed people are used to further "the cause," each placed in strategic positions for use by the Council.

The technology available is so advanced that most people couldn't even dream of it. It far surpasses anything yet seen on sci-fi movies or read about in books — total automation, even of people.

They put mind control operatives into jobs that included travel and then used them internationally to further their cause. They felt there was no way that they couldn't succeed since so many are now under their complete control and are able to be controlled by universal signals, enabling them to put certain words, phrases, or symbols into the current media (movies, television, newpapers, music, etc.) and the mind-controlled robots are programmed to step up their pace. Certain words have been paired through programming to different tasks these robots are assigned to do. So all they have to do is to hear the word combinations, tones, frequency, etc., and they can all be commanded within a very short time to carry out their programmed instructions.

Fun in the Sun?

At other times I would report to Zuma Beach and think I spent the day relaxing in the sun by myself. In actuality I climbed out of my beach chair and walked out into the surf, swam into the waves, sometimes for long distances, easily and effortlessly, as my programming commanded, to meet a boat just outside the wave break. A man in the boat who helped me on board, dripping wet, handed me a towel and once said, "My, but you must be an important person." I couldn't comprehend or respond because I was in total program and this event 'wasn't really happening.

He drove me to Point Mugu and apologized when due to large surf conditions he couldn't get in

closer when we neared the rear entrance. I told him not to worry that I was used to swimming long distances and was adept at swimming waves. I told him I'd just use the waves to get me in easily. I had a program that rendered my body incapable of feeling the temperature of the water, so I could enter very cold water and not get cold. So I dove off the boat in my bikini and swam to shore. There were some pens and an underwater screen that I knew to swim around to get to the shore. I walked onto the beach area, to the cement and the chain link fence, then waited until a man in a white naval uniform let me in and escorted me to an outside shower they used when they swam. He took me inside to a bathroom, where I found a naval uniform, white blouse with navy blue and gold trim, and a white skirt and navy blue heels neatly piled up for me to wear. My hair was trimmed every 4 weeks so that I could just run my fingers through it and it would look okay, since it was naturally curly. The same officer took me through an area where they used a metal scanner on me for security purposes and I had to pass through a light monitor and did so with flying colors. Then I was escorted in to see whomever I was to report to — an officer, Commander, Reagan or sometimes Bush. But this time I was there to meet Reagan and to be demonstrated to a group of foreign scientists they wanted to recruit for research.

I was put into a clear cylindrical capsule, maybe for show, and then Reagan showed these men how I reacted upon command. He demonstrated the use of my mind files by quickly asking me for detailed information and descriptions of schematics. I performed up to speed, dictating to them the elaborate 3-D holographic craft images that I was viewing in my head. All the men clapped. In the beginning they had to condition me to the clapping because it flipped me out and switched me, and then I would be surprised to find myself where I was. Usually after the demonstrations were finished, Reagan would limo me out with him and we went for a quick sexual encounter somewhere, locally. Later, they put me into another car and dropped me back at the beach, where I changed once again into my bikini. Lying on my beach chair, enjoying the California sun, I obeyed my program that commanded, "Slowly come out of the meditative state."

Later when I returned home I would stand in front of my computer and hit the buttons I was programmed to select in order to type in a message or answer from Reagan or whomever I had been with, so Henry would get the message. I don't know how it worked but there would often be an instant reply typed back on the screen, coupled with a command to "erase the day, that it was a relaxing day in the sun and surf."

Working Girl

There were times I was taken by the life guard boat to Point Mugu and escorted to a Captain's quarters to be used. They gave me other clothes to wear and then helicoptered me to Reagan's Ranch, usually for meetings with foreign leaders. And when Henry wasn't there (he often wasn't), I was there standing in for him, but the attendees thought I was a secretary to Reagan. Reagan relied on information I had in my mind files, put there for his access by Kissinger. Kissinger ran large portions of the foreign diplomacy of the United States Government by sending me to these meetings.

Over the years when people like Rebozo, Sinatra and Bush wanted to take me out (kill me), Henry would stop it because he and the Council had worked years, even decades, to set up the connections I had with people. Henry had key robots in key situations so that everyone was working in perfect three-part harmony. I had been put close to U.S. government leaders, British royalty, Margaret Thatcher, and leaders of other countries, and these relationships were "seasoned with time," Henry would say, and so he wanted to keep me in as long as possible. Henry said these relationships were priceless because these contacts knew and trusted me over time, with no ill effects, so in the future they would share information with me about more important things without worry.

Henry had me tested often, especially after the accident and when I began psychotherapy full time. I was breaking down but they were building me back up in other directions without my missing a beat in my assignments. My personalities who were close to foreign leaders had not had the accident and were cut off from that experience. Instead they enjoyed total health and well being in order to continue their work. Different personalities had been created for different leaders so Henry could easily instill new information or messages, yet retain the personality as it had been created especially for the individual leaders.

I was flown by helicopters that took off from naval ships out at sea, into foreign countries to be the connection maker for munitions or drug transactions with various countries — Columbia, Bolivia,

Mexico, Jamaica — I can't remember them all. But I was dressed in a military uniform and flown in helicopters down into these places to deliver messages, usually to a man in uniform who was heavily guarded. But here again, they didn't have a clue that our country possessed weaponry that looked like anything but weapons — that couldn't even be seen: invisible weapons that could drop people to their knees and render them incapable of functioning. No need to kill them, just send targeted energy and control their brain wave activity.

I remembered a time when the pilot called to a foreign bank to see if the money was in the account before he would release the sale of weapons. Money was made not only on the sale of the weapons, but even more on the financial arrangements made that created huge revenues from the interest on the loans to desperate countries, willing to pay whatever it took to save the lives of their people. So they paid top dollar for the weapons and paid interest on the loans in addition. All this was planned, down to the instigation of wars that would create an international weapons market. It also kept nations busy buying obsolete weapons America said were the best. We kept them looking the other way as we were secretly using the copious profits from the sales to fund more mind control research, so the plan for the world takeover could be implemented. All this was done by very smart and manipulative people who used very strategic planning. Saudi Arabia and other foreign countries inadvertently funded a lot of NASA research and, when there were arms embargoes or other embargoes, all it meant was the price was forced up and the United States made even more money.

Point Mugu Demonstrations

After demonstrations at the circular arena in Point Mugu, Reagan left in a limo with Secret Service agents flanking him heavily because of the assassination attempt. I was escorted out and after the agents put Reagan into the back of the limo, one of the agents took the passenger spot in the front seat opposite the driver and gave him instructions on where to go. Then, after some of the agents left to report to their next duty, a remaining agent opened the back door and put me in next to Reagan and we were off. The glass was put up between the front and back seats before I got in.

Reagan became very good at saying things to me in order that I might feel like he was being polite, when he was really getting around the fact that I wasn't allowed to eat. One day we were taken to a fish restaurant in Malibu on a Monday, when the restaurant was normally closed, but they opened it for the opportunity of serving the President. Reagan went in first with a phalanx of Secret Service agents flanking him on all sides. You couldn't even see him in the group and after he was seated in a secluded booth in the back I was brought in and they told the waiter I was his visiting niece. With a towel on his arm, the waiter asked Reagan, "And what will the young lady be eating this afternoon?"

Reagan looked at me and I said, "Thanks, but I've already eaten."

Then he made some joke about it as he began eating his fish, carrots, rice and salad. I sat and smiled at him while he ate, and listened intently. When he was finished, the Secret Service took care of the bill and he was escorted back out to the limo in the same way he went into the restaurant — then they put me back beside him. Our next destination was a grouping of small rustic cottages along Pacific Coast Highway. The driver drove around back and the Secret Service agents went to the room first, opened it, checked it out, and then came back to the car. opened my door, escorted me in, shut the door and I waited, parked in robotic mode, while they Reagan in.

After the agents left the room, Reagan commented that he liked the place, that it reminded him of the Ranch. He took my right hand and asked, "Should we do our dance?"

"You bet," I answered. So he twirled me around several times, for programming purposes and then laid me on the bed. I was wearing a white pantsuit with fancy tassels on the front and short white boots. He had given me a Reagan watch to wear for the day, but later the agents took it away. Reagan loved the watch. He unbuttoned my shirt as he lay on the bed next to me and went directly for my belly button and began tracing his fingers around my navel. Waiting for my programming to kick in, he laid on his back for me to satisfy him. Afterwards, he took a short nap and then sent me out to notify the agent who was waiting in the limo. The agent snapped to attention and directed the driver to get into position, and they escorted Reagan back to the limo.

We took off down Pacific Coast Highway again and they stopped to drop me off at a gas station in Malibu, where I met a man in an unmarked car who drove me back to the cross at Pepperdine. When he let me out he said, "Weren't you meditating?" In response, I robotically walked under the

cross and sat there again. He yelled, "Not too long!" and drove off. I stood up, totally unaware I had been with anyone, thinking I had only been in deep meditation for a long time. I found my car and drove through the canyon home where, with the help of our maid, I prepared dinner. I was pretty out of it.

I was used with Reagan hundreds of times if not more, ever since I was a teenager. He knew that I had to have time in between when he used my mind files for demonstration or information and sex. So having a leisurely lunch provided the time necessary. A cue or signal had to be given to shut down the mind files and then, from that time on, a certain amount of time had to elapse before sex. Once he was President, the Pepperdine cross served as a pick-up point where I was taken to cabins, cottages, or out of the way homes to be with him sexually after the Council had input me with information for him via my home computer. Many messages were phoned to me by Bob, or more often Henry, when they were of a political nature, because political details were more complicated and took more time than the simple well-grooved routines of sexually satisfying stars or political friends of Bob's.

In the early 80's I also rendezvoused with Reagan for sex on nights I drove off by myself in the car, telling my husband I needed to learn to become more independent. I got in my car and played the 'metaphysical game' I learned from books I was suggested to read. For example, I just drove spontaneously and magically stopped when it 'felt right. One evening, it just 'tell right' to stop at a very expensive hotel in Santa Barbara and I checked into a room and waited for Ronnie. Naturally, before he got there two men in suits, carrying briefcases full of programming equipment, let themselves into my hotel room and tortured me in preparation for the President.

Another time it just 'felt right' to stop at a large hotel near the pier in Santa Monica, where again, I met with Reagan.

Point Mugu Naval Weapons Station and Dolphins

I remembered being on a gurney at Point Mugu, with a white sheet over my body, a white electrode cap over my head and an IV in my arm. I was hooked up to electrodes all over my scalp and on my wrists and they were having me listen to whale and dolphin sounds via headsets. Huge banks of audio equipment and big tapes on recorders were all running. They often played music or sounds in one ear and tones or word instructions in the other. Sometimes the sound was excruciatingly loud in one ear and nearly inaudible in the other. The words were barely audible but I often tried really hard to listen to what was being played in my ear, though it was impossible to hear. The loudness hurt my ear and the two extremes coupled together nearly drove me crazy.

There were dolphins in tanks at Point Mugu that were also used in research. At times, they also had electrodes on their heads. I think they were attempting to measure thoughts and telepathic communication. At one point they directed me to send a message to the dolphin with my mind, and then listen and decode the language of the dolphin's reply. They tried it with whale language also. The swim programs that allowed me to swim long distances without tiring, were also coupled with the hypnotic suggestion that I was like a dolphin and could swim forever like one.

I think the dolphin research was a secondary project, and among other things was a project to further U.S. Intelligence technology in telepathy. The dolphin research continued because we could communicate long distance with the dolphins, sending messages, and when I received them, I was given a number to call immediately to report what I heard. They paired this need to report with having to go to the bathroom and once in the bathroom I would dissociate, switch personalities and phone in to report, sort of like "ET phone home."

Just a week before my husband and I were getting ready to go on a sailing trip to the Channel Islands, I remembered performing a visualization I was taught, where in my mind, I pictured myself in the middle of a group of dolphin. I performed this whole process in an attempt to actually link up with the dolphin on our trip. Before we left, I told Craig I was going to have a dolphin experience! Low and behold, way out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, a whole pod of dolphin swarmed our boat. When I saw them coming I got so excited that I slipped on my diving mask, and jumped off the boat into the middle of them. No one on board could believe my impulsive actions! It seemed that time stood still and I felt like I was held in a state of suspended animation as one large dolphin seemed to energetically link up with me. Time seemed to stand still and it was an amazing experience! After that I began to "see light in everything." I still don't have an understanding for exactly what happened, but

I began having incredibly prophetic dreams and more psychic experiences. I believe this also was part of an experiment.

There was extensive "dolphin programming" done on me. Movies, stills and motion pictures with beautiful music were shown, administered together with drugs they injected into my arm in order to put me in a state of utter euphoria while I was viewing the dolphin pictures. These movies and other positive stimuli reinforced good feelings that emerged in order to deter me from the Star Wars information. Dolphin programming covered the Star Wars Project. Whales covered a NASA project. This all-powerful programming was meant to keep me from accessing the information stored neatly in my brain away from my conscious awareness.

There were movies I felt drawn to all of a sudden leave my family at night to attend. I went to different new age bookstores or other places where I was told to go to see dolphin movies, some very sophisticatedly created with music. A couple who created and traveled to share their dolphin movie, told the small audience to go into a meditative state and watch the film in order to gain expanded consciousness. The movie contained different geometric shapes shown along with the dolphins in underground cities. The dolphin theme was continued when I was living on the island of Kauai.

President Reagan's project, STAR WARS, was located in my mind files under Dolphin programming. I accompanied Reagan lots of times to Point Mugu and other military bases, but Point Mugu was the original site where I would download top secret information from the mind files, first. Then I was taken to different bases all over, usually without Reagan, to deliver the same information, over and over and over again; all over the world to the major players. The Around the World In 80 Days movie and song was used to cover this activity. So I'd think of that movie and believe I was remembering that instead of my actual assignment. Other movies were used in an attempt to cover and intentionally scramble my experiences. As I retrieved memory of ways I was used, I sorted through the 'movie realities' to discover what actually happened.

Star Wars was a global network working together for global control. This network continued as I was transferred to the island of Kauai where I reported often to Barking Sands Missile Base.

Dolphin Programming and Pornography

Another auxiliary project, one that brought in proceeds, was dolphin pornography. Dolphin porn was filmed in Malibu and in the dolphin tanks at Point Mugu. It was convenient because they had cages already built and so the dolphins could be housed there for use almost anytime. Reagan really loved the dolphin stuff. He watched a porn video of Kelly and I with a couple of dolphins. During the viewing he smiled, patted my leg and said, "I'll be with you later." He wasn't into sex with children and didn't have sex with my daughter. When the film was over he said, "Watching you do underwater ballet is beautiful, but seeing you with the dolphin is out of this world!" He laughed and looked up, like he was seeing a missile or shuttle launch. Lots of dolphin porn was filmed. I believe Bob gave copies of it to Prince Charles, Prince Phillip and Margaret Thatcher, who is a lesbian.

Over the years my daughter Kelly was often programmed next to me. We would be instructed to both touch our noses at the same time and then a shock would be delivered though the electrodes stuck all over our bodies. We both had IV's in our arms and despite the trauma, we were giggling like we were both drunk. She was very young and they continued this over the years. In addition to all the regular programming, they also programmed us to be a mother-daughter sex team. There was lots of programming laid in that made us believe that we were twin souls, "two peas in a pod." I was programmed to believe that half of me was in her and half of her was in me. There was lots of identity confusion. They programmed us to be totally synchronous, so we could flow together and work harmoniously while sexually servicing whomever they sent us to.

Our controllers' used the movie ET as a "screen memory" to cover memory of these actual experiences by telling Kelly and I that we were like ET and Elliot, and if one of us got free the other would die. The message given was, "If you get deprogrammed or a hospital frees you, you will get separated from each other for the rest of your lives. ET almost died and had to go to another planet away from Elliott. A wilted Chrysanthemum flower plant will remind you, it will wither and die if it's off the vine, away from its source."

At three months old Kelly was able to float on her back with no assistance, and further swimming lessons early on enabled her to be an excellent swimmer, natural in the water. She also had programming that enhanced her natural swimming capabilities, enabling her to swim long distances.

Kelly was good with the dolphins. She was specially trained this way from the time she was very small.

Years later, in 1993, as I became aware that my children and I had been taken to Point Mugu for programming, I returned, trying to get a closer look in an attempt to understand what these people were doing. But it was heavily guarded; now I know why. Interestingly enough, last year on a plane flight, I had the opportunity to sit next to a man from California. I was spiritually guided to share with him my experience of programming at Point Mugu Naval Base. When I got to the part about the dolphin tanks and banks of recording equipment, his eyes widened and he said, "You must have been there; no one knows about those unless they have been there; it's a classified area." After our conversation he just kept shaking his head.

My family and I bounced from Point Mugu to UCLA for programming often, and when necessary were taken to Edwards Air Force Base for further programming.

The Star-Spangled Banner

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming. Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming. And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Yeah, it still waves, but not over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"Fear them not therefore: For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; nothing hid, that shall not be known. "

Matthew 10:26

Chapter Thirty: UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute

Is It East or West?

I experienced many, many episodes of brainwashing, mind control, electroshock and tortures of the mind at the University of California at Los Angeles, Neuropsychiatric Institute in Westwood. Their involvement was the government's insurance that I would remain functional and amnestic of my use. Dr. Louis Jolyon 'Joly' West's horrific expertise was involved so that I could be used at the highest levels over the years without risk of my breaking down and remembering. Henry sent me with messages to give Dr. West, with instruction in regard to things within me that he wanted checked out. Bob Hope didn't have that connection, only Henry had access to West. I reported there for years but began going regularly after Craig got into University of Southern California Dental School in 1973 and we made the connection in Westwood with Dr. Milo Brooks, my original childhood pediatrician.

Nurses there checked me and wrote notes in regard to my pulse, eye movement, foot responses, etc. In an attempt to scramble and confuse my conscious mind as to who Dr. West actually was, he would cross his arms and point in both directions saying, "Is it east or is it west." And even now when someone asks me for directions and mentions east or west I become momentarily confused and can't give them the directions. Dr. West also programmed me to the red and green freeway on and off ramp signals, by hypnotically suggesting that when I saw the sign upon entering Westwood it would make me switch to the personality who had the information and knew where to go to report into the hospital. After my visit, when I saw the signal on my way home, the sign was to remind me to forget what happened.

I was never allowed to walk near or ever act like I knew Dr. West when I saw him walking in the corridor of the Neuropsychiatric Institute. I was instructed to walk by him with no recognition whatsoever. He was a very large, heavy man, the "big wig" around there, and seemed to be in charge of everything and everybody. I was programmed to report there to see his doctors for many years. There was a younger doctor who put me in an examination room and did lots of neurological testing on me and checked my responses to make sure I was still reacting within the normal range. He also directed me to walk into the hall and go into a bathroom and wait for him. When he arrived he had sex with me and afterwards gave me the suggestion that I wouldn't remember.

There was a room with a two-way window/mirror. After awhile I knew there were others watching from the other side of the two-way mirror, since the doctor testing and asking me questions

would occasionally glance up at the window/mirror as if to communicate to those watching — "see, I told you," or "pay attention." They asked me lots of questions and at times I was displayed so other doctors could see how I worked. I was seen as a high-level success since I was so split that I could be used in many different modes without conscious awareness. I had actually been directed to enroll in the study of psychology at Pepperdine University in Malibu. They were concerned that, if what I'd been privy to hearing there at the NPI leaked into my conscious mind, they could have problems. So they had me get my degree in psychology and study enough to make sense should my vast reservoir of psychiatric knowledge and jargon leak into conscious awareness.

They had to check me more often after my accidents in 1985 and 1987. During the time I was a student at Pepperdine University, I was more accessible to the Malibu and Point Mugu areas, and so, available to Reagan at a moment's notice in the Malibu area when he was in California. Occasionally Dr. West would slip into an examining room when the younger doctor was examining me. He explained that there were some things he wanted to see for himself. He was arrogant with the young doctors and very authoritarian. I heard him make condescending remarks about psychiatrists and clinical psychologists as being beneath his level of expertise, since he was an MD neuropsychiatrist. He thought my therapist in Westwood, Stuart Perlman, Ph.D. was uninformed and easily controlled in my therapy in 1988-91, since Stuart didn't consider the biochemical aspects of my case. I reported to NPI on an irregular basis when I was told to report and I took Kelly there when instructed. As my functioning level decreased when my early childhood memories began leaking back into my conscious mind, I was instructed to report more often to UCLA-NPI. They knew the chemical combinations to shut me down at night so that I couldn't access certain portions of my brain and memory during dream state, which I had begun to do. That was why they had me take halcyon with a glass of wine every night during my term of therapy with Stuart. Whatever this chemical combination was, the nurse told me to, "take 1/2 or 1/4 of a halcyon tablet followed immediately with a glass of wine, preferably white, and you'll notice immediate sleepiness and will fall into a very deep, peaceful sleep."

Then a doctor came back into the room after the nurse left, and said, "Repeat the directions to me." So I did and he said, "Exactly right. You're to follow these directions every day in every way in order to feel better. You will not, I repeat, you will not jump off of any building. You will not harm yourself in any way. Do you understand my directions?"

Eyes closed and listening intently to his instructions from a deep trance state, I nodded yes.

He said, "Fine, you may go home now."

And I got up, walked out of the hospital and all the way through the campus to my car that I parked near the library. When I drove past the stop sign on the freeway on-ramp it reminded me to "tuck this experience into the deepest recesses of your mind," and I returned home.

When the memory of events I was programmed to forget began flooding into my conscious awareness, I began responding by wanting to cut, burn myself or jump from the top of a high-rise building in Los Angeles. I just thought I must be really psychologically disturbed to want to do something like that. I simply could not fathom what was wrong with me and why these selfinjurious commands continually caused me to feel like compulsively hurting or killing myself. And I had no way of knowing that my controllers were not actually ready for me to do myself in, at least not until my assignments with them were completed.

Mind Control Tune-ups

There was a surgeon at UCLA who instructed me to drive to the hospital to have sex with him. He had dark hair, lightly dark skin, brown eyes and hairy arms. He was 6 tall, of good build and on the young side. I was instructed to meet him at the doctors' cafeteria. Usually he had on his surgery greens or blues and we would have lunch together. He was a vegetarian, and I watched him eat and later he had sex with me in a small bathroom in the Neuropsychiatric Institute. The bathrooms in the NPI were unisex and he would open the door, wave his hand for me to pass inside, and then he would quickly slip in behind me and whisper, "shhh," so I wouldn't say anything. He switched the light off and began feeling me all over and he usually preferred entering me from behind. As programmed, I smiled and laughed and acted pleased no matter what. He liked for me to give him oral sex in his red sports car, but not when the top was down. For programming purposes, he jingled keys in front of my face and then he'd take me out and sometimes we walked in Westwood or went to lunch in a back booth at The Bratskeller restaurant. He had a good laugh when I told him about my therapy with

Stuart. He said, "Dressed in little shorts like that and looking innocent like you do, how do you think he can keep his mind on business?" I laughed and told him Stuart didn't understand. Truth was, Stuart wasn't sexually addicted.

This UCLA doctor took me to different rooms in the NPI for reconditioning and "tune-ups," he called them. One day he lifted me up on the examining table and I was giggling. He said they were taking real good care of me, keeping all my parts oiled and lubricated to keep me in good working condition. There were large tube-like machines that they put me into. When they closed the door, shutting me inside, it made a vacuumlike sound as it closed tightly and it kind of echoed inside. I lay on my back and there was a small square mirror, mounted over my face. I think it was suppose to make normal, regular customers feel safe or less claustrophobic. Although this doctor stayed with me during the horrible tests, he was kind to me most of the time. I didn't like the tests, but he told me what the doctors would do and when. One time two doctors used a scalpel and cut a small incision behind my right ear for something. I didn't know exactly what they were doing to me. They were always testing, probing and x-raying me. They must have a stack of records on me a mile high.

They put me into a machine that was like a cylinder that spun me. I saw lights, and color; blues, pinks, yellow, white, coupled with sound and electroshock. I watched and recorded in my photographic memory as the doctors in white coats mapped my forehead and face and attached wires to me. At this event there was a whole room of people sitting still like zombies, all with our heads totally mapped out. Each mind-controlled individual has code numbers that follow them no matter what research projects we were assigned to. They were studying our brains in all different contexts, in all different environments, with different stimulation. They were also studying the genetic effects. They studied a wide and varied range of the effect of environment and genes on a persons brain function, their life function, their longevity, and their productivity. They monitored brain function by reading EEG printouts taken from electrodes placed on my head, and registered and mapped lots of data that was inputted.

Mind Control Technology of the Future

There were lots of times they laid me on a gurney and injected me with drugs, and then the doctors talked to me while I was under the influence. There were many doctors at UCLA who knew all about mind control and were well-trained for the technology of the future. They were told they were specially selected because of their intellectual abilities "to participate in an effort at world peace in the only method known to man." They were trained in the latest methods in how to program and operate under mind control. There were lots of doctors involved, different ones at different times in different places. I was "demonstrated and modeled" often over years for their learning, understanding, and financial benefit. There were demonstrations for doctors, scientists, prison officials, and other professionals who were selected to receive this top-secret mind control information.

Reagan was involved in this endeavor for years, ever since he was Governor and because he was cooperative and "went along with the program." Then in later years, as President, the amount of people who witnessed the demonstrations grew as the plan for the New World Order grew closer to implementation. Those who were brought in to see the mind control technology could never go back to not knowing. They needed an army of professionals to carry out the plan and the numbers of people involved increased dramatically in the 80's after Reagan and Bush got into office and cooperated to the fullest.

During Reagan's administrations the doctors at UCLA did tests and demonstrations in front of other doctors explaining how I worked, but they called this «studies» of the mind or brain. They didn't refer to any of it as mind control, but instead gave it the catchy name "behavior modification." They had a circular arena where they conducted the demonstrations while I laid on a table or sat in a chair naked, responding like a puppet to their cues. The demonstrations involved simple mind control techniques as well as telekinesis. Once the doctor directed me to bend a spoon across the room with the power of my mind. They told me to see the spoon bend in my mind and to focus solely on this thought to see it, and hear the words that played in my mind; then the spoon would bend and sometimes it would even move and fall off a table from across the room. Once I was programmed to hold out my hand with a key in it and with my mind I bent the key. I curled it all up while I held my palm and fingers still, my mind totally focused on the key. Most people have no idea the power a focused mind has. The doctors watching would gasp. They also programmed me to start a fire from

across the room with my mind.

Large grants were given to doctors who wanted to do further research into the power of the mind or the mind/body connection, or studies of the brain. During one such demonstration, a group of doctors witnessed the presenting doctor give me the hypnotic suggestion that I would not be burned. He held a lighted match to my arm, and just as he said, I didn't get burned. One particular doctor filed by at the end of the demonstration to get a closer look at my arm to see if, indeed, I was not burned. After viewing my unburned arm, tears welled in his eyes, and in Catholic fashion he performed the sign of the cross on himself and said, "Forgive us," and walked away.

Over the years, most scientists and doctors didn't respond as this sympathetic, compassionate, scientific human being did. I believe that many were uninformed as to the level of the mind control experiments and usages, and did not know exactly how the mind control was accomplished. But my controllers were well aware of these technologies and used them to have me appear as «supernatural» to people they wanted to influence. They could pre-program in these manifestations and have them occur seemingly spontaneously without outside interference. This was how they rigged so-called miracles for the Pope and other Catholic leaders at the Vatican. They programmed in 'miracles' like making my hands bleed at the palms like Christ did or making me speak in high Latin tongue to the Pope or Bishops, delivering messages that dropped them to their knees, kissing their rosaries or necklaces or my feet. I didn't know what they were saying to me because I didn't really know Latin. They, like many others, were open to these miracles delivered to them on what they thought were the 'wings of angels' (me) to influence them. They thought I was some oracle delivering God's messages or angelic messages. I even delivered messages to Reagan with a religious theme, but it only worked on those who were religious.

I went between UCLA and Point Mugu Naval Base often for this technology. Point Mugu had large banks of audio equipment, dolphin tanks, and a pool, and UCLA had brain-testing equipment, MRI, and virtual reality gear.

"For wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction, and many there are who enter that way."

Matthew 7:1

Chapter Thirty-one: Weaponry Technology of the Future

Kissinger and Nixon Visit the Reagan White House

Nixon and Reagan talked a lot together. I know because I was there a number of times when that happened. They even talked at the White House after Reagan became President. One time, Reagan was sitting at his desk in the oval office when Kissinger escorted Nixon in. Kissinger greeted Reagan by saying, "Mr. President, Dick is here to talk with you. He has some very useful information on foreign policy that will help us." Then he added quietly, "Now I know as you do that no one is to know where this information came from, but I thought you should be informed."

"Sure, have a seat Dick." Reagan said. Nixon smiled awkwardly as he held out his hand to Reagan.

Initially, Reagan didn't seem too happy, as if he had some reservation, but appeared to quickly work through his feelings, and gathering more acceptance, reached out and shook Nixon's hand.

Nixon said, "I have information on some key foreign policy that needs to be implemented before the year's end to insure smooth diplomatic relations with Russia and Saudi Arabia and a few other minor European Countries." Standing there in his light brown suit, Nixon looked pretty nervous.

Kissinger said, "This information may be key to unlocking broader and deeper foreign relations, especially with the Soviets."

Reagan leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. Then, he closed his eyes. I could see what he did because Henry had placed me off to the side by the wall on a wooden bench, in my «parked» mode, waiting for further direction.

"Russia will be an ally if we can provide the following." Kissinger said.

"Guns (munitions), corn and," Nixon added, following his comment with a laugh like this was absurd or something, "they would like free surplus wheat and grain — whatever we have in the stockades. We wouldn't have to go to any expense. These surpluses have already been subsidized by

our government, so there will be no further cost to us. It's all just a layout on paper with no money exchange, just surpluses in exchange for information."

"What sort of information?" Reagan asked.

"The sort of information that is held in top secret abeyance. It will have to be approved by the higher-ups." Nixon said, continuing, "If we don't agree, there could be dire consequences for our country. The higher-ups said we have no idea the havoc that will be created if we don't comply with their requests. There's little to lose — just some excess surpluses."

"So you're saying I need to authorize the transfer of these surpluses?"

"Yes, Sir," Kissinger said, "the others will take care of this information on their end. You need not be worried with the details, they will be taken care of and if there are any loose ends, I will personally see to it that they are wrapped up." He handed Reagan a piece of paper to sign. "We need your authorization for the shipments."

Reagan put on his glasses, picked up a pen and signed the paper Kissinger set before him. "Dick, I appreciate your help in this matter. Foreign policy always came so naturally for you and I appreciate your continued interest." He leaned back in his chair again.

"Anything I can ever do to help." Nixon said, standing and offering his hand to Reagan again. Then he turned to Kissinger, shook his hand and left saying he would see himself out the side door.

Henry sat down across from the President, leaned forward and with great seriousness, looked down at his folded hands, "I don't have to tell you how damaging this would be to the American public if it got out that Nixon was advising us on foreign policy."

"No, no of course not Henry. Look, I have a meeting at 10 with the White House Staff. I appreciate your help with this foreign policy. We all have our strengths and weaknesses." He smiled apologetically to Kissinger and reached out to shake his hand good-bye.

Henry stood up, shook Reagan's hand, completing the handshake by putting his other hand over the top of their handshake. I don't know what that meant, if anything. Then Kissinger nodded to me and we walked out to a waiting black limo. Lots of times in DC I waited in the limo for Henry while he went in and out of places. We were all over the place. Henry had keys to lots of offices. I don't know why, but he did.

Lots of times I sat in on the meetings Kissinger had with Reagan and others, so I could report back to the Council (in a debriefing) accurately, exactly what was said and done at different meetings.

Arms Distribution — Guns for Drugs

Some countries wouldn't take anything except guns in exchange for their drugs. Reagan knew all about it-Costa Rica, El Salvador, Jamaica, and other countries. Reagan cooperated with the Council fully, doing everything they asked. He okayed American ships to meet with Soviet tankers to exchange guns. Sometimes drugs were laundered through several foreign embassies so they couldn't be traced to their original source and then the American guns would be transferred to Russia, China, Japan, etc.

The Council members were kingpins of drug coordination and money laundering down through specific American corporations in order to get political favors and laws enacted in their favor to keep their top companies. AT&T was one of them. The Council insured the financial success of these companies so they could continue using them as fronts for their operations. The Council is at the top of the powerbrokers. Each President went along with them or they are killed like JFK was.

My mind files were filled with information on guns, armories, and statistics on where the guns were located and the inventory. Involved foreign dignitaries or leaders could access this information in my mind files so they could know what was available to trade, then they would send me back with a message regarding how much the gun supply could wield or buy in exchange for drugs. Then I would be debriefed by the Council and prepared with a return message for the foreign leaders. From what I witnessed, illicit drugs and gun running backed much of the American economy.

Reagan was not in any way unaware of the arms deals we made with foreign countries as he publicly portrayed. I know because the Council sent many arms trade messages through me to him and then he would give me the message and the Council would retrieve it through debriefing me. This was a message I gave him from the Council: "Mr. President, the Council sends their amicable message to you. Arms will go to Iraq in exchange for hostages." Sometimes after I delivered the recited message, Reagan got really nervous and paced back and forth. But finally he would give his answer

for me to take back to the Council. Usually it was just a "yes." Lots of times Reagan made the decision without Bush's knowledge. For some reason I felt like Bush really knew what was going on. Reagan always seemed so uninformed, he never seemed to know what was happening and he made many decisions blindly without knowing the details.

More on Guns and Drugs

There were wooden boxes of munitions on a dock that were to be loaded onto a large ship. I was there to make sure the load of «sugar» got on safely and that payment was made. The men accepting the shipment waited until the men in black police uniforms walked away and then they opened one of the boxes and lifted guns, rifles, and hand grenades out of the packing. Packed on top were bags of sugar to make it look like the whole shipment was sugar, but it was only a cover for what was really underneath. This was a government operation — a highly camouflaged, covered up government operation. A group of American officials were selling munitions to a nation we were at war with. It made the United States government lots of money. They didn't even care that the guns were being used to kill our own soldiers. Noriega was involved. It was a dangerous operation. The orders were that if there was any chance of being caught, the shipment was to be thrown overboard. It was too risky to get caught.

There was also a naval officer that was involved. He was shaking hands with a man that I came with and they were talking privately out of my earshot so I couldn't hear. The officer gave commands to one of the members of the crew to unload the shipment onto the docks and then they rolled the cargo down the docks and stacked it on large carts. I climbed aboard the ship and we left immediately. There was a window of time that was opened to get in and out to complete the deal. It began at 0800. So we left port immediately and were quickly underway. There were some kind of devices on board that rendered our ship untrackable at sea, so that they could not be detected. This way no one would even know that the United States ship had been to the port. Sometimes the big naval or other kinds of ships would unload their cargoes onto smaller ships that would then go into the port to deliver the goods. Our government had very dirty operations. I was sent to deliver messages, many of them in foreign languages to whomever the delivery was going to.

Another time I was used in a drug operation, I was delivered aboard a large Navy ship to an Admiral who was standing behind his desk giving directions to a lieutenant. The blue eyed, heavyset admiral was dressed in a white uniform and hat with navy blue and gold trim. He had on black patent leather shoes and was very brutal. I think his name was Brimhall or something like that. I was ordered to give him oral sex and some of his ejaculate fell onto his shoe. For that he slapped me with the back of his hand so hard that I fell backwards.

We were going out to sea and when we neared Mexico we went into port for "supplies," which meant a drug transaction. There were transactions in the Caribbean, also usually aboard Navy ships. I was on board to service the Admiral and then complete a drug transaction. The Navy ships went the route and to destinations of a major drug cartel. What looked like the defense of our nation or training of our troops was really drug transportation that made lots of money for the U.S. The Presidents were usually well aware of this business. The revenue was justified as funding large projects deemed necessary for American defense. It was all a vicious cycle of lies and manipulations.

I was sent ashore to meet "the man with the parrot" and was usually dressed appropriately for him to recognize me. They dressed me with a parrot shirt to match the parrot man I was meeting. The messages were always different; sometimes I told the man to meet us with the stuff at 0800 at a certain latitude and longitude out at sea off this or that coast. Lots of the deals and the boarding of goods (drugs) took place out at sea. This way no one could detect illegal drug trafficking, as there was no one to monitor the transactions late at night, out in the middle of the ocean.

Everyone in the government that held any position of power was well aware of these drug transactions and their importance to our country's economy. In part, this is what keeps America head and shoulders above the world economically. These ships went all over the world Mexico, Caribbean, Costa Rica, Haiti, Cancun, Cozumel, Cabo San Lucas, Panama, Brazil, even Germany and USSR.

For years, I was used off and on to carry messages. They used lots of different slaves for these activities because, otherwise, someone could get familiar and be detected. I know because I overheard them talking about that type of security and how important it was for the Lieutenant Colonel to widely vary the "pigeons," used for messages. I was taken from my home late at night and

boarded onto a ship, did my assignment, and was returned back home late at night. I was just phased back into bed with my husband, as if I'd never left. I was kept at Point Mugu or other bases in isolation, and then debriefed before I was driven home in a sedan to Agoura Hills. Sometimes I was helicoptered to Point Mugu, but always transported late at night. During the drug transports I was always assigned to top men on the ships with orders to please them in any way they desired. Then I was usually taken into the Admiral's or Captain's private quarters. These rooms were nice, but small, and I was told to wait for further instructions or to have sex with him. There were portholes in the room and it was simple but very expensively done, as far as the materials: nice wood, brass and usually decorated in red, white and blue. Sometimes after sex I would sleep in his bed with him until it was time for the transaction. Then he would wake me up and instruct me in what to do, what to wear, what to say. Sometimes there were palm trees on the beaches where we dropped off a load of 'goods, on a remote beach. It was always at a different time, different location; so no one could detect or monitor what was occurring. Sometimes the coast guard in certain locations was involved but not on a regular basis. They must have been individually involved.

On many of these excursions, other factions would interrogate me in an attempt to find out information. They would use bright lights, exhaust me, yell questions, withhold food and pull my hair or take hold of my hair and smash my face into a desk in an attempt to gain information about my job, why I wouldn't talk, who I was working for, endless questions. But nothing would come of it, because they didn't know the keys and codes to access my mind file information, nor did I consciously know.

Some of the big deals I witnessed, involving more international figures, took place in the Hawaiian Islands, like on Maui. And the deals involving Mexico took place in Mexico, often in Mazatlan. While vacationing one year on Maui with my husband, I was taken away from him by men in suits, put on a commercial airline by two Secret Service agents and flown to a location like Jamaica or Costa Rica to deliver a message. I was given a clever disguise, dressed in a tourist costume — a fruit patterned skirt and blouse, with a big straw hat with fruit on top of it, and made to look like an overweight old lady. The place I was taken to was about an hour's drive from the airport by limo, and I was delivered through a dirty and poverty-stricken town full of dark-skinned people, to a harbor seaport, then taken down to the docks to make the deal. This way the person I was meeting on the ship could simply cut the deal and leave by ocean without ever needing to be on land. There were palm trees by the ocean and the coastline area was pretty much uninhabited toward the port. It was a rocky seacoast in many areas with few sandy beaches. I was instructed to deliver the message only to the man in the white uniform who took a hold of my left hand and elbow and asked me if I was lost. A man in a white Naval uniform and hat brought me on board the large ship, momentarily, to receive the message I delivered, "Sir, the bird is flying north." Then he quickly shuffled me off the boat and the Secret Service agents took me away by limo and I was flown back to Maui. I was kept in isolation, without food or water for a day, before I was returned by my husband's side at the pool where we were vacationing at the Hyatt Regency in Maui.

Weaponry Technology of the Future

While money was made during those days from the sale of weapons, the Council said guns and munitions would be obsolete by the year 2000. The frequency warfare technology they possess will make guns and munitions powerless because those wielding guns will have their brainwave frequencies altered by the new weaponry to such a degree that they won't be able to think to commit a violent act. Society is being kept unaware of this until these self-appointed overseers of our world have completely stepped up the mind control within the populace. Then the people won't care about having obsolete weapons because they will be under the total lull and control of specific, targeted electromagnetic frequencies. Individuals won't be able to commit crimes against the populace. My controllers spoke about this as, "creating peace on earth, contemporary style." (For more information on this still classified technology read: Angels Don't Play This HAARP, Nick Begich Ph.D.)

Kissinger Displays His Robot Technology

Over the years, Henry had me programmed to deliver information regarding the mind control robot technology to different groups of men. These meetings took place my whole life. He or a spokesman introduced me and explained to the audience, which were usually small, pre-tested

groups, that I would deliver a very powerful message.

But, the most important message they were eventually to take away with them was that I was a human robot delivering highly technical information and that this was to be the technology of the future.

While I was being introduced, I sat at the front table looking straight ahead, waiting in "park mode." Then I went to the front and initially explained, "Due to the inherent leap in technology, what you are about to see and witness is very real. Along those lines it would be most appreciated if you would hold all of your questions until the end and our moderator will be more than happy at that time to field any questions you might have. Thank you and now we'll begin." Certainly, I was delivering this message verbatim, as preprogrammed and couldn't have thought on my own to answer any questions.

And so I began, "The history of controlling man is old. Could we have the screen turned on please?" I asked the man at the projector.

"As you can see, man was attempting to control his fellow man even in the cave man days. Actually this attempt for control goes back even further." Meanwhile the moderator flipped to a slide showing androgynous man pulling a woman by the hair where he wanted her to go. "So," I continued, "man's control of man is ancient. What is on the cutting edge of technology today is what we choose to call, 'harnessing the mind. Who among us wouldn't like to be able to have instant recall? Or to be able to read and retain information or documents." At this point they flashed slides pertaining to whatever career paths these men were involved in and I had documents pertaining to each field, e.g., legal documents for attorneys, medical reports for doctors, case histories for psychologists, account ledgers for bankers.

"Who wouldn't like to have at your fingertips all the millions of minute details we find we need everyday to function efficiently in our places of employment? Gentlemen, you are not alone in your needs and desires. Since I have not seen a single hand in the room raised, I take this to mean that you, too, could highly benefit from this new state-of-the-art technology in the future of mankind's ability to think clearly, efficiently, and above all, with complete accuracy."

"Sound too good to be true? You will be pleasantly surprised to find that this technology is not only true, but you also could benefit from its use. Other corporations, (or if it was a professional group, I'd mention doctors, dentists, lawyers, etc.) around the country are at this time utilizing many facets of this state-of-theart technology. The computer will one day soon be hardware of the past and the companies that have this new technology will be among those on the leading edge. It will be impossible to compete with individuals or corporations who are currently adapting to our new modes of technology."

"Now, I'm sure you didn't get to your current level of success by using outdated modes of operation. Why no, I'm sure each of you was among the first to own the latest in computer technology. That is what sets you apart from business people (doctors, lawyers, CEO's, etc.) who did not have the foresight that you had to opt for the latest technology has to offer."

After listening to this whole spiel, they were taken to their first demo, and afterwards they were asked to fill out a brief questionnaire. They were asked to fill it out in order to insure the perfection of future presentations. The questions were slanted toward gathering data on each participant's attitude, openness, etc. They were also told they had the right to remain anonymous; however, they were told there was no risk due to the fact that no one else would have access to these questionnaires.

As a final note, I said, "And to thank you, we will be sending every person who takes the time to fill out this questionnaire a very special booklet we've been privy to call, "How To Insure Success in Business: Without Burnout." So gentlemen, please loosen your ties, sit back, relax and enjoy the final portion of today's presentation.

At which time, they were shown some more slides and given a little more information.

After 12 such sessions, if their returned questionnaires kept indicating they were "remaining on track," they were introduced to the higher level of being let in on the secret. Then they were told that I was "a robot" and they too could own one, at very little cost to them. At that point they were asked to, "just sign here for more information and one of our representatives will be glad to further assist you."

These demonstrations took place all over the world, for all different professions, including the scientific research and medical communities. Even as a child of eight, Henry said I demoed so well and

had such an enormous impact on audiences that they would have their mouths gaping open, and Henry was so proud of himself. By the time I was eighteen, I had spoken to groups all over the world.

Over time I went to «mini-conventions» for people who owned slaves, where slave tips, slave toys, slave trades, etc. were exchanged amongst this certain group of men. "Men in the know" is how they referred to themselves, who met to share their latest information.

I was there to hand out brochures before I was demonstrated. People loved the continual line of programmed jokes that I spewed out and thought it was hilarious that I was handing out my own brochure, miming like 'a perfect robot. At times both men and women were in attendance. There was some other business I was promoting, initially — not mind-controlled slaves — but that was what really was being promoted under cover at these meetings. Certain pre-selected men were given large wooden, golden keys, each displaying a phrase or word to unlock me. These individuals were allowed to unlock and use me for the evening at pre-specified times. It was explained to these so-called gentlemen that these «keys» only worked for this one night. It was further explained that due to the kaleidoscopic programming effect, that the keys would revolve a band on the outside of my skull and would stop in just the right place so the eyes of the personality specifically keyed would lock in each and every time. I think those men who were given keys were the only ones allowed to know the true nature of my mind control programming. They must have been interested in purchasing "their own." But publicly acceptable business also took place at these events parallel to this subterranean line of business, so that money was made from all angles.

In later years, Kissinger used the movie Working Girl as a scramble in an attempt to keep these memories from being clear to me. It was not only used for me but for lots of other corporate robots like me. Henry said it should sufficiently remedy any problems or questions… should any of us robots begin to remember.

"The kingdom of heaven has suffered violence, and men of violence take it by force.»

Matthew 11:12

"Blessed are those servants whom the master finds awake when he comes."

Luke 12:37

Chapter Thirty-two: Robot Breakdown

The Second Accident on April 12 was No Accident

On April 12, 1987, at 9:15 a.m. I had another accident. I couldn't fathom how or why I could have another accident at the same precise date and time, two years later. But, after smashing my head into a tree and breaking my back in a horseback accident I began flooding with more memories of the past and began having even more trouble functioning in my day to day world of responsibilities. I was forced to take more time out to rest and heal in my conscious life. I sought more chiropractic care and began deep healing with prayer, herbs, and increased body therapies. During this time of physical healing I also grew spiritually closer to God and gained the strength of perspective I would need to face further reality.

A Visit to the Mental Hospital

It took a couple of years but as my programmed systems began breaking down, causing memories of my past to begin flooding uncontrollably into my present awareness, I became increasingly more dysfunctional. I had trouble performing my daily duties as my past came crashing into my awareness, often with many memories flooding in at the same time. I had trouble dealing with my outer physical reality, because there was so much going on inside my head to distract me. Paying attention simultaneously to both inner and outer realities was a challenge, especially with my programming throwing up hypnotic commands to become confused, have a migraine, burn or kill myself, or redirect my thoughts in another direction my controllers dictated. After numerous memories of abuse by my father, mother, brothers and others, including ways in which I myself was used within the system to abuse others, I asked my therapist, Stuart Perlman, to call Department of Human Services (DHS) with me and report all of us. He did as I asked and I gave lengthy interviews to authorities, hoping someone would help me stop this abuse and insure that my children and the other children in the family would be safe.

As I became increasingly more dysfunctional, I was admitted to a mental hospital in Westwood for ten days and got another dose of reality. While in the mental hospital, a suited man entered my room at night while I was in my bed sleeping. He opened the door, came in, sat down on my bed, hypnotically commanded me, looked around to insure we were alone, then quickly put a tourniquet on my arm and injected me. Very quietly he said, "You are safe, you are very, very, safe. Nothing you are remembering is real; it's all just a bad nightmare. Close down section 34 and remember you are safe, very calm and very safe. You don't need to worry about anything anymore, everything's been handled." Adding another vial of the drug to the syringe, he injected it into my arm and began round two, "Stuart Perlman is your friend. He is your trusted friend helping you through these difficult times. He and he alone can help you, no one else can quite fill his shoes and every time you look at his shoes when he is sitting in front of you, you will remember this. Now you will sleep very deeply and when you wake you will not remember any of this or the sound of my voice, but now you will sleep very, very deeply. Your children are safe, you are safe and you will rest and sleep very deeply. Remember, you are very safe." When he was through, he took the needle out of my arm, put all of his paraphernalia into a black doctor's bag, and quietly slipped out of the darkened room. As usual, I viewed all of this from other personalities within, ones that were not asleep.

What these programmers need to know is that when a person has multiple personalities, especially personalities that have been programmed to have superb memory capabilities, those personalities can and do take note of everything that is occurring. If the presenting personality is drugged, there are still other personalities left inside, untouched by the drugs who 'take note' of what is happening. Due to this, myself and others have recovered volumes of experiences, as we healed and reintegrated, in order to be able to put together this larger picture to present to you. Their misuse of the technology failed. Sorry Henry, back to the drawing board. I guess you need a further distilled diagram, because, Henry, your security system was not locked up as tightly as you might have thought.

During my hospital stay, I brought up the issue of my children's abuse. To my utter disappointment, DHS failed to take seriously the allegations of abuse to the young members of our families. Further, as I was released from the hospital I leaned over the desk to see my medical chart, which read, "Delusional." No one took me seriously then. I hope you the reader will now.

Further Monitoring at UCLA

My visits to UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute (NPI) occurred more often after my 1985 and 1987 accidents, and the ensuing head and back injuries. I waited in a room lined with chairs and, when called, I robotically walked where they told me to and did everything just like they requested. If they said, "take off your blouse," I did. Anything they asked of me, I did. They put me into an examining room, and tested me neurologically, saying things like, "touch your nose, move your eyes up to the left," that sort of thing. Then they tested me walking, bending over, etc. I saw the white uniformed doctor refer to a list in a little notebook. He asked me questions to which I replied robotically. He asked me, "What is your name? Where do you live? Who is your husband?" All these were standard neurological examination procedures.

Then an older doctor came in and told me to follow him into a different room. Things got more technical then. There was a room full of large recorders, the reel-to-reel type with a chair positioned next to them. He sat me down next to the equipment and gave me long round bars of metal to hold in my hands. They were always testing different things. I didn't know what, but tried my best to do them "right." If I did it wrong they got angry and then I got hurt. The doctor hooked me up to headphones and told me to hold the metal bars real tightly, and I was instructed to go into a very deep trance state.

After certain word phrases, I was electroshocked. I never knew when it was coming and was told not to let go of the metal bars. When the phrases didn't apply to me, like for instance, "I'm an Eskimo" there were no shocks. But after a true statement that was applicable to me, I was shocked. Some things felt very personal and could have only been applied to me. Like, "I love my husband Craig." Or, "I am a good mother," or, "I am happy in my life; therapy is making me a better person." All kinds of statements like that were played through the headphones. Sometimes they shocked my feet instead of my hands or my head. Things varied often and so did the people administering the 'tests.

At other times a white van picked me up from the streets of Westwood, after a therapy session, and took me to UCLA. Sometimes they did stuff to me right inside the van. They had equipment inside and they said things to me and delivered electroshock. It happened often when I was in therapy with Stuart, in Westwood. The van would pull up to the curb and when the driver leaned toward the passenger window with his arm across the seatback and looked at me, I was programmed to come toward the van and step inside. The driver's uniforms varied, like a mail delivery or some bogus repair service, and the man accompanying him would do the work on me. Sometimes they would initially slap me around. I never knew what they were going to do, it was always different and I was caught off guard and couldn't protect myself. I couldn't ever think to protect myself, even if I knew it was coming. They caused all sorts of violence in order to keep me under control; they tied me up in a chair and put a gun to my head, or raped or tortured me in some other way. They put knives to my throat — anything they thought would scare me. At times there was a large mirror in the back of the van and they would stand me in front of it, tell me I was so and so, and give instructions to that part of me to do jobs or report things. There was a wide variety of electronic equipment in the back of the van. They injected my arm with some drug and then showed me clips from a video. One time they showed me a clip of a person unscrewing a big round cap that let water into the room that they told me I was in. I was told it was real and that I would be safe if I didn't remember the past. In this virtual reality session they told me that the water would come over my head and I would drown if I continued to remember. All this was done in the name of "national security." There was great personal confusion over being in charge of my body or its safety, as a result of all these tests. It was like my mind was removed from my body and acted separately, and it was very scary because I wasn't able to be there to protect or help my own body, or my children's.

When the men in the van were finished with me, they pulled. up next to my car, which was parked in Westwood. When I saw my car I was programmed to switch to Sue and not remember anything that had just happened, but the other personalities were given the hypnotic suggestion to remember to keep their instructions hidden and separate from Sue. The men told me to get inside of my car, sit there for awhile and drive home when I was ready. If I was running late they told me an excuse to deliver to my family when I got home. This happened more often and the trauma got more intense while I was in daily therapy with Stuart and Margie.

Another time at UCLA-NPI, I was sitting on a stainless steel table where they had been photographing my brain from a x-ray machine that stopped and shot pictures in four separate places as it scanned my head. The doctor said my brain was in a perfect state for some sort of link up. Next they laid me on a stretcher and tied my ankles and wrists to the bars on the side then they slid me naked into a long silver metal tube. They placed a small black mask over my eyes just before they shut the door. I thought maybe they were going to kill me but they said only parts of me died for others to be reborn. A continuous cycle of life and death for personalities kept things in order, preventing chaos from an overcrowded internal system. This was how my personality system was kept neat and clean, maintained for their use.

The scientists and doctors turned everything into a study. They merely turned a mind control slave system breakdown or "containment problem" into another project to further their research.

"You have heard that it was said, 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you, do not resist one who is evil. But if any one strikes you on the right cheek, turn to him the other also; and if any one would sue you and take your coat, let him have your cloak as well; and if any one forces you to go one mile, go with him two miles. Give to him who begs from you, and do not refuse him who would borrow from you.

"You have heard that it was said, 'You shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy. But I say to you, Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you, so that you may be sons of your Father who is in heaven; for he makes his sun rise on the evil and on the good, and sends rain on the just and on the unjust. For if you love those who love you, what reward have you?"

Matthew 5:38

Chapter Thirty-three: Bill Clinton and Hillary

Over the years Bill Clinton surfaced in higher level political circles. At one of Bob's parties Bill was all made up in a Statue of Liberty costume, decorated in red, white and blue, complete with blinking lights. He was holding a torch and he acted feminine. I had to have sex with him later on and it felt

confusing to me because it was like having sex with a girl in a man's body. That was strange to me even under mind control, even compared with all the other strange and perverted experiences to which my controllers subjected me.

In 1992, before he was inaugurated, Kelly and I were prostituted to Bill Clinton in Klamath Falls, Oregon. On the ride to meet him, we were told, "Remember Chappaquiddick — that same type of accident could befall you."

When we met Clinton, he said, "Did you know that I am now your boss, and you will do exactly as I say. You are under my command." With a robotical tone of voice he told me to give him oral sex and to get down on the floor where I belonged. Then Kelly robotically sexually serviced him after which I gave him a message before we were let out of his room.

Later on, I delivered messages to Clinton from the Council, from Kauai, before he was President. I was delivered aboard a very large ship, put into a stateroom and told to stay on the bed and wait for him. I did. He slipped into the room without knocking and locked the door behind him. He said, smiling coyly, "I believe you have something for me?" He had sex with me, with my dress and his pants still on. It was a quickie and then I gave him the message. It required a simple answer that I was to deliver back to the Council. His answer was agreeable.

Bill liked to be sung to and have his forehead rubbed. He liked to play mommy and baby baby Bill. He was often very strange.

When it came to Bill Clinton, Henry would stoop low. He even sent up bags of cocaine with me to use when I was with Bill or Hillary in order to get them off guard. Bill and Hillary both did the cocaine. I placed it on a small mirror for them and they had glass nose straws they snorted it through. Bill could do the whole little white pile with one snort. Hillary took two or three sniffs to get all of hers. Then we usually had sex.

When I said certain things, they thought I was a gift from Bob Hope, the entertainer. Bob and Henry's real relationship was kept quiet. The Clintons didn't seem to know that Henry and Bob were working so closely together, one getting me into the White House while the «Expert» Henry Kissinger delivered the goods in order to find ways to hang the Clintons. Henry said, "I want them so badly."

After I was through, two men in black uniforms with yellow-braided stripes on their shoulders came to get me and one stood on each side as they escorted me back to the helicopter that was on one end of the ship. It was a white helicopter. They put me in with the pilot and I was flown back to the small airport on Maui, near the Coconut Inn, where I was staying, as I worked on the writing of my first book, Starshine.

Before he was President, there was an occasion in a large hotel in Los Angeles. The Clintons were already heavily guarded with a whole group of Secret Service agents.

For my use as a sexual slave, I was trained to make love to married couples by always bringing the focus back to them. "Isn't your wife beautiful! Isn't your husband strong," or, whatever statements would strengthen their bond and love for each other, if they were to be kept together. When I got through with couples they were totally enamoured with each other and hardly noticed when I dressed and left the room. I was used in this way with the Clintons. There was usually cocaine, often a gift from someone they knew, routed through me.

After the Clintons went to sleep I left. A man stepped toward me as I exited the room and escorted me down a red carpeted hall, to the elevator, and down to the lobby, as he held my elbow and lower forearm. At this point, another man took over, making a very smooth transition. I was pushed down into a waiting limo (I think it was a black Mercedes), as the man hurried and slammed the door. I was taken to the airport and the driver radioed ahead, and a man met us at the curb and hurried me onto my plane.

Now Clinton is President

Kelly had a school function or a friend's party at the Beverly Hilton. I hadn't seen her in awhile as she was living in California and I was living on Kauai, but I was brought in to help her with "The Prez," who was then newly-elected Bill Clinton. He had a group of girls and women there and that night he wanted only oral sex, along with chocolate and fruit slices. Afterwards, it was my job to redirect the girls back into their social function so there would be no mix-ups.

Sex slaves were used to sexually service both male and female members of the White House

when our controllers called for it, and I was not to be exempt. Once when I was flown to the White House from Hawaii, Hillary played what she called "the tease game." She tied me up so she could be safe, she said. When she was through with me she looked at her gold watch, said she had to go, put on her dress and left. I put on my clothes and headed out to the waiting limo to Henry.

Henry always wanted to know exactly what Hillary's verbal responses were to things I said to her and he listened very carefully for speech patterning. They were trying to create a phrase of words that would stop her dead in her tracks when she went to court for the Whitewater incident. They had been planning this one even before Clinton took office. Henry knew and so did his people. They were trying to destabilize the government by ousting the President. Their plan was that "A cornerstone will fall, and further destabilize the American people. First Nixon, now Clinton, thus the people will lose faith in their leaders and the democratic way of life. So they will want to change it and will lean toward World Order." I knew in 1993, long before the Monica Lewinsky affair, that if Clinton was ousted, they had succeeded again in their plan and movement toward the New World Order.

The programs I had for the White House were pretty well-worn and grooved. Henry often rode with me in the limo to the White House if he hadn't had time to load me up beforehand. Sometimes, he wanted to sharpen me up or check my systems. He often went to have a cup of coffee or a cigar while I was doing the job. When I came out of the White House, flanked by Secret Service agents, I'd get into the limo and he would ask me to repeat verbatim what was said. I'd tell him exactly what they said and how they enunciated it. I could record not only what they said, but I could repeat it back just like they said it — tone, inflection, and all. And from that, Henry and his boys could run a voice print; then, using it, they developed a way to control people through their own language patterns. Henry put his cigar to his mouth before saying, "If you can get their patterns, you can control their minds." They put me close to the Clintons so they could obtain speech patterns, information about weaknesses they had and ammunition to get Clinton thrown out of office. They would stop at nothing in their effort to chip away at the Constitution and democracy.

Henry Kissinger hated Bill Clinton, but he especially hated Hillary. He wanted to publicly humiliate and disgrace her by showing that she had illegal investments and that she lied. Henry said, "People (the public) will be manageable after this is exposed."

Al Gore was easy for the Council because I believe he is a robot like me. Al Gore had me perform oral sex on him. He didn't do cocaine, though. He adamantly refused. Henry said, "He's a robot of choice."

I also had memories of experiences where I was at the White House with Hillary, Chelsea and a famous female vocalist, involved in a sex ritual.

My personal belief, based on my experiences, is that over the years, more leaders were under mind control. I believe it to be vitally important to dismantle the system that has created this, as well as gain aid for the victims, but not to further punish or humiliate the victims who are in need of professional help to heal. I know there has been corruption at the highest levels in the White House, and whether compromised through blackmail, lack of spiritual integrity, or mind control, I believe the Clintons are caught in a "Catch-22."

In a society where mind control is insidious, the whole of society is responsible in some way, whether through ignorance, denial, spiritual disintegration or greed. To the extent that some of us are not free, none of us are free. I believe it is God's perfect plan for those able persons to come to the aid of those who are in need.

In the center of the flame there is a hollow place and nothing can burn in this sheltered space. For the fire builds a wall, scientific fact claims, and insures a safe area in the midst of the flames. And in the hurricane's fury there's a center of peace where the winds of destruction suddenly cease. And this same truth prevails in life's tribulations; there's an island of calm in the soul's meditations. A place that is quiet where we're shielded from harms secure in the haven of a kind Father's arms, where the hot flames of anger have no power to sear and the high winds of hatred and violence and fear lose all the wrath and their savage course is softly subdued as faith weakens force. So when the fires of life burn deep in your heart and the winds of destruction seem to tear you apart remember God loves you and wants to protect you. So seek that small haven and be guided by prayer to that place of protection within God's loving Care. - Helen Steiner Rice

"Every word of God proves true; he is a shield to tthose who take refuge in him."

Proverbs 30:5

As parts of my personality tried to break free, there were many, many attempts to bring me back into the fold; all of which included torture and trauma. In an attempt to understand what was wrong with me, I began reading every technical book I could get my hands regarding Multiple Personality Disorder. In the 80's, there wasn't much written. As I read I recognized symptom similarities but didn't seem to fit the mold of the 'garden variety' version of MPD, caused by abuse without programming. My search for the truth was unceasing.

Desert Hot Springs

Between 1985 and 1990 my husband and I often went to Two Bunch Palms, a spa resort in Desert Hot Springs, which is a neighboring desert city bordering Palm Springs. Craig and I would go for a few days to rest in the mineral pools and utilize the luxurious massage therapy and green clay facemasks that were a part of the resort's celebrity reputation. Once before I went, I watched a King Arthur video and when a shaft of white light shown down on the oracle as he kneeled to deliver a message from God to the king, I began crying and knew at once I needed to go to Two Bunch, alone. Witnessing this, my husband said, "Fine, it's okay. Just go. Do what you need to, honey." I left immediately. Arriving at Two Bunch in the dark around 10 o'clock at night, I was terribly afraid, but didn't know why.

"Two Bunch" as we referred to it, was a 'double edge sword' where I was accessed by Bob Hope and a group of men, including the Council. At the same time I was receiving intense bodywork from professional practitioners, which helped shake loose memories at a cellular level, other dedicated parts of my personality structure who were skilled to withstand torture and humiliation continued to do so on an increased level so that I could continue therapy and healing. I prayed daily for the Holy Spirit to bring to mind those things that needed healing in the perfect time frame, and that is just what occurred. These personalities cooperated over the years of my battle for freedom by absorbing the threats and abuse and, in addition, kept it separate from my conscious mind so I could continue my quest for freedom, unencumbered by fear or resistance. After an intense session with a gentle little old man who was an expert in Trager bodywork, my memories began to increase. During the same visit, I was instructed to attend secret meetings at Two Bunch where I stood back while a group of men talked. My husband was seldom there. I believe one meeting was "The Palm Springs Civic Committee." Bob golfed with them and they had business dealings together.

There were times I was picked up in the parking lot by a silver limo and taken to Bob. Sometimes I wouldn't even get out of the limo; I'd wait for Bob and he would enter to direct me. Other times I would spend the day with him. One night I was directed to a bunch of palm trees late at night to look for the White Owl. Bob Hope ended up being the White Owl I was looking for. At the time, I was unaware that this was a program. I walked outside into the late night breezes to report to the Palm Trees and to Bob, the White Owl.

Late on another night at Two Bunch, in a nightmarish reminiscence of the movie, Stepford Wives, that I had been required to watch years before, I robotically responded to programming as I trekked out to the parking lot in the white robe provided by the spa. A limo pulled up and mindlessly I climbed inside where a man immediately injected me with a drug. When we arrived at a big warehouse-type building in the desert that was like a robot reconditioning facility, the man had to help me out of the limo because I was so drugged. Once inside, doctors in surgical greens placed me on a gurney and started an IV. It may have been filled with a truth serum drug, because that is the type of questions they fielded me. They were trying to identify what I was doing in therapy, what I was remembering. Repositioning me to a chair, they slapped me over and over and I wasn't allowed to go to sleep. If I began to fall asleep, they slapped me again. They were very upset about the therapy and told me lots of lies while they made me look into bright white lights. If I didn't keep my eyes open long enough, they would hold my eyes open and face me directly into the bright lights. They kept injecting my arm, as they yelled at me.

A man, approximately 35 years old, dark-skinned with brown hair, wearing a green tie, tan tweed jacket, white shirt and tan pants, entered the room. He directed the doctors what to do and told them what he wanted to find out, then they supplied the drugs, electroshock and lights. Returned to a metal gurney, he asked me questions over and over that didn't make sense to me, while I sat on the

edge of the gurney with my head hanging down, totally out of it. He showed me pictures of people, men usually, and asked me questions about them and kept slapping me. Parts of my personality system would not comply and talk to him and it was making him very angry. In response, he took something sharp to the bottom of my feet. Then he called in the bright lights, and when my eyes could no longer stay open as he commanded, he had another man hold my head up, prop my eyes open and direct the lights in my eyes. They kept this up for what felt like forever. Then he laid me down and put a long rod up my vagina to shock me as he said, "She'll talk, just give her time — we have all the time in the world."

But I was dissociated deep within myself and really didn't care if they killed me or not. I had been conditioned from birth to take what they dished out and if I died, I just wouldn't have to endure any more. No more suffering, it would be over. His frustration level saturated, this man instructed his assistants to lay me down and they took an electric sheer, the type you use to clip a dog, or prep a person for surgery and ran it up my pubic hair, up my stomach, all the way up to my chin. He said it was something to remember him by, "To keep remembering what happens if you don't comply."

After I'd given up and was «gone» they pulled a plastic cap dotted with little metal electrodes over my head. They told me over and over that they would make it much easier on me if I would just cooperate and quit therapy. But I didn't stop. They had to carry me out to the limo and when we arrived back at Two Bunch, the man accompanying me snapped his fingers in my ear and commanded, "Snap out of it!" and followed up with the suggestion that I was very, very tired and wanted a nap. Slowly, I trudged back to the room and went to sleep. I don't know where Craig was.

Desert Hot Springs was a place of horror for me as I attempted to get well by working hard in therapy with Stuart and Margie. I remember Stuart saying to me after I continued to show up day after day with more pieces of my painful past to process in therapy, "I have never seen anyone who is more motivated than you; it's like you're running a marathon."

I responded, "I don't feel like I'm doing this fast enough." No wonder — neither he nor I consciously knew that I was still being tortured and reprogrammed; reporting to the Federal Building, to UCLA, to my political abusers and to Bob Hope when assigned. Consciously, I thought Two Bunch Palms was a place where I went to get rejuvenated to do more abreactive work in order to recover. But even in the midst of the chaos there was a divine plan and timing to my life; I just had to be extremely patient.

As my healing defiance continued, I was returned to Two Bunch. One night I got dressed to go eat in the restaurant. There was a very large clock that hung over the entrance of the restaurant and my instructions were to, "walk to the clock at 6 o'clock." But instead of going inside, I was instructed to turn and walk to the parking lot where a man in a white suit drove me by limo late at night to a club. He took me inside and seated me in a maroon colored booth tucked away in the darkened club. Sonny Bono came out and told me to enter the cleared area. He was twirling a whip like he was going to lasso something. Then he cracked the whip. He did it over and over and it terrified me, because I felt he was going to hit me with it. Sonny said there was nobody there to hear my screams. "Scream all you like," he said laughing. Jokingly he added, "I kinda like it." He went on to explain that he was "giving me what I deserved for trying to break the mold."

I was helped up off the floor where I was huddled and delivered to a group of men in suits. They said I was the guest of honor, but it wasn't fun. They said I was stirring up a bit of trouble back there in Southern California and they just wanted to make sure that nothing bad happened to me. They took a long time to tell me all this, slowly, calmly and smoothly, before another man took me to a dressing room type of partition in a back room and, holding me up by one arm, threw me up against the wall and beat the living breath out of me. I ended up in a heap on the floor with my mouth bleeding. Giving me one final kick with his pointed boot, he said, "There, that ought to do ya."

Another suited man came in and began "taking care of me," he said, while he took pictures of me all beat up to send to my family and friends, and he told me over and over, things that didn't make sense to me like, "You are a queen. You will always be a queen; you have no successor so you must always remain the queen. It's a matter of privilege; you must remain the queen." His last instruction was, "Lay by the pool and get a tan," that I was going to be visited by "the man." I knew the man he spoke of was Bob Hope.

After I was returned and spent the next day recuperating and tanning by the pool, I was picked up again. On the way to see Bob they said my clothes weren't suitable to see him so they stopped at a dress shop in the Springs and one of the suits went in with me and picked out white slacks, a yellow

shirt, a gold belt and sandals. Throwing my clothes in the trash he said, "these are more befitting."

We met Bob in a public place. I was taken to him and he broke free for a moment and came over to me, "Tsk, tsk, is this anyway for a woman to be showing a good example to her offspring?" He was referring to my attempts at freedom.

To further frighten and intimidate me, he pulled a picture out of his coat pocket of Kelly and I naked together and said, "The time will come my fairy princess to speak of better things," and he continued, finally commenting that he needed to, "teach me appreciation." Roughly, he took hold and squeezed my collar then abruptly let it go and walked away, like he was through with me. Unfortunately, he wasn't. I was taken back to Two Bunch where I left the new clothes in a massage room and returned to my room with another white robe on.

Another occasion Craig was with me at Two Bunch, when late at night a limo picked us up in the parking lot. We were taken some place and reprimanded for the therapy I was doing and were threatened with the "loss of many things," if I didn't stop and if my husband didn't make me stop. A man in the limo took hold of Craig by the shirt and warned, "Bob doesn't want to have anything happen to his important asset. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," my husband replied. He was very scared and for some reason I started laughing.

Within seconds the man delivered a blow to my face. I felt the stinging of my cheek as his attention turned to me, "Do you find something funny, young lady?" I became very serious and stopped laughing.

I didn't have any way to know then the uphill battle I faced, the magnitude of the system I was attempting to break out of, or the many obstacles, heartaches and abuses I would have to withstand over time in my battle for freedom. Despite the threats, my husband continued to pay $3,000-$5,000 a month for psychotherapy and bodywork, for four more years of my recovery. My controllers found the fact that I was in therapy amusing, totally assured that I was processing from anywhere but the National Security guaranteed, mind-controlled area of my brain. Since they saw me as a robot, they didn't worry about being discovered. Plus, they felt their secrets were protected by their sheer incredulity.

I was programmed to report to the Federal Building, which was in very close proximity to Stuart's office and to UCLA. I went upstairs to the 7th floor, exited the elevator and went down two doors on my left. I was told, "You will find a room with a view," which cryptically meant there was a closed circuit television for instructions. Further I was told, "Sit down, soak up the view, then go back downstairs and try to read the newspaper in the stand and report back if you can." Due to programming against it, I couldn't read it but always followed orders and tried. I was at the Federal Building often. It was a place of "orders headquarters" from Henry. He gave me instructions over closed circuit television when he couldn't gain access or time with me anywhere else.

I had a lot of disguises to wear into the Federal Building. Hats, dark glasses, old baggy dresses, or skirts I'd throw on over my short shorts. I received closed circuit instructions at other locations also, like in rooms in hotels or at corporate offices, office buildings in Los Angeles, Santa Monica, or in the San Fernando Valley. But, at times, Henry had something urgent and needed access to me immediately, so he sent me to the Federal Building. I also delivered my own medical reports from UCLA to the Federal Building to send back to Henry. I guess it was like a mind control report card. My continual breakdown created more need for "check-ups."

Hope Tries to Bring Me Back Into the Fold

During this time as my memory began bleeding through, per program, I suffered with severe migraine headaches and other programmed responses to this security breech. In another of a series of containment efforts, Bob directed me to hike up to China Flats, a small waterhole area located on the Jordan Ranch, down the street from my home. He told me to meet him there at 4 p.m. Bob was flown in on a two-seater helicopter. This meeting was intended to bring me back in line and was not much different from the little chats he and others had been giving me. Like always he started out very calmly and before he was through ended up shouting at me as he paced all over. He always said a lot of, "When are you ever going to learn?" in between the programs he triggered me with and he called me, "my child." What he and others didn't understand was that I was not any more capable of really controlling of myself and my actions than I had ever been. The actual problem was that now I had parts of me who were becoming conscious, which was triggering the acting out of their program

commands and this was disrupting my usage and threatened to destroy their plan for my life. In my soul I wanted to be free, but it would take time to accomplish that.

Robot Breakdown Strategies

One day, Henry and George Bush were having a "meeting of the minds," as they called it, to decide what to do with me since the efforts to keep me 'in line' and 'on line' were continually failing. As I sat in 'park mode, overhearing their conversation, George Bush said, "We're going to have to waste her Hank."

Henry replied, "George, we have to be rational and calmly think ahead to the future. Just look at the situation we are faced with. This isn't one isolated case. Sure, she has been my closest watched, but if she's breaking down after all we've done, then the others can do the same thing. We could have a world of trouble on our hands and I don't mean that lightly. We have got to restore her and send her back out there. We'll need a hundred of them like her to help keep the others marching in line. We'll just create a new scenario. It's our game, we can create it anyway we choose, like we always have. I just need some time to figure out a plan. Take her out now and we actually will lose control. We can use her to learn from our mistakes to correct them next time. I'm sure I can devise a plan that will capitalize on this. I just need time to go back to the think tank."

As I continued to break down even further, I overheard Henry Kissinger say to a man I didn't know, "We may as well monitor her closely and watch how she breaks down. We've got a lot of others like her out there that are going to need tending to. So we'll learn from her how to best take care of the others." Through my therapy with Stuart, Henry was hoping to seal up the holes in my consciousness that were leaking memory of my past, especially the over the rainbow parts of my life experience that I was programmed not to remember. They were attempting to do a repair in my mind from my childhood so it would shore me up for further use. They also wanted to set me up to keep others locked into programming, while they listened to me lecture on how I got out, which I wouldn't really have accomplished. After the culmination of their plan, they felt they would have the masses' minds under control and would no longer need to continue the charade since no one would be able to think to question anything that was occurring. They felt this would greatly simplify the human condition so that those self-chosen elite who were qualified could exist in peace and have superb quality of life. Henry said he had been witnessing too many robots cracking up and he needed me to be restored so I could complete the business that was planned for me with the contacts that, over the years, had grown to know and love me. He said I had put in the time and had gained an intimate trust with many important key players and I had to finish out my time by continuing to be of service to the people that had grown accustomed to me. So they shored me up with therapy, submerged me in the new age healing program lock-ins and began getting me conditioned to not be with my husband so much. Craig and I had been inseparable for many, many years, so this was a slow but steady change.

Henry had me peruse the leading bookstores, buy a variety of new age books from different categories, read them and report back a synopsis. This gave him plenty of current 'rages, he called them and data that he could tap into to devise a strategic plan for the future.

And Henry's plan soon emerged. One day after my therapy session, men in suits accessed me in Westwood as I went down the stairs that faced the back parking lot and confiscated my whole journal. Skimming through it, one said, "She's written out a whole agenda." They told me I didn't need to worry about this anymore, that they would be glad to handle it for me. And they walked away with my journal. Then I had to report for more reconditioning in their attempt to shut down the leaks. This was in the late 80's. Henry felt it was crucial to monitor me heavily until I'd made the transition fully into the new 'persona' they were creating me to be: increasingly a more independent woman, very together, good speaker, writer, etc., for the future. In this way I could serve as an attraction and ultimately a containment person, with an agenda of speaking out about satanic ritual abuse. Then others would miss the real story about the mind control while their own programming would be sealed even tighter by words they would program me to deliver. "Like one of those Chinese finger puzzles," Henry said referring to the containment web. This was all done so when they transferred me to Hawaii, the transition would go smoothly.

Was it Escape or Relocation and Redirection?

After I fled California to Kauai, what I was still not yet aware of was that as parts of me celebrated their freedom, other programmed parts were still intact, fully programmed and still serving "the cause" my controllers dictated. Actually my "flight to freedom" was not yet fully realized; instead it turned out to be a clever plan my controllers devised in order to use me to the fullest during the stepped up culmination years of their plan. They went about destroying my marriage and having me watch movies that superimposed the reality they wanted me to believe. I was directed to watch the movie Shirley Valentine and when I went to the Whole Life Expo, a psychic that I walked by reached out to me and told me that I would be making a trip across the oceans to a new life. My life was still out of my own control and unbeknownst to me I continued to serve their plan, only now from the tiny island of Kauai.

A Heavenly Message

Feeling lost, disoriented, and missing my family I left behind, I sought out places of solace on the island. One day I had an incredible experience. The white sand beach on Kauai felt warm beneath my skin as I allowed my body to melt into the relaxation of the soft sand, basking in the warm gentle rays of the Hawaiian sun as the wind gently caressed my aching body and spirit. The sweet smell of the pungent plumeria flowers that I laid near my head continued to waft a heavenly aroma. My body felt exhilarated from the swim in the beautiful blue Hawaiian sea water. The uplifting Christian praise music that played through my Walkman lifted me ever higher, soothing and easing the tension in my wounded, terrified, disoriented mind and body. As I rested, I once again heard, very clearly, the words of the Holy Spirit, "Doesn't one so wounded, deserve to heal in the most beautiful place in the world?" Tears of acknowledgement streamed down my cheeks and dropped onto my large magenta beach towel.

Silently I cried out in desperation and despair, "God, I miss my kids and my husband. I'm so confused, I feel lost and weak, what should I do? Help me Father, please help me." Soon I felt comfort as the Holy Spirit wrapped His huge loving, soothing arms around what I was to later discover was this most wounded of souls. I fell into a deep, peaceful slumber, momentarily letting go of all of my cares and burdens and was entered into that peace that passes all understanding. And I began to realize the meaning of those words learned so long ago in Sunday school. This peace, enveloping me in the midst of the chaos and confusion of my life, gave the promise of hope. And this time it wasn't Bob.

When I awoke from this peaceful slumber, I was guided by the Holy Spirit to take a walk. Silently, I was led in the direction of an old sign that read, "This is the site of an ancient Hawaiian refuge, a sanctuary for natives escaping unjust accusations and retaliation by their accusers where those seeking protection can find refuge." Tears came to my eyes as I realized 1, too, was being allowed to take refuge there. And for the moment I felt safe. The Holy Spirit gently nudged me, like a loving father caring for his young, in the direction of the crescent shaped rock wall bordering and enclosing into safety, the small swimming beach called Lydegate. I stopped to take in the incredible view, the turquoise blue waters, sending wave upon wave crashing into the large rock fortress that protected the beach. I marveled at the glorious sense I felt that the Almighty Creator of the heavens and the earth was gently rocking the world, thus creating the beautifully graceful, never ending wave formations.

Breaking my thought the Holy Spirit spoke again, calling me by the nickname He has used over the years, "Starshine, look to the right of the large rock beside your foot. There you will find a gift."

Hardly believing my ears, I questioned, "A gift for me from my Heavenly Father? Was I hearing correctly?"

Curious now and with the anticipation of a small child awaiting the opening of the first gift on Christmas, I bent to discover what sort of gift from God was there for me to receive. Reaching out, my hand found it before my eyes, and I pulled the small object from it's home on the sand and held it before me, carefully examining each and every detail. It was so tiny, so intricately detailed and so, so fragile. The paper thin shell remains of the mini sea urchin was so extremely fragile that I was afraid I would crush it and break it simply by holding it.

As I continued gazing on this miniature gift from God, I listened with quiet intent as my Heavenly Father spoke to me once again, "My child, you are so precious to me. I will hold you in the palm of My hand, just like you are holding this small gift from me. You need to know that as this shell is extremely

fragile, so are you at this time, in ways you have yet to understand. Do not fear, be patient with yourself and know that I am guiding you step by step. Most of all remember, you are never alone."

Deeply touched by this message, yet completely without understanding of the ways in which I might be as fragile as the tiny, delicate shell that I held in my hand, I cautiously wrapped my fingers around it and went back over to my place on the beach. Lying down, with the gift still carefully held in my hand, I contemplated, "How could I be that fragile?" As I thought, the only explanation I could come up with was how at times, due to the many still unintegrated multiple personality states I often found myself in, I was often unable to perform even the simplest of tasks. For instance one afternoon, alone at Kay's, so far away from my home in California, I found myself hungry yet unable to even think to remember how to go about making my lunch. Feeling two years old and indeed locked, for the moment, into a very childlike personality, I could not even begin to think how to make myself a sandwich. The perfected gears in my mind were not turning on their own, as the sophisticated machinery created by Henry Kissinger, Bob Hope and others, broke down and came to a screeching halt. And where it stopped, left me often locked into the mindset of a two-year-old. I just couldn't function. And so I thought, perhaps this was the type of situation that my Heavenly Father was aware of and was reassuring me that He was there for me, all I had to do was trust. Broken and unable to do anything on my own, yet with the trust of a child, I allowed myself to relax into His promise.

Later that night as I got ready for bed, I placed the tiny, fragile shell on my windowsill, to remind me of the promise. And so it was that God led me to healing and complete recovery, in His time, and in His way, so that I could be with you to share His message today. For God wants all of the wounded, mind-controlled slaves to be freed and he has tasked me with the assignment of being the fiduciary, His trusted servant, willing to facilitate the release and healing of those wounded souls locked into the bondage of mind control. And so if you find yourself not free, God will make your way to freedom, and will lead you every step of the way, just like He did for me. He has promised to make your way. Jesus said, "Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives; he who seeks finds; and to him who knocks, the door will be opened." All you have to do is ask.

Interwoven into the many experiences I had where the Holy Spirit came to guide me, were also other experiences where the parts of me that were still programmed realized that I was still not free. Soon after I moved to Kauai, without my conscious awareness, I was delivered to

Barking Sands Missile Weapon Site, located on the south shore of the island, and at other times serviced people like Ronald Reagan, Bob Hope and his friends on the golf course in Princeville. George Bush met me at the tiny Princeville Airport in order to direct me into further assignments and threatened me in his attempt to keep my renegade freedom fighter personalities under wraps.

In spite of my controllers' attempts to shut down conscious access of how I had been used, I continued to have flashbacks of many of my political experiences and I began to more fully understand the way my programming worked. These memories, that often included my family, gave me a fuller picture of reality and helped me understand why I couldn't yet safely return to California. As I grieved the loss of my husband and children I had left behind in California, I was spiritually guided to thank God no matter how bad things looked. I found myself sobbing through my tears as I cried out, "Thank you, God, I love it!" even as they eventually took custody of my children away. The Holy Spirit continually showed me that no matter how it looked, I was still in the right place. And while it appeared that I served two masters, all along God knew that I was still in service to a greater plan that I would need to experience and be a part of in order to chronicle it and share it with you now.

Kauai Containment Center

The friendly recovery network I was connected to while on the island of Kauai was still carefully held within a network of programmed people so I would be surrounded by the programming themes intended to keep me in bondage. It is a very clever plan. I was welcomed with loving arms by Kay Snow Davis and Charles Davis. But mixed in with incredible love, healing, and Holy Spirit insight, was also a secret agenda, one that to this day I believe they also were unconscious of. Charles drove me around the island to welcome me and orient me to my new surroundings. While we drove, he set in barrier blocks within my mind that would later block memory of my use at different areas including large hotels, like the Westin, Hyatt, Princeville, CoCo Palms Resort, and Garden Isle Inn.

The Westin Hotel on Kauai was full of big white statues, huge indoor pools, waterfalls, and large

cultural art pieces. Kay took Kelly and I there one evening, when Kelly was visiting, and as we walked around the hotel, she hypnotically laid in number systems from one to eight, designating different areas. Later when I received the little post cards in the mail, alerting me to my assignments, I could decipher the simple codes. All they needed to say was W- l and I knew that would mean the Westin, a room on the first floor. An eight would mean the far restaurant and so on. Each hotel had a letter assigned to it and numbers identifying areas where I was to go.

Not yet in touch with the many reporting personalities I had that were still intact, I thought I was safe. Actually, I was contained by many things in my environment. First I was contained by the network of programmed individuals I was living amongst as their programmed statements and hand signals continually reinforced my 'remember to forget' programs. My memory was also blocked by the endless visual images that were linked in my subconscious mind with hypnotic program commands to forget. Many of these images in my daily environment were things like the large building-size murals of whales, dolphins and rainbows that I drove by every day. I was also still reporting back to California to old friends and other people who I didn't know were programmed. Then, I was reporting to the 800 numbers I was instructed to. The containment plan was and is large, and will continue to work very effectively — until enough people are able to see what is actually happening.

Still a Working Girl

I was actually kept very busy on assignments, yet consciously thought that I went to the beach every day. There were blocks of assignments but I never was to enter a hotel from the same direction twice so I wouldn't be detected or become a familiar face to the wrong people. Some places Kay cued me to and other places Charles did. But I was cued to large hotels all over Kauai and some of the neighboring islands.

I was programmed to stand on the corner of the highway and was picked up by a military jeep and taken to Barking Sands Missile Range. There were underground facilities and if the base was threatened, even for the security of classified, top secret information, then they had missiles and bombs set to go off which later would be explained as an enemy attack. I don't believe the military guards knew exactly what they were protecting. When I'd round the corner with a senior officer-in-charge, they'd look surprised at first, but I was waved through before being taken to a high-tech operations room. Once inside they sat me in a large thick metal chair that spun and did all sorts of torturous things, but they told me my mind was numbed so I couldn't feel the pain. They numbed my mind with hypnotic suggestion while my body spun. Then I was instructed to lean into position to look into the big goggles. The pictures I saw began with a bee and other nature scenes and then it all went so fast I couldn't see the individual pictures. That way the information went directly into the subconscious mind without any conscious intrusion or filters to connect the two. As long as the programmed information bypassed the conscious mind they felt I couldn't remember because I wouldn't be able to connect the information.

When I was to meet Reagan on the island, I received a post card in the mail and it had the date, time and place on it to meet Reagan. When he came alone I met him at the Princeville Airport. He arrived anonymously by helicopter with Secret Service agents. A limo was waiting inside the fence to the airport and the helicopter would land right by it and Reagan would be rushed off the helicopter, and hurried into the limo and we'd be taken to the Princeville Hotel.

Another time I was programmed to meet Reagan at the Princeville Hotel on the north shore of the island. He entered through the large sliding glass doorway and I was sitting in a chair in the lobby, instructed to watch for him. This was in 1991 and Reagan had come to the island for a visit. When he saw me he quickly pointed toward the left side of the hotel indicating that I was to walk that way. Immediately I walked in the direction he pointed. As I got out of sight of people and into a back hallway he quickly walked over to me, said hello and told me that he missed me, then he spun me around for programming purposes and escorted me to the elevator. Men in suits followed close behind and he explained that he still had agents guarding him that we would have to contend with. We entered into a large peach colored room that overlooked the bay. Reagan said Nancy was flying in to meet him later and said he just wanted a reminder of me. He went on to explain that he really missed me and he really missed being President. He said he was really surprised just how much he missed it. We had sex in the usual stance, with him passively beneath me. Afterwards he smiled and said, "You've still got it kid." He patted me and I lay next to him until he fell asleep and then I let myself

out of the room. I passed the agents in the hallway having a cigarette by the elevator and waited mindlessly for the valet to bring my rental car around. When I returned home, I was in a stupor and went straight to bed, all traces of the memory neatly locked beneath the programming that protected it.

The Last Time I Saw Bob Hope Goodbye Cruel World

Another day when I drove my Lexus to Princeville, I accompanied Reagan and Bob on the golf course. I rode in the golf cart and was pretty out of it while we were on the green. All I could do was clap and smile when they did well and I kept score manually for them. While Reagan was taking his turn, Bob said to me, "So you think you got away, huh?" Shaking his head he continued, "There are bigger fish in the sea that got away, but you my dear are not one of them."

I smiled and curtsied to Bob, like I had done for years.

Bob softened and said, "Feels like old times out on the course, doesn't it?"

"Yes it does, Bob." I answered just before he began to relive and rehash the past, constantly referring to old times, old movies he'd starred in, old performances, USO tours, old people — THE PAST! He said he loved the Princeville course, loved the view and said that the ocean air was good for him. He had some sinus problems and said they cleared right up when he was out in the ocean air. He never once mentioned sex, maybe he'd become to old.

They didn't bother playing the whole green. Bob wasn't real strong and one time he fell into the golf cart and took a hold of it like he was having trouble seeing and walking. Reagan asked him if he was okay and Bob replied, "Hell yes, let's go on, I'll be fine." I didn't know then that this was to be the very last time I would see my owner in person.

Prince Charles Visits the Island

Prince Charles came to the island when he and Di were having marital problems. He came just to relax and get some perspective. The Council instilled a whole agenda into me for the week I entertained, toured, listened, and had sex with Prince Charles. Retrieving this memory made me really nauseated.

My Children are Reprogrammed

In an attempt to rescue my children and provide them with a safe home and believing I was actually safe and free, I brought them to the island. I had no idea that I was still being accessed, and that they were also. Consciously I thought we just went to the beach everyday, while the kids played with friends and surfed. But later I remembered that when they arrived they also were taken to Barking Sands Missile Base. Their programs were stepped up to match my new level after which Danny was very sick and laid on his futon and cried for two days.

While on Kauai, when Kelly was with me for the summer we were programmed to perform as a mother-daughter sex team. We were also filmed in underwater ballet and sex with dolphins and other sea creatures in pornography. Sometimes we swam with underwater sea turtles, they were such docile creatures and they weren't interested in sex. I could relate to them because all they tried to do was get to safety so they could relax and finally be at peace. There was lots of porn filmed on the island. They felt the natural splendor would only enhance the productions and they filmed lots of slaves with dolphins. They filmed us in shimmery suits, or braid wraps, all sorts of fancy hair and body jewels and ornaments or jeweled waist belts while otherwise naked. There was quite a following of dolphin porn lovers. When a male dolphin got excited, his penis stuck up and looked like a Bird of Paradise flower. We all learned that if you weren't scared and approached him lovingly the sexual encounter wouldn't be as painful. There was a rich local attorney named Ken whose job was to sufficiently launder the proceeds. I delivered money to him from Sylvester Stallone and from other less prominent men on the island.

Sylvester Stallone

Stallone liked to have group sex with lots of women and he liked Kelly and I together. He had us

the first time when we were staying in a cottage in Anahola. As programmed, during the middle of the night I went to my daughter and said, "Kelly, Kelly, wake up, we have work to do.

"No Mom," Kelly said, "I'm tired."

"Wake up now!" I commanded, snapping my fingers drawing my 13-year-old daughter into a wideawake state. I held her hand all the way to the rental car we drove when I first arrived onto the island. We drove to Stallone's house in Anini Beach and parked in the drive. He said that since it was a rental car it would be fine. Kelly and I went into the house and out to a oval room where there were other girls waiting. One was Japanese and another brunette. At first we all just sat and looked at each other, smiling in awkward embarrassment. Sly walked in with a white towel around his otherwise naked body and held his hands out to us. He told us we were waiting for the 5th wheel but she never arrived. He laughed and directed us into the bedroom. He pointed to Kelly and said, "I want her first." He told her she had the Bo Derek look and he kissed her before she began her trained, skillful sexual repertoire. Stallone was snorting cocaine and during the group sex it was my job to remember to offer him more. He had a small spoon that he stuck up his nose to snort the white powder. Kissing Kelly he said, "Bob has good taste." Pulling her hair back and kissing her more deeply he added, "and it's getting better all the time." When he was finished sexually satisfying himself with her he rolled her over and said, "rest little baby," as he went to the other girls in turn. We never spent the night, stayed just a few hours and after Stallone went to sleep I kissed his cheek, took Kelly's hand and we tip-toed out.

Stallone once said, "There's nothing quite like a slave. I love getting them from the underground. You're all so cooperative, don't give me no shit. This is the life I tell ya'. No bitchy, demanding women, not when I can have beautiful, sweet, white women who set me free. It's all about freedom," he rambled, while laying on his back in a seemingly drugged stupor, about "America the Beautiful and the home of the brave." He was high on cocaine. The higher he got the better the animal lover he was to become. That was his code name, "Animal." And when they told me, "the Animal" wanted Kelly and 1, then I knew it was Stallone. I also gave him massages, often in open air areas.

Sly thought the dolphin porn was the greatest new combo and he directed a lot of the porn videos. It was filmed at areas at the North Shore, Poipu or, he had us helicoptered into remote areas for filming. Large cameras were taken out to these remote island areas. I delivered some money from Stallone and from other less prominent men on the island to Ken, the wealthy attorney who had a big beautiful house in Kilauea. I believe it was his job to see that the money was sufficiently laundered.

Sly wore a wet suit but we were always naked in the water. There were trained dolphins that we did water ballet and swam with. When we swam gracefully the male dolphin got excited and started nudging us. We grabbed onto them and went for the ride; if we didn't, they told us, "one wrong move and you could get ripped to shreds." The dolphin actually remembered us over time and the same male would consistently choose the same girl, even when the group size changed from small to large. They got to know us and didn't forget in between. When my sons were on the island they were filmed also. One day after the filming, Sly said to Kelly, "You come back soon, ya here?"

During other visits, where I was supposedly allowed to see my children, Kelly and I were prostituted to Charlton Heston, and I was to Kareem Abdul Jabaar. Taj Mahal, the jazz musician, was on the island to keep other slaves in line through satanic rituals. One time I was programmed to drive to Secret Beach at night to attend a 'gathering' where, unbeknownst to my conscious personality, I was raped in a ritual.

Consciously I thought, as my programmed reality dictated, that I had escaped from my controllers in California and I was now safe. I believed I had rescued my children, and as the summer came to an end, I began the process of enrolling them in island schools. I moved from house to house, attempting to keep our whereabouts anonymous, only to have my stillprogrammed children call back to their father in California and report our current location and phone number. It was terrifying. And I thought I would die of grief and terror when Craig told the kids and I that if I didn't return them to California he would be sending in a police escort to bring them home. Devastated and panicked but not knowing what else to do, I returned my children to their father in California. Shortly afterwards, my attorney notified me that if I wanted to ever see my children again I needed to attend a court hearing in California. Frightened of the danger of being accessed, I called Ted Gunderson (retired FBI official) who helped me hire a bodyguard. I flew to California, where behind the judge's closed doors, I lost custody of my children. My attorney, Doug Wolfe, let me in on the news when he informed me in the Courthouse hallway, "You're lucky to be alive, just get back to the island and get a

job."

My children's programmed father and our controllers were now in even more total control of their lives.

The Wind Beneath My Wings

Extremely sad and depressed, I returned to the island. The job I took when I returned was to begin to more fully document many of my memories and I began writing my first book STARSHINE. It wasn't an easy task because first I had to undo the endless programs that kept me from being able to use the word processor without a programmed part of me destroying the information I had just typed. But I was determined to do whatever it took to get eventual help for my children. Memories of a political and international nature often flooded my awareness and I documented them each time something new came to mind. Due to the vivid nature of flashbacks I experienced, I spent nearly two years stuck in the body memory part of my Kissinger experiences and had to live with the smell of this cigar smoke and listening within to the sound of his accented voice. Similarly, I flooded with sexual memories about Pete Wilson and Ted Kennedy. Talk about intrusion!

Since I had no money, I hired the 'ocean' to be my therapist and with God's guiding, I actually did some of my best memory recovery work alone on the beach, with the ocean holding the space of peace, love and strength for me so I could delve to the depths of my own mind. With the solid foundation built from years of memory recovery done while I was still in California, and after a year on the island retrieving still deeper layers of memories, and programming, I had a pretty clear picture that something was up — exactly what I wasn't sure. I couldn't imagine why I would be with Henry Kissinger, Nixon or Reagan, or what was so important about me that people were following me and overly interested in what I was doing. But all my memories, held together by the pages in my journals, began to neatly fill in the picture. In 1992, 1 purchased a light and sound machine of my own, and after mastering the fear associated with using some of the same technology my controllers had used on me, I began to more easily recover even deeper layers of memory. Soon I realized the programs that controlled me were broken and nullified as I became consciously aware of them.

Bush Flies Into Princeville

But my other secret jobs didn't stop and with my family out of their way, I was now freer and more unencumbered than ever to work for my controllers. George Bush met me at Princeville Airport, a very small airport on the north shore of the small island. Then we would both be helicoptered to Barking Sands Missile Range. When we arrived he and a military officer saluted each other and then he was escorted to an outside structure that had glass doors.

At another time, George Bush met me at Barking Sands Missile Range, for a talk about "getting back in line." I was parked in my Lexus waiting near the entrance when Bush drove up in a military jeep. A military officer was driving him. Bush told me to start my engine and follow him. I followed through the gates that were opened for him into the missile site. He motioned me out of my car and stomped over to me. He stood and yelled in my face about being irresponsible. I had a hard time hearing or understanding him because it was extremely windy. I also think personalities inside of me were attempting to shield me from his barrage of programmed verbiage. He waved his glasses around while he yelled at me. In his cryptic mind control lingo Bush said, "Get into line or Kelly will be on a #9." He was referring to the well known freedom train mind control theme, of being thrown off the train, which cryptically meant her death. Angrily, Bush saluted and told me to get back in my car and get the hell home. He was very angry.

An Act of Nature Sets Me One Step Closer to Freedom

But "category five" Hurricane Iniki changed many of their plans and this act of nature ultimately worked in my favor, freeing me a little more each day. I lost the home that I attempted to recreate on the island to the hurricane, and as I healed my mind, body and spirit, I realized more and more every day that I still wasn't safe. In order to have the electricity to continue powering my laptop, Patrick Stone, the man who helped me write Starshine, (himself an unrecovered victim of mind control), and I were forced to leave the island. Military planes evacuated us to the island of Maui, where we

continued writing. There we were continually visited and harassed by men my controllers sent to the hotel that we later discovered was also a "containment center." True to the network containment strategy, our friends on Kauai referred us to this place and we continued writing while we were monitored. It frightened me because I was now conscious enough to realize that I continually ended up in places where I thought I was free, but I wasn't. This was due to the fact that I wasn't fully integrated and half of my programming was still intact and affecting me, still binding me hopelessly to my controllers. In many ways I felt free though, and continued to heal and dedicate my life to service and God. While I, Susan, wrote, my 'inner twin sister' Sharon took the heat and once again endured the physical and mental tortures so I could be free to write Starshine. My dissociative state was now being used in my favor, although it often wasn't easy.

One night while in Maui, I had a dream and saw a map with a check mark identifying Oregon. At that time I was unaware that I was receiving telepathic messages, often at night. I called Margie Paul and told her about the dream and that I felt guided to move. So she talked to a famous movie star that was also her client and asked her to recommend a place. Through that recommendation, I moved off Maui and took what few belongings I had left with me to Ashland, Oregon. I rented a home, referred to me by this movie star's realtor friend, and began writing. Kelly and Danny visited me at Christmas. Soon after, Kelly and I were prostituted as a motherdaughter sex team to Clinton, who had just been elected, but not yet inaugurated as President.

I didn't realize that I was still programmed not to notice when I was 'missing time. Healing, integration and deprogramming didn't come as quickly as I wanted it to. Healing took time. But my continued motivation to heal and figure out what this all meant kept me uncovering more and more in regard to my own programming and how the system all worked.

Months later I mustered the courage to move back to California. I desperately wanted to help my children, and felt I was recovered enough and safe enough to do that. I didn't know I still had layers of personalities and programs still intact that would keep me under control, and unfortunately neither did David Neswald, the therapist I worked with there in Southern California. To make matters worse, upon the completion of Starshine, as I readied it for print, my brother, Rick, who was one of my programmed controllers, and whom I had chosen not to see for years, was able to access me one last time. This accessing allowed him to gain entrance to my apartment in Calabasas and rape me, threatening that if I didn't stop with Starshine they would publicly display the compromising pictures that he then took of my children and me. The next morning, I awoke disoriented, terrified, and confused and had no idea the source. But later that day, I «remembered» the horrific scene and was grateful to have at least remembered it because, in the past, it had taken me months, often years to remember traumatic events.

In hysterical panic, I once again phoned Ted Gunderson for further advice on how to stay safe. He told me to get special locks for my doors, and a security system, and I had alarms that I bought for each door so if anyone, including myself, went in or out, they would sound off. I even purchased an alarm that I wore on my body and set it off if anyone of a suspicious nature approached me. It was terrifying, as I realized I was still not able to keep myself safe, due to programming that operated beyond my control. Soon I realized, though, that this traumatic event was actually another «gift» to me, without which I would never have known I was still under program. I continued working in therapy with Dave Neswald who, although well intentioned, was not informed in regard to how my sophisticated government programming worked. I had hired bodyguards in the past and now he and Ted were suggesting that for my safety I hire one again, only full-time now. With very limited funds, and enormous mounting therapy bills, I wondered how I could afford a bodyguard? I compromised and hired a live-in housekeeper who would at least be with me most of the time, as my therapist was afraid that my controllers would switch me with my "twin sister" and take me away. I lived in absolute terror, trying to keep the trauma from occurring not only at my controller's hands, but also at my own. I was scared all the time, because I couldn't even trust myself, not knowing if I would involuntarily switch and put myself or my children in danger. Most of the time, in those days during 1993, I couldn't even complete a sentence when I attempted to communicate and my mind felt confused and exhausted.

I persevered toward getting Starshine into print. When I began to ponder just what the cover should be like, I found a booklet in a craft store with a picture of an angel that I just knew had to be on the cover. The events that occurred later that day, proved to me without a shadow of a doubt that God's angels were indeed watching over me. When I called the artist and explained that I wanted her

angel to grace the cover of Starshine, she agreed without question. The only thing she wanted me to know was that this was the angel she had designed for the White House Christmas tree that year! Talk about synchronicities and miracles.

Attempts to Stop Me

Over the years, as I attempted to heal, break free, write and get my book into print, I was harassed in many ways. Over time, I paid more and more attention to the triggers that were sent my way to stop me from remembering and becoming free. These messages and triggers actually provided a guide, a road map of sorts, toward discovering and dismantling deeper layers of my programming.

For years, I have been tailed, my phones are usually tapped, people have been "sent in on me" in my controllers' attempt to reprogram and regain control of me. Other people were 'sent in on me' in a timely fashion, such as in 1992 when Patrick Stone and I 'bumped into' Dutch Schroeder, his Baylor University coach, who just happened to be vacationing on Maui during the exact same time we were writing the FBI chapter in Starshine. When we had lunch with he and his wife, he told us he was one of Bill Sessions' friends. At that time, William 'Bill' Sessions was still the Director of the CIA.

At other times, men in suits found me in homes of acquaintances, beaches, restaurants, hotels and cabins alike and made their threats; physical and verbal. My car tires were slashed, my mail was tampered with, often held back for months, only to mysteriously arrive in bunches up to two years after the postmark date! Phone messages, powerfully, cryptically encoded and laced with programming intended to keep me under control were played over the phone or recorded on my answering machine.

Shrill sounds and/or tones were also played over the phone to tap into my programming. Disturbing written «triggers» intended to either frighten me into submission or keep me from remembering, were sent by mail. As I ran for my life from state to state, two separate individuals rear-ended my car on the same day, within hours of each other. I was set up and programmed to pose for compromising photos in an attempt to blackmail me should the need arise. And, as I mentioned earlier, during 1993, in my quest to get Starshine into print, I was threatened and warned to cease with its self-publication. And, when I didn't stop, I was raped.

The CIA Lends a Hand? Tennessee Bound

But a breakthrough occurred. Ted Gunderson called to inform me that he had just heard from another woman who lived across the nation, who had also sent him her memory work about being used as a sex slave to Ronald Reagan. Although it was a terrifying time for me, it also was an amazing time of discovery for all of us. Mark Phillips, her so-called therapist and deprogrammer flew across the nation and told me that "Jimmy Carter's people" had called him in an attempt to stop him from meeting with me. I flew Mark and Cathy O'Brien to California to meet with me for the first time and I put on a seminar where they were the featured speakers. Mark Phillips knew all about my programming. Looking back on it now, he seemed to know way too much. He asked me if I had "a twin sister who was two inches shorter than me." This was a very powerful key and code into the programming of my "inner twin sister," Sharon, and this seemingly simple statement controlled my body in a very intimate way from the outside, showing me while in normal consciousness that I was indeed a robot, and not in control of my own body. Shortly after Mark and Cathy's arrival and seminar, a series of events occurred including an accident and ensuing hospitalization of the person that was living with me as my safe person. Mark Phillips explained that I was not safe in California and once again I ended up running. I paid to fly Mark, Cathy and I back to his mother's home in Charlotte, Tennessee where we began my process of what we then called "deprogramming."

Several weeks later, with nearly 10 years of recovery behind me, this so-called "retired?!" CIA operative made dramatic changes in his living arrangements just to "help me deprogram." After relocating across the country, to a home in Arab, Alabama where I paid all domestic expenses for the three of us, a large sum of money for traveling expenses for both he, his girlfriend Cathy, and myself, and a large 'consulting fee, this renegade CIA operative read my lengthy journal entries daily for a year and a half and agreed that in his own words, "the memory work contains absolute elements of fact laced with verifiable details." But one and one-half years, forty-two journals, and $50,000+ traveling and living expenses later, Mark Phillips informed me that nothing had ever happened to me

…nothing what-so-ever!

Cathy O'Brien said, "Well, you should be happy that nothing happened and that your children have not been abused!" I couldn't believe she was saying that, after all the common details of our histories we had shared.

I was devastated and went to bed and could not eat for three days and remained noncommunicative and totally subdued for nearly a month afterwards. After all this time of intensely focused attention on my history, Mark informed me that I had never even been abused, and that I just had a big imagination. But, he had seemed to appreciate that I was around to cover all of his expenses.

I suspect that Mark is some kind of "containment agent" who is being directed through his «handlers» whose motivations ultimately serve the New World Order. Through his containment expertise, the information I have conveyed to you in this book you are now reading was delayed in reaching you by nearly seven years. After I moved, I found out that Mark had initially told Walter Bowart (author of Operation Mind Control and eyewitness to my use with Bob Hope in Palm Springs) that I was schizophrenic, and since then, I have uncovered a string of lies he told others in an attempt to discredit me. I also reconnected with another Kissinger survivor that Mark Phillips had worked with for a time. Mark Phillips told her the same thing he told me — "THIS NEVER HAPPENED TO YOU!" With my trust shattered, Ted Gunderson, Catherine Gould, Margaret Paul, Walter Bowart and many others supported me in what I knew to be the truth of my life. I left that home where I had paid all expenses for Mark Phillips and Cathy O'Brien and went to live in Carbondale, Illinois. I had a slower pace there and life was sweet while the situation lasted. It was a time of rest and recuperation as the final integration I had achieved in 1996, solidified into even greater strength and unification while I remained safe.

Baby Monarch Breakdown

After a suicide attempt and hospitalization in California, Kelly was released to me and even went to high school for a short time in Carbondale. My heart was broken when in June, after only being with me for a few months, she announced that she missed her Southern California lifestyle and the rest of her family, and told me she was leaving. Due to her unrecovered, still programmed state of mind, Kelly was not free to make up her own mind, and was often puppeted by our controllers and the inner web of programming that dictated her actions. After she left, an opportunity arose and I moved once again, this time to South Carolina in a quest to open a healing center. All the while, I continued writing my sequel to Starshine, the book you are reading now.

Going to Carolina to Open a Healing Center

Over the years of my escape, Kelly's programming began to further break down, partially due, perhaps, to the lack of contact with me. In turn a series of suicide attempts landed her again in the hospital. Twice I flew to California and brought her back home with me. During these intense times, Kelly had lucid moments where she told me she knew everything that had happened. She talked to me about white vans, limos, being in London, hand signals, being sexually abused, and made me promise I would write about the drugs and how the doctors drugged her, which she told me was destroying her brain. These medical doctors felt my daughter was psychotic, because they were unaware of her programming. Kelly thanked me in a card on Mother's Day (see photo section) for her freedom, and as we spent time together she relayed more and more events that she remembered, which validated my own experiences.

Knowing what a crucial step it is for mind control victims to wear a watch, I bought Kelly a new watch. One day while we were swimming in a nearby lake, Kelly looked me right in the eye, took the watch from her wrist and purposefully dropped it into the lake. I bought her several other watches and she did the same thing. She was not «allowed» to monitor the time and her programming dictated that she lose it, quickly, before she got hurt for disobeying her program.

My move to South Carolina to plan and coordinate a healing center for mind control survivors fell through but God was not to disappoint me in my desire for the healing center. Although I could not yet see the perfection of the Divine plan, I was soon to begin on a path that would lead me to the creation of a healing center for survivors, a center furnished with the latest, state-of-the-art

technology, with the capability of bringing survivors into recovery and whole brain synchrony in a more efficient and quicker manner than my years in 'talk therapy' ever could. The psychotherapy I received, although helpful, didn't touch or recognize the powerful programming that ruled my every action, and couldn't help me learn to not dissociate. EEG Neurofeedback helped me learn to not dissociate and to be more present and attentive.

By April of 1997, Kelly was diagnosed Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID) by two separate therapists, one in North Carolina and one in South Carolina. In previous years, since 1988 I had attempted to get Kelly informed, qualified help in and out of California, but her father denied her right to see any therapist who had any awareness of the one thing she needed in order to heal. He interviewed each therapist I recommended, and if they had any knowledge of DID or ritual abuse, he would not allow her to see them. But, once again I created a home and in my attempt to help my daughter, I began studying and training to become a certified EEG Neurofeedback Clinician. I bought an EEG machine and began working with Kelly at home. She responded well to the neurotherapy, but was reaccessed and soon became completely catatonic.

But by the summer of 1997, when my daughter's worsening condition rendered her totally catatonic and non-responsive; unable to eat, drink, walk, talk, use the bathroom or move, I was forced to hospitalize her. Luckily, I found a female psychiatrist who had read my book, was familiar with MPD, ritual abuse and government mind control, and was willing to admit my daughter to the hospital while enacting the security required to keep her safe. While she was hospitalized, another recovered survivor and I gave an inservice training for the hospital staff. I also completed further EEG Neurofeedback training and opened my own business.

One time when I visited Kelly in the hospital, my car window was smashed, my briefcase, mind control literature and the electronic equipment I used to speak publicly was stolen. And to top it off, New Year's Day, 1998, the Holistic Health Care Clinic that housed my new EEG Neurofeedback business and the EEG Spectrum equipment that I used to help victims and non-victims alike, was totally destroyed by fire. Although the official fire department report was that the fire was the result of faulty wiring, I felt the fire was due to arson. To validate my suspicions, and just in case I forgot and needed "re-minding," two bags of the ashes from that fire were mysteriously delivered to my home.

Later in the year when another Bob Hope survivor visited me, I had to call the local police to report a man who was surveilling us late at night outside my home. And, as recently as February 1999, as I sent out the initial copies of this manuscript, my phone lines to my office were cut and I was tailed.

Each time I am harassed, instead of silencing me, it spurs me into greater action, and the result is another radio interview, another book or article, and more speaking engagements. I still stay as public as I can, speaking publicly whenever I am asked, so I can continue to share the truth.

This harassment cannot and will not stop being used against victims attempting to live free, until this dark system of mind control is exposed and brought to light.

"For if you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father also will forgive you."
Matthew 5:14

"But I say to you that hear, Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you."
Luke 6:27

Chapter Thirty-five: Secret Societies

What's the Secret Goal at the Top of Freemasonry? Answer: A Luciferian New World Order

Living in and amongst those planning the New World Order as their programmed mind file, meticulously recording their deeds and activities, has allowed me to be here now to report their plan to you. Their agenda includes keeping the populations of the world under control as they hold the key to secret knowledge. Knowledge is power. If you are uninformed as to their secret agenda and especially of their use of advanced mind control technology in order to bring about their plan, then you can't protect yourself or begin to work toward stopping this plan.

If there is any one thing I could tell you about the inner workings of the New World Order it's that it is subtle, organized and calculated. This plan has an agenda that spans generations with obvious long-term goals-as long term as the intergenerational abuse pattern that was passed down through my family creating within our generational line Multiple Personality Disorder.

And, I can tell you that the New World Order plan serves a belief system that is based on power and control, confusion, greed, and the use and manipulation of others, most often without their consent. The system's «cogs» are well oiled and greased, and are interlaced and protected by mens' secret societies like the Masons, who have at the pinnacle of their organization a belief in secret knowledge. The Masonic order is funded from the bottom up by first through third degree Masons, hoodwinked and mesmerized into working for the agenda of those members at the top-an agenda they work «toward» knowing but they aren't allowed to know until they arrive at the top through oath and initiation to possess the elusive "secret knowledge."

Found in Morals and Dogma, the cornerstone of every higher Mason's library, in the 32°d Chapter (Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret) are subtle hints of the character of this 'secret knowledge, specifically geared toward the 32°d Degree Mason (Master of the Royal Secret). Here, in the guise of acknowledging a Universal Equilibrium between good and evil, as the natural balance and harmony of earthly existence, it promotes the acceptance of the belief that evil actions are a necessary counterbalance to good ones and asks the aspirant to accept this dichotomy in human affairs. From this sublime seed of half-truth, evil is allowed flourish within the protective secrecy of the organization.

To gain this knowledge, a man must go through a series of Luciferian initiations and, as he progresses toward the top, he finds that he is trapped into keeping the secret, through threat of consequences, including death. Once gaining the upper levels, he believes that he or his family will be killed if he should ever divulge the secret knowledge. This initation where he is ultimately compromised involves blood ritual and rape. Now many of these men have had to "sell their soul to the devil," taking an oath through satanic ritual to serve and protect their fellow lodge brother regardless of the deeds done in order to accomplish that. Through the secret handshakes and signals they give to each other, they alert one another to the needs of a brother and thereby this fellow member who may be in court for charges of criminal activity, or apprehended by the police for breaking the law, is protected by his "brother." It may be a judge, who when a case is presented before him, sees a brother in trouble, and looks the other direction, allowing the lodge brother to go free or with light sentencing. Or, it may be an attorney who finds himself unable through the court system to really «defend» his client, as he secretly serves the system in which he is oath bound. Often in court cases throughout the legal system, children who are sexually or physically abused are sent back to live with a perpetrating parent while the other parent seeking protection of their child is sent away, alone and powerless to do anything to protect their child. All this happens because a judge or an attorney is part of an organization that has at its very foundation, protection of its members, right or wrong, and sometimes protection at all costs.

Are you aware that many of our Presidents have been Masons? In fact, the majority have. This means that they have taken an oath to serve their organization and the brothers who belong, without question, even above and beyond God and country. Instead of justice we have camaraderie. Instead of protecting citizens, especially our youngest ones, we have a system of individuals who serve each other, blindly I might add, without question of right or wrong, good or bad, without consideration for the Constitution and the high spiritual ideals set forth for our country. We have instead a "boys club," where many men join in order to belong, to be a part of a group that they may believe furthers civic interest, financial gain, and offers security.

Our nation is undermined by this group that operates in the dark, shrouded by secrecy and serving to protect their fellow lodge members above all else-including truth and justice. A man cannot serve the Lodge and at the same time serve God, for the good Lord calls us to love one another, to uphold one another, to love and serve our fellow humans, to protect and love the children, and cause no harm. This Masonic Order, this secret men's society, as harmless as it may seem to it's members teeming at the bottom, demands an oath to allegiance over truth, brotherhood over justice, and it often serves a need to protect a man's financial assets. There is no way a man can choose God's values when he is bound by an oath to protect and defend his fellow lodge member without question. Even if a first-degree lodge member doesn't find himself "called upon" to protect a brother, he is still serving a master at the top of the pinnacle, without knowledge of what the top directors-the 32°d and 33rd Degree Masons-are doing. Yet these worker bees at the bottom fuel the deeds and goals of those brothers at the top, who possess the secret knowledge, and use that secret knowledge. I can tell you from personal experience of being there, that it is not of God but is evil in nature. It seeks control for power and ultimately it wreaks havoc and destruction upon the innocents that may be in its path.

A man cannot serve two masters. Those who are Masons are taught secret handshakes and hand signals that pass secretly between members without outsiders' knowledge that a subversive agenda is occurring, right there before the public's eyes. This secret communication between lodge brothers guarantees that the members are protected. But I guarantee you that unless a brother rises through the ranks, he won't find out that what he is supporting at the top of the organization he has sworn allegiance to, is the highest evil known to man. To possess this secret knowledge, men allow their morality and conscience to be stripped away; they have to, because the secret knowledge has to do with bringing in the New World Order through atrocity that comes with power and control, certainly not love and service. It is pure evil, shrouded in secrecy, and masked as a service organization. It's quite the opposite, as the many emerging victims of satanic rituals at the hands of high-ranking Masons and Shriners will attest to.

If you are currently a Mason, you may want to know that the secret knowledge at the top of your organization entails the ritualized abuse of young women who are raped on an altar as part of an initiation process. I know because I was there. It happened to me. I was taken to outdoor places in the 50's and 60's and subjected to satanic rituals performed by various men's fraternal societies, including the Masons and Shriners. I have also known and listened to other women who were healing from this mind control abuse, whose father's were Masons and through that affiliation came to be young members of Job's Daughters or the Eastern Star, and were healing from the mind control abuse they suffered in secret.

"For this reason I bow my knees before the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, that according to the riches of his glory he may grant you to be strengthened with might through his Spirit in the inner man, and that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; that you, being rooted and grounded in love, may have the power to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which surpasses knowledge, that you may be filled with all the fullness of God."

Ephesians 3:14

Chapter Thirty-six: The Council's Plan

I began passing messages to and from the Council early on, and in those days my use at that level had to be earned. On an occasion where I was sent to deliver messages adroitly to a group of men aboard a ferry in Canada, my reliability and security was finally proven. After the debriefing from that trip, Henry learned where and how this group would covertly funnel funds into Canada. He clapped, shook my hand and said, "Congratulations, you've passed this level!"

I didn't 'officially' begin working for the Council until I was 'of age' in 1969, when I turned 18. Up until then, as I've stated, they were very cautious, watching and testing me from a distance as I functioned at the White House and in other private settings where one of their contacts could report back to them my progress. My involvement with them increased over the years as they witnessed my reliability. I never violated that trust, couldn't think to, and worked amongst them for many years.

Henry was the Council's mastermind and I was his other brain so he could keep the whole plan, and everyone involved, straight and organized.

One day, a group of powerful men met in a room in the Wrigley Mansion high atop the hill in Avalon on Catalina Island. I was there supposedly to serve the men beverages and light snacks on silver platters. Hours before the meeting I was kept in isolation in a side room. Two men in suits injected my arm with drugs and I was readied, like always, before use. I was dressed in a very expensive white eyelet, embroidered cotton dress that was provided for me to wear. One man that stands out was a tall man in a dark pinstriped suit. He had thick white hair and sometimes wore glasses. He was often at these Wrigley meetings. The meetings seemed very important and secretive.

Afterwards, I had sex with different men I was assigned to. I met with them on private yachts or rooms in the Wrigley Mansion. Some of them were possessive of my time and didn't realize who I was; they thought I was just a maid I guess. Some even tried to bribe me with money, jewelry or trips.

Jeff Foltz, Craig's best friend and USC oral surgeon, went with us, on occasion, to Catalina when these meetings were being held. Craig and I sailed over with Jeff and his wife or flew on seaplanes. Jeff cued me to different places at the Wrigley Mansion and other sites on Catalina Island. Consciously it seemed that we were just touring the Mansion with friends, but at certain areas Jeff would say

certain words and press my hand in the middle and say a word or two and then we would walk on. I was a robot and he talked to me like I was retarded. I followed closely behind Jeff as he walked us through the Wrigley Estate. It seems like this was done to keep me from consciously remembering being there at the Estate later on. Jeff took me into rooms that were all beautifully decorated in pastels. He held my hand, despite the fact that Lisa, his wife, was there. No one really spoke and I felt like a very small child being taken around by an adult. Of course, at the time my conscious personality wasn't present, so I was not aware of these events. Later, on this same trip, I went to meetings to assist. At times, Henry was there. He wasn't in office at the time but to him that only meant he "could do more with his hands less encumbered," at least that's what he said.

During my use as a tool to coordinate liaisons between the Council and the President, when a President was flown places, like aboard large military aircraft, I was briefed and sent along so that I could apprise him of situations or 'key' reasons for his being in certain locations. For example, if the Council deemed it necessary to control the attitudes of a certain branch of the military in order to have their 'full cooperation' in a strategic military position or assignment, they would brief me in the complete attitude required. They would supply me with the correct words for whomever (President, Vice-President, Bob Hope, etc.) was delivering the speech to the troops. Then the troops would respond favorably because their programming would be reinforced, creating the desired effect — that is — their full obedience and cooperation.

I accompanied Nixon, Reagan, Ford, Bush and others in these ways, bringing them information from the Council. Later, I was debriefed about the results of my time with the President. I also reported what the skillfully trained parts of me carefully recorded during the entire 'action, including reporting back what the President said, how it was received by the audience and any messages the President wanted to send back to the Council.

As I explained before, the Council is made up of a secret and powerful group of men who are not public and meet in the shadows. Their true power and ability to rule over the masses comes from the fact that they are publicly unknown. They exist in their own environments, with little outside contact. But they have many highly tested, tried and true programmed or aligned individuals who go out and do their work, bringing back the information they need, making the contacts necessary to insure the success of their mighty plan for world domination. They have the power to insure the election of a President, to bring a celebrity to fame, to decide the fate of a nation, to bring about war, to incite riot, to bring down whole cities or countries, to kill out a certain ethnic race, to introduce a new chemical into the food of the masses for control, to loose upon a community a new virus, to decide which people are to live and which are to die. They gave direction to people like Ronald Reagan, George Bush, Henry Kissinger and the Rockefeller's, but they are not ignorant enough to allow a public identity to make them vulnerable to any kind of investigation or public knowledge of their lives and their purpose. They seek people out in their own time; people don't contact them. Sometimes the contact comes in the form of another person slipping a message in or telling someone to be at a certain place at a specified time, but their whereabouts is not ever known. And to report this to you, I had to dismantle lots of death programming that was installed in an attempt to keep me from remembering any of this.

Geneva

There were times when the Council met in Geneva and I was taken there so they could send information and messages, via my mind files, to people who weren't supposed to be publicly connected with them. All this cross communication was sent safely through me and no one would have suspected who I was or what type of secret information I contained. Henry usually put the information in my head and sent me in with instructions — usually amusing ones — to the men at the meetings in Geneva and other places. These men don't just want to control the world; they already do that to a certain extent.

The rules the Council had between its contacts was that they were never to have physical contact, or talk by telephone. They decided where a message would be posted, via cryptic codes that only they understood, and often placed them in a certain section of the newspaper. Like for instance, they would weave the place and time of a meeting into the business investment section if one had to be called on short notice. Otherwise meetings were set up ahead of time and there was no contact in between. In cases of emergency or crisis they could use someone like me to deliver secretly coded

messages. The men they are networked into are some of the most powerful businessmen in the world — steel magnates, furriers, oil and gas company owners, telephone company owners, media owners, munitions makers, among others — and their business dealings are highly illegal. They break all the rules and laws set up to protect small businesses from monopolies. They create huge monopolies. They control the world through the economy. Most people who opposed them didn't have a chance. They simply ran them out of business, got them prosecuted legally, or manipulated them in any way that was successful to insure they maintained total control.

Secret Rendezvous in the Pacific

During the late 70's and early 80's the Council often met out in the middle of the ocean, aboard yachts, where they could all come together anonymously. They sailed or motored around until they connected with each member. They navigated to precise areas where a yacht would be waiting. Everyone had to be expert navigators and Craig's dental friend, Jeff, was just that. He constantly read a complex nautical map with special tools and combined that information with the placement of the stars in the sky in order to deliver me to a preplanned destination. He had to navigate to different places around the Channel Islands to areas we were supposed to go to. I was usually the first to be picked up by the yacht the Council was to meet on, because I was the least important and they didn't want to waste these important men's time. The captain pulled us in close, side-by-side, and the member aboard the other yacht would leave his yacht and come aboard. Each man was picked up in this way. There were usually three or four rendezvous after they picked me up. The men never arrived on the same yachts but used different vessels and crews so as not to ever be identified. Once every member was picked up they met in the largest room on board ship, and I was brought in to sit at the table during certain junctures when they wanted to send a message back to the President, foreign leaders, etc. This way later, I just delivered the message to whomever they directed me, usually during sex, and so everything remained anonymous.

Reagan was a big receiver of messages during his presidency. I was kept very busy delivering to him and he 'followed' orders to a 'T. The group was "very pleased with his performance," were the words they used. Pete Wilson was the same way and so was George Bush. Anyway, the Council met on board yachts, had meetings, and then were navigated back to planned areas. They never met in the same place twice and everything was done with precision. That was one of their favorite words — "PRECISION"- and they always had the very best of everything. They even had "the chessboard" on board. They showed me one move each time and I was instructed to watch VERY CAREFULLY because there was no room for a mistake. Later I delivered the move on the chess board to Henry in New York. The chess move was ALWAYS taken back to Henry.

Disguises To Protect Kissinger

Henry literally built me so I could be a safe arm to reach out and touch the Council. I flew to New York regularly in the 70's and 80's. Just a quick trip to deliver the information to Henry. He had various and sundry disguises for me that he used to protect himself. A man in a suit always picked me up at the airport in a limo and gave me a bag. I knew to go to the restroom and change into everything in the bag, which included clothes, shoes, wig, teeth overlays, make up, purse, everything I needed was there. Craig had made me several sets of maxillary and mandibular overlays that I could just snap onto my teeth. I looked totally different and the switch was to be total and complete when I looked at my image in the mirror. "Become the image," Henry told me. So I changed my face, my voice, my walk; everything I was told to alter, in order to fit the image. I took the bag filled with my clothes back to the man in the limo and he put it in the front seat next to him and escorted me into the backseat. After I switched personalities and dress, he closed the glass window between the seats and never had conversation with me from that time on. He let me out at Henry's office, which was a large, older, very cultured building and someone escorted me right to Henry's office.

I sat down in an upholstered chair across from Henry's dark wooden desk. He snapped his fingers and ran his hand before my face to ready me for debriefing. I told him what the Council advised and the final message was the Chess move. He was very anxious to get that and always had me double-check the information so there wouldn't be any miscommunication. I was programmed that it wasn't possible for me to ever make a mistake.

After I delivered the information to Henry, he walked me to the door and gave me a small piece of folded paper to give the driver. I think it may have had my airline instructions on it or something. For some reason I never flew with a round trip ticket, and always had the return flight booked under a different name than the one I used on the initial leg of the trip. The driver gave me the special bag that now had all my original clothes in it, and I would go back into the public restroom and change. Then he took me back to the airport in New York and I'd fly to LAX. Usually my Mom or Craig would pick me up. It was a long trip but didn't seem like it because I was programmed to sleep. They were always proud that the precision was so good that I could be back within 24 hours or less. Somehow they 'folded' that amount of time and I never missed it. My assignments often began or culminated on Friday or Saturday night but usually I was home by Saturday. These meetings with Henry usually took place at the end of the work week. He liked to have the information delivered to him at that time because he would have the weekend to mull it over, undisturbed and uninterrupted by any other business. He said, "That's the secret to my success-FOCUS," then he would smile and take a cigar out of a case on the table. He also had a separate apartment away from home where he did his best thinking and strategizing. I met with him there, also, but always had to do the disguise routine before I met him anywhere.

When I returned home I was programmed to have cheese Danish to 're-mind' me to forget. Even when I was having therapy sessions with Stuart Perlman, I was programmed to have cheese Danish on the mornings I had therapy sessions with Stuart by phone. I was also cleverly programmed to misdial Stuart's phone number by one number. Every time I dialed his number I would get frustrated and wonder why I kept dialing the wrong number, and every time it was the same wrong number I dialed. My controllers had me dialing a number that contained a code to remind me to maintain security. During this period, I often met with Henry or others, so the Danish was the 'icing on the cake, and served to make sure I didn't ever remember. I was still meeting with Henry when I was in therapy with both Stuart and Margie. My controllers told me they were trying to shore me up so I would make it to the end of my job in the year 2000.

Jaws

My job was to be over in the year 2000, and programmed parts of me were told that I was to be shot in the head and dropped overboard out in the middle of the Pacific where no one would ever miss me, including the sharks. In order to impress me, they made me watch shark-feeding frenzies. One time after Craig and I returned from a long weekend sail and scuba diving trip, another dentist friend of ours came over and said, "You weren't scuba diving in the Channel Islands this weekend, were you? They were having shark contests and were chumming the whole area!"

Shark themes were used heavily, and I was continually reminded by the Shark diver's wristwatch that I was given to wear.

My job as a go-between from the Council to others was my most important task. Bob was 'my owner' and Henry masterminded their plan, but the Council always called the ultimate shots. They said I was theirs until, "the end of time," and that time for me was supposed to be the year 2000. Then they said I could sleep with the fishes. Deep inside I couldn't wait until it was over.

Although the Council didn't ever meet on the same yachts, when they did meet, there often was an aquarium on board with sharks in it that was used to remind me what would happen if I stepped out of line. Craig and I had previously been directed to the big theatre with the stars on the ceiling on Catalina Island to watch James Bond movies. I constantly gazed upward at those stars per programmed instructions to, "look at the stars to be safe and forget."

I also was made to watch while a man in a suit threw an attendant into the shark aquarium when it was feeding time. He said to the man, "You wouldn't mind standing in for the fish this morning so this young lady can see what her fate is if she steps out of line?" The attendant looked at him quizzically and then the suited man threw him into the tank and quickly poured a pan of fish and blood all over the poor man in the water. The sharks went right for him. He screamed and flailed his arms but it didn't last long.

It was horrific and terrifying. The suited man looked me in the eye, and in a very quiet, soothing tone of voice said, "There, see what happens if you step out of line?"

"Yes, I see," I agreed, wholeheartedly.

This type of life and death terror tactic is enough to dissociate a person for a very long time,

especially if they are under mind control. This shark theme ran throughout my victimization. After my children were born, we were at a theme park and all donned wet suits to swim with the fish; some were even small sharks. Danny and Kevin were even given small rubber sharks in order to remember the experience. The message was always the same, "Step out of line, you will be fed to the sharks." By now they probably only need to use virtual reality traumas.

Kauai Central Location

I was relocated on Kauai because it was a remote area with easier access to me, unencumbered by my family. It was a two-year phase. Then they didn't have to coordinate things so carefully between us all. I was free to go on their assignments and I was used heavily. They flew me to New York, England, South of France, Italy (Rome), the Netherlands, even Catalina and the Channel Islands, except now I was helicoptered to the yachts and tethered in on a chair. Often it was a two-seater helicopter, the 'glass bubble' type. The helicopter pilot seemed connected to the yacht as they radioed to coordinate the rendezvous with precision. When I lived on Kauai I was taken directly from the meetings of the Council to Henry, going through the whole disguise bit, and then returned to the island. I was usually gone two days (48 hours) or less, and when I returned I slept a lot because I had been without sleep or food and the time difference caused jet lag. Although, they tried everything to nullify the jet lag so I could, as they called it, "re-emerge into my life without stress or strain."

While I was on Kauai I even was reunited with Kelly (who still lived in California with her father) in England and France to «sexulate» some members in the royal family and a violent leader in France. Kelly has personalities that speak French, also. It was necessary for both of us to know French in order to communicate with this man. Kelly was trained to step into my shoes in the year 2000 and take over and I was supposed to give her a diamond ring to make this an initiation.

Further Council Adventures

I was programmed with personalities to emulate Jackie Kennedy's charm and dignity. Aristotle Onassis was a powerful arm of the Council, with the ability to move business holdings around. The Council poured money into these businesses and used people like Onassis as a front, since they had to remain anonymous. That was how they used a lot of business tycoons. The men who operated independently were the most ideal since they could maneuver without the oversight of a large corporation or business partners. Some of the richest entrepreneurs in the world were used this way and I was sent into them to have sex and deliver Council messages. I met with many of these men in the open seas on yachts for anonymity and security.

I also was rendezvoused with Reagan and Bush out in the middle of the Pacific during Reagan's Presidency. They were on separate yachts, and met with me during a three-day sailing trip with the Foltz's. Jeff Foltz secretly brought the drugs necessary for my use on board the sailing vessel we rented for sailing trips. Ile also brought electronic equipment, including a black box with wires that he hooked us up to; all three of us, his wife, my husband and myself, for programming. This happened before and after I was used. He probably got his 'tune up' before the sail.

The Council worked Reagan and Bush a lot, giving them instructions. Reagan went along blindly while Bush seemed to know more but not as much as Henry. I always slept with Reagan on the yacht he was on and then delivered the message to him. I was delivered to Reagan and Bush as Jeff navigated to a precise destination and when we came alongside their vessel I crossed 'over the rainbow' as I came on board. Sometimes I spent the entire night sleeping with Reagan after I had delivered the message because, he said he would, "prefer company while out in the middle of the lonely Pacific." So I stayed, and the next morning Jeff came back and picked me up and transferred me back.

As soon as I got on board, Jeff immediately stun gunned me in the back. My husband and Jeff's wife stayed down in the kitchen until Jeff finished with me, which meant drugs and the use of the black box. In later years, instead of an injection, the drug was a circular, oral wafer, like a small water chestnut. Then Jeff would announce to our spouses, "Time for lunch!" and they would start preparing lunch. After we ate, I would go take a very long nap or lay out on the deck and sleep while we sailed to our next destination. We often moored for the night in three separate areas; all strategically mapped and navigated so I would be in place for the rendezvous. I always felt so out of it after these

events and consciously felt embarrassed that I was too tired or couldn't think to communicate with our friends. Now I know why.

Certain members of the American Dental Association have been heavily involved in this project and many of the people from USC Dental School that Craig knew. Uncle Charlie made Craig's way into USC, because Craig needed to be part of the project so he and Jeff could be "prepared," to ready me for use at the highest levels with the Council. The Council stepped up their plans beginning in 1980 and on into the 90's. Then it was supposed to be "clear sailing," as their plans snowballed and they began reaping what had been earlier sown. Until in the year 2000, when they would be able to cinch the purse strings shut, thus, being totally in charge of everything worldwide. But things didn't go exactly according to plan, especially regarding my situation.

The Frontiers of the Mind

They began to target more heavily, and more often, people that had been put in place over the years. They were bombarding them, certain individuals more heavily than others, depending on their usefulness and power potential. People like Onassis, Iacocca and the Rockefellers who were part of 'level two, and others. Anyone who made big money was targeted. The Council was apprised of the wealthy, and people like Henry went to great lengths to strategize how those with wealth could be brought into their game for the highest effect or benefit to the cause. The Council saw this as a huge game to attain total and absolute power by the dawning of the next century-the Age of Aquarius. As an Aquarian I was told I was heralding the advancement of the planet-the global transformation to a new way of life through advanced technologies.

They plan to «market» the mind/brain technologies they themselves have been using for decades, to the general public, and are doing so already. This will allow them to make mega money in this new market as well as allow them to begin to educate the masses in regard to the new technologies of the mind, "The Frontiers of the Mind." But, while the public is spending vast sums of money on this new technology, they will also be conditioned through advanced forms of electronics, harmonics, and subliminal conditioning to accept this shift to a 'new existence. The Council plans are to have a robotical working class that won't cause any problems, but will simply work to supply the needs of the Elite-those who by their breeding and intellect are deemed worthy of being allowed to be «awake» so they can rule, live and create without any interference from the common man. They say that the working class already makes non-thinking robots of their own everyday lives, and it might as well be more planned and regulated so that others who want to create, invent, and otherwise use their minds, can do so without hindrance from the common man.

They view the "common man" with great disdain as a lower form of the human species. And they figure that by the time the year 2000 rolls around, when the purse cinches shut, and they are in full control, that people will already be sufficiently conditioned and won't even be able to think to figure out or even be aware that a change has taken place. They see it as the perfect cover up for the continuation of the experiments in mind control they have participated in and feel very assured that the public will never be able to discover what happened because the more intelligent pubic has been sufficiently «tamed» and conditioned to go along with the rest of the herd.

Society is being weeded out right now, as minority species are being eliminated very specifically by biological germ warfare and other tactics meant to insure the elimination of those less genetically favorable. They figure with the reduction of the population there will be sufficient natural resources for the working class robots to support the genetically astute intellectuals who will be in power. Then, this is supposed to lead into a new age of peace. They even unleashed New Age principles to target and control the groups of people they previously programmed while they continued developing the mind control technology, in order to maintain control until the year 2000 when, supposedly, no one would be able to think to question or cause problems.

Our food is being tampered with, by the insertion of food additives and substances like aspartame which can alter brain chemistry and affect our minds. Music and movies are another powerful tool used to condition the masses. The Council views these measures as the kind, humane way to handle this matter, instead of a direct violent takeover, which would just cause even more chaos and human suffering. They envisioned that, this way, there would be no dissent and after the takeover there will be no need for wars, ever again. These men don't believe in wars, but needed to use them to achieve their goals. As they see it, the rest of the species will be living in harmony, able

to create and enjoy while the lower, now robotical, forms of the human species do all the grunt work they are accustomed to: common labor, food production, and life maintenance for the higher forms of human species, the intellectuals, those who matter and are deemed eligible to be awake.

The Master Plan is Accomplished by Robots

There has been a master plan for years and many, including myself, were involuntarily enlisted to work for it, as Dr. Henry Kissinger, 'Mr. Global Internationalist, masterminded much of their plan. My controllers viewed anyone with a small intellect as 'non-existing' anyway, so they will either be weeded out or retained on the mind-controlled work force that's already been created. Masses of daycare centers were targeted to insure the success of the takeover, where large numbers of children from normal families were programmed because they will be the ones who will be of the age to resist or fight the Council plan. But now, many won't be able to because their minds have been manipulated and conditioned during childhood, so they will go along with the global program. It is all a carefully laid out plan that has spanned decades and generations, with one generation handing down to the next their inheritance. The children of the elite families, such as the Rockefeller's and Kennedy's will inherit a guaranteed future on a planet that can survive due to the fact that the population and, in turn, pollution, food supplies, etc. will be totally controlled. These intellectual, genetically 'worthy' individuals plan to have their own guaranteed 'utopian dreamworld' after they kill off the inferior human species that they believe are overcrowding a planet that cannot support us all. The Council feels that they are insuring the future of the species of mankind by what they are doing. And, those from intergenerational ritually abused families and others will be placed under total mind control, to become the planetary 'workforce' so the elite doesn't have to waste their precious time on menial labor. The Council feels everyone 'wins' this way because it puts the non-thinking and genetically inferior populations "out of their misery," by taking their minds away, and insures a glorious future for the brightest intellects on earth. To them intellect is everything and without it, they think people shouldn't be allowed to waste precious time on earth, taking up space for those who can and will use their brains to create. They view this as a massive genetic clean up.

Then, when their agenda has been met, the world will be free from ignorance and chaos. According to their reasoning, there will be no abortion issue because the genetically intelligent won't bear children by accident. There will be no wars because they won't have a need to use wars to manipulate people for power or money. There will be no famines because there will be plenty of food grown naturally by the robot class and the world will no longer be overpopulated. Then, they can bring in their new form of world government and there won't be fighting or resistance because the Elite will see eye-to-eye and will all benefit, and are intellectually capable of understanding how they can all work together for the benefit of themselves. Crime will cease since the commoners, 'the robots' won't be able to think to commit acts of violence or any other forms of crime. The Elite think of themselves as intellectually above petty crime and will have no necessity of it since they will be getting their needs met, royally, by all of their mind-controlled 'worker-bees. No more disease will be brought in by the 'unwashed' lower classes. So there will be less disease all-around because the Elite will take immaculate care of their bodies and won't have to deal with the stress and strain created by the problems of today. These will have been eliminated by eliminating the source of these problems-the genetically deficient. The Council has guaranteed survival and freedom for those at the top. What they have done to the human species in this Twentieth Century is tragic and they justify it by the rationale that they are protecting the future of the human species by insuring that only the best specimens survive.

The Council took a serious stand to clean up the environment as it served their needs for a healthy, pollution-free, life-sustaining environment for their future progeny. Since they have access to, as well as direct, major new discoveries in advanced technologies, they have disdain for the uneducated, ignorant, common people who trash their own environment. They said that even animals knew better than to defecate in their own sleeping area. But this would be remedied in the future when the genetically deficient were weeded out and extinguished.

They also were very condescending to those individuals who didn't eat properly or exercise. They take immaculate care of their bodies as far as health goes. They are fit and trim and they use natural medicines. The American Medical Association is fashioned to prescribe drugs and perform various treatments that although they may be unsuspecting, tend to weed out the weaker species. The

Council views the AMA's 'modern medicine' as barbaric. Their plans are to have mind-enhanced health associates, like some of the USC medical and dental graduates, who will provide the new health care for the Elite, after the takeover. Precision surgery with laser technology will make the so-called "modern methods" of surgery obsolete. Miracle medicines and herbs (God's pharmacy) will keep the body healthy. An understanding of the way the electro-molecular energy field around the body operates will allow the healthy body to be kept in perfect alignment creating perpetual perfect health or it can be brought back into alignment easily with the use of high-tech field variation equipment. This will be the modern medicine of the future and upcoming doctors will be trained in these methods in order to further the evolution of the Elite. The Elite plan to enjoy total and complete health due to their technology in electromagnetic fields. They also have antibodies against the diseases they let loose and make sure they are protected. Of course all of these findings came about by research and experiments on unsuspecting groups of people.

The health care program they were attempting to implement in the United States was one they were hoping would though so that the lower class robots would have a health care system to serve their needs in the future, while allowing the government, the Council and those involved in the global takeover to remain in control. As you can see, it is a system designed for control. It is all about further conditioning the populace so that there won't be any drastic changes that would cause stress to the nation or upset the apple cart.

They believe they have learned what form of government would work best by installing different varieties of governments in different countries with leaders they chose, studied, and watched to see which form would be likely to meet their needs in the year 2000 and beyond. They saw different national governments as 'projects. For awhile, they thought communism would be the best, until the mind control technology showed them they could covertly rule the masses without communism. With this technology, they believe they can rule the masses easily and effortlessly, and governing can be limited because they feel all of the Elite will have much the same wants, needs, and goals. They already have the central banking system in place and have a master plan for the laws, rules, and regulations that will govern those that are left.

Sons of the Elite are conditioned to be leaders in the New World. Robotic mind control won't be necessary for their compliance. They have been conditioned to accept this new agenda without being given all the information and will be allowed to be "free thinkers," unless they don't follow directions. The Elite are used to having servants so this overall concept is not especially different for them because they have been brought up to believe that they are born privileged, are of a superior genetic strain and have a responsibility to lead. I was used, under mind control, to further many of these attitudes with the sons of many world figures. It was just a matter of conditioning them with the beliefs, a little at a time, which would support the changeover. The egos of these young men have been very carefully created and conditioned. Prince Charles' boys are possibly doomed to the same form of conditioning.

The Council sees this as a planetary enhancement, with the globe entering a time of health, new excitement, and abundance for those deemed capable of making a difference in the future of the human species.

"And I saw an new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away; and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice from heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and the very God shall be with them and be their God; And he shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor wailing, neither shall there be anymore pain; for the former things have passed away. And he who sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. Then he said to me, Write; for these are the trustworthy and true words of God. And he said to me, I am the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end. I will freely give of the fountain of living water to him who is thirsty. He who overcomes shall inherit these things; and I will be his God, and be shall be my son."

Revelation 21:1-7

Chapter Thirty-seven: What the World Needs Now

What Now? We Are Called To Love

And so for many, many years, Henry Kissinger and Bob Hope strategically placed me and members of my family in locations to further their interests. During those times, my children and I were used in various ways and prostituted to more worldly-affluent, famous, publicly adored leaders and entertainers than I care to remember. Personally, I would like to stay in denial and believe this never could have happened. But for the interests of many, I cannot afford to believe anything less than what I have discovered is the truth. I have chosen to share a fragment of these experiences with you so that you could know the level of technology that has been developed and to show you the danger of the ways those who carry a belief of power and control, and who at this time are out of alignment with their true spiritual nature, have misappropriated their duties to our nation and to the world.

Spiritually I have grown to realize that while the worldly Elite's positions are often determined by heredity, and in the business world nobility comes from ability, ambition, or success; in the eyes of God, nobility comes from those who serve others. Through all of my experiences at the hands of leaders from all over the world, I have learned that to be a true leader is to know your stewardship to those you serve, not to gobble and hoard the benefits for self while fooling and robbing those who count on you, who elect and trust you to serve the good of the whole. I also know now that truly great leaders are humble and their joy comes from the glorious privilege of serving others.

And I will tell you, as would my precious daughter Kelly if she could, that the current leadership under President Clinton is no different than the ones before. Indeed Kelly could start up the next chapter on William Clinton and could tell you the size of his genitals, the perverted ways he chooses to utilize his sexuality and how he, like many of the Presidents before him, is locked into the bondage of a power hungry system that will continue with each new President after him, unless this system is dismantled and a new system of governing, one based on the needs of the people, a true republic, born of God, for the good of the whole, is reinstated. But it will take each of us, all those who the Elitists feel have no intellect and no motivation, to stand up and speak out for what we believe in- perhaps even sharing our 'simple minds and spiritual natures' with those who for years have felt the right and the need to lord over us. For, once society has seen the problem, the solution is in sight.

I believe each individual is imbued with a gift from God to contribute to society as a whole and as each individual finds their true purpose and joins in, contributing that gift, we will then have a full-bodied, rich orchestration of individuals, evolving to the highest possible levels. That is when we as a society reach a more perfect state!

I also learned that freedom is not free and we must now stand in the battle, not through violence and war, but through knowledge, truth, and love, claiming our true spiritual power and willing to take a stand so our voices can be heard!

Healing

Healing spiritually, through a life such as mine, has been my ultimate challenge, and God has continued to keep my focus on this healing aspect, despite worldly opinion, which would lead me to seek in other directions. During the years of pain and suffering that led me out of mind control bondage, Margie Paul shared with me the following passage, by Emmet Fox, which I read constantly. It uplifted and strengthened me and reminded me of the truth. I would like to share it here with you.

LOVE

There is no difficulty that enough love will not conquer;

No disease that enough love will not heal;

No door that enough love will not open;

No gulf that enough love will not bridge;

No wall that enough love will not throw down;

No sin that enough love will not redeem…

It makes no difference how deeply seated may be the trouble;

How hopeless the outlook;

How muddled the tangle;

How great the mistake;

A sufficient realization of love will dissolve it all…

If only you could love enough

you would be the happiest

and most powerful being in the world…

In 1998, when all of my former life lay in ruin around me, I heard the Holy Spirit ask me who was the one person I hated most? The answer came quickly and easily. Silently I responded, "George Bush," since he was a man who repeatedly hurt my baby girl from very early on. The same day the Holy Spirit questioned me, I received a hospital advertisement in the mail cheerfully announcing that George Bush would be visiting a local hospital just 25 minutes from my home. I was devastated that people still looked at him as a person of honor, and associated him with charity and healing? Then the challenge from Jesus came when he called me to love George Bush. I couldn't do that initially, it took many prayerful hours for me to ask God to please change within me the attitudes that needed changing in order for me to love and forgive George Bush. Obviously, that didn't happen overnight, but it did take place, at first just for a fleeting moment and then for longer periods of time. That doesn't mean that I stop working toward exposing the system that has caused this misuse of human life, nor does it mean that I think what my perpetrators did was right or excusable. It simply means that no matter what they or anyone else does to me, they do not have the power to make me hate, or the power to take away my right to love, for love is my continuing goal.

Forgiveness

I was confused and tormented as I awakened to the realization that my father and others had abused me in such horrific ways and that they had actually taken control of my life for nearly 40 years. The awareness that churches had been places where I was often victimized, by individuals who I associated with being the most loving, added to my torment and bewilderment. I searched for answers, through reading about many religions, trying to find the truth, and one night I had a dream in which I heard the word "Beatitudes." Upon waking, the word stuck in my mind and later, while attending a religion class at Pepperdine University, I went to my professor and asked him what the word meant. He told me and later on that day, I went across the street to the Malibu Presbyterian Church to speak to the assistant minister. Little did I know that through my seeking, the Great Master Healer himself would appear to me, but that is exactly what happened. The minister ushered me into his office and after I confessed that I had been severely abused as a child, had Multiple Personality Disorder, had been forced to participate in satanic rituals where infants, children, and animals were killed — and as I went on and on — he looked at me in horror, and said, "Get down on your knees, and ask God to forgive you of your transgressions. You are a sinner."

The moment my knees hit the floor, Jesus appeared to me and said, "Get up off your knees, and leave. You my child are innocent, you have done nothing wrong." Taking the authority of the Lord, over this human who stood ministering in His name, I did as commanded and left. I couldn't understand yet what Jesus was trying to help me understand. It took time for Him to reassure me that those acts, committed in a programmed state, acting from other person's commands and not from my own free will, were not my sin. In the days that followed, Jesus showed me that He wanted me to stand in the name of Mercy for others who had been similarly tortured and abused. Over time, He called me to minister and share His words of mercy and forgiveness with other victims who presented themselves to me in women's shelters, at my office, at mental health conferences, and through letters of response to victims who wrote, pouring out their hurts to me after they read my book I know that this message from Jesus, one of complete forgiveness, touched the hearts and minds of the people I spoke with, as deeply as it did me because I saw the tears of relief and understanding well up in their eyes. God wants His people free.

I had many experiences where His Angels demonstrated that they were guiding me. I heard the Holy Spirit whisper, "get up from your reading, and go down to the Bazaar." I hadn't known that there was a Christmas bazaar at Pepperdine, but I followed the voice of the Holy Spirit and was led to a small purple book entitled, "Angels Are Watching Over Me. " And if I doubted that it was true, in the months and years that followed, the voice of the Holy Spirit led me to books, places, and people to help me heal and gain freedom. Books even fell off of shelves in libraries, many of them reminding me that the Angels of the Lord were ever present and that I was not to worry. Other books I was led to helped me organize my healing in such ways that, when healing took place, it was core healing and

not superficial or drugged.

I often tell the story of the experience I had at traffic school. During the early stages of my recovery, despite the smile that betrayed my true inner feelings, I was so full of repressed, subconscious rage that it often found its release in driving too fast and I continually got traffic tickets for speeding; one day I got two! Since I was already on assigned risk and my insurance rates were extremely high, my husband suggested I go to traffic school, so I did. The traffic schoolteacher was younger than I, but that day she had an important message for me. I had been wrestling with just how I was going to forgive these people who had done this to my children and myself. As I explained my dilemma she said, "All you have to do is heal yourself so you have something left for giving." I know now that what she said was true and I understand the wisdom because, now in a healed state, I do have much to give. And, I thank God for that.

In Carbondale, Illinois, in 1995, nearly one year after my final integration and deprogramming, I was working in the garden. It was a warm day and I luxuriated in the midst of the peace and solitude that I found among my tomato and zucchini plants. Very clearly, I once again heard the voice of the Holy Spirit, this time instructing me to go visit my father.

"God, you want me to do what?" I couldn't believe I was being asked to go and visit this man who had tortured and programmed me for so many years, besides it wasn't safe for me in California, I had actually been raped there as 1 made my initial attempt to get Starshine into print in 1993. But I heard the words very clearly, "Go visit your father, fly under your real name, stay 24 hours and then return. An intelligence officer will approach you. Do not be afraid. Tell him what happened to you and to your children."

I thought maybe I hadn't heard correctly. So, I took this into prayer and in a very short while I knew I was to go to California. Soon God showed me a vision where I saw lights on in the White House symbolizing individuals who would wake up and help. Then He shared with me that, like the men's secret society (freemasonry) that has allowed secret knowledge to be passed between men, that He also had a secret society that was more powerful-The Holy Spirit. Then He showed me that as men's secret societies fund and support each other, so shall God's people fund and support their own. He showed me that through Him, and in His time, the Holy Spirit would connect people and allow them to be of like mind, so the truth could come to light. Although I didn't actually understand how this was going to come about, I was encouraged.

I booked my ticket, and the next day I went to California, to the nursing home where my father was being cared for. When I walked in, I was moved seeing my father sitting in a chair, withered and small, a whisper of the physical stature he had been before. When he saw me, he immediately began crying, and through his tears he cried, "I love you. I knew you'd come."

I got down on my knees before my father and said, "Dad, I forgive you."

Looking me directly in the eyes, he replied in a childlike manner, "I forgive you too." At that moment I knew without a shadow of a doubt that my father, this man who had tortured me for years, had no idea, no memory, no awareness of what he had done. Still crying he said, "Jesus brought me here." This statement caught me totally off guard, as here was a man who together with my brothers had ridiculed and berated me for my belief in Christ for years. I had so much I wanted to ask my father, but was overwhelmed with emotion. Trying to gather myself, I looked around his room. There on his bookcase, was a golden spider web with a crystal spider in the middle. Woven into this art piece was a Ronald Reagan wristwatch. My thoughts raced to information an Intelligence officer "in the know" once explained to me, that victims will surround themselves with their programming and often will display objects that speak to that which they verbally can't, as a form of subconscious communication. This spider web spoke to me deeply through subconscious communication, and although my father could not tell me what he knew, he had carefully preserved this piece to speak what he could not. Again deeply touched, I asked him if I could have it. He said, "Sure, take anything you want." My father and I cried together. There was so much I wanted to tell him and have him tell me but he was no longer able. But God knew that I needed to see my father this one last time, in order to complete my healing and forgiveness process. And that day, I totally and completely forgave my father. I understood why he had done what he had done. As I stood to leave, I kissed him one last time and told him I loved him, and looking back I am so grateful that God led me to that culmination and completion with my father. Less than three months after that meeting my father passed away.

As I drove my rental car to the airport to fly back to Illinois I realized that the intelligence officer experience had not yet occurred. But I was not to be disappointed because, shortly after I took my

window seat on the aircraft, a distinguished looking black man took the isle seat. After takeoff he flashed his badge and identified himself as White House intelligence for the last 29 years. Taking his business card out of an organizer, he laid it on the seat between us. Unconsciously, still bound to the protocol of my controllers, as much us I wanted to, I couldn't pick up his card. Nervously, I thought to myself, 'Oh God, this is it'

This suited man began by telling me, "There are some things you need to know. One is that once in the company always in the company. Don't believe anyone that tells you they've retired from the company (CIA)." Next he said, "When you speak publicly don't name the names."

I told him I wouldn't. At that moment the words spoken to me by the Holy Spirit in the garden, came back to me, "Tell him what happened." So, I told this man about the abuse of my children and myself that often led to our victimization in the White House. He told me that he thought women like me "just liked to be with Presidents." And finally, as we walked off the plane, the words he spoke surprised me as I realized maybe this man had a spiritual awakening, was serving a higher calling, and was one of the 'lights on the White House' that God had shown me. He said that he was committed to informing ministers of churches to do their jobs in helping victims. I was encouraged.

Over the years, what I witnessed in my father was something that I have noticed in many of the victims of the mind control projects. He was extremely inventive and futuristic and had many personalities that were extremely loving. My father designed and built solar water heaters that he installed on the roof of our Woodland Hills home in the 1950's, and shared thoughts and ideas that continually astounded me. Due to the shattering of his own psyche through the ritual abuse he endured as a child, coupled with the mind control programming forced upon this already vulnerable man, he was never in control of his own mind. From birth, his free will was taken from him through the abuse he endured at the hands of his parents who themselves had been through the same victimization passed through intergenerational, subconscious mental illness. Then, in a final attempt to harness the complete control of his daughter, the doctors at UCLA took the last vestiges of my father's free will when they performed the brain surgery that gave them total control.

Breaking the Denial That Holds Us Captive

Honestly, I can understand the denial many of you may be facing in regard to all that I have shared with you, as I faced the same denial over and over. I did not want to believe that any of the reality that kept intruding into my mind was real. Often I wanted to believe I was insane, and at times even wished I could choose to live out the rest of my days rocking back and forth in a drugged stupor in some sanatorium. Then not only in response to programming, but also feeling trapped in a pain and confusion I often felt I could not bear alone another day, initially, I had moments when I contemplated suicide. But due to the ramifications that act would have had on my children, that was never a choice I could make. I had to keep asking God to strengthen me so I could face the painful reality and heal in order to make a difference in the lives of my children.

Forget the Past, Live in the Present?

It has been said that those who forget the past are doomed to repeat it and I believe this is part of the situation we face today because until now we haven't been told enough valid historical information. Before my recovery, like most Americans, I was more interested in my future than in my past but was soon forced to deal with it due to constant flashbacks. But what if a person's past holds a potent key to his or her future? And what if that past holds intergenerational and worldly information that when realized and righted will resonate throughout future generations, causing freedom and a better quality of life? Knowing my past has set me free and I am grateful for the spiritual guidance that told me that I had to go backward before I could go forward. Although dire circumstances forced me to revisit my past, I now know that the inner work I completed in researching and healing the dark, hidden areas of my own past will reverberate throughout the spiritual genes of my progeny's future and I am glad for that.

Don't Worry, Be Happy!

At first when these bits and pieces of memory began surfacing in my mind, I was terrified and

continually dismissed them, as others told me things like, "You're just too tired. You have a big imagination. You have everything a woman could want. Why don't you just quit therapy, get a job and be productive. Stop living in the past. Don't worry, be happy!" Or, new age belief systems that created comments like, "These are only your past lives. What you put your attention and focus on grows. I don't choose to think about negative things. I like to focus on the light instead of the darkness. I create my own reality. This is not part of my reality. If it's this painful to deal with and causing you this much stress, it must not be the right thing to do." The list was endless. But over time when these flashbacks and thoughts intruded into my present life with subjects and events that didn't interest me (politics, glamour and glitz, golf, baseball games, football games, and sex orgies), I had to wonder and question what it all meant. That started the quest that has led to my knowing and my understanding. I am hoping you, too, will be able to overcome your own denial and to question these issues put before you, because the safety of our children and, yes, even our human freedoms depend on it.

Over time I have had a plethora of responses to the telling of my life history. People have come to their own conclusions, based on their own belief systems and understanding at the time. Over the years it has continually pained me to speak publicly, sharing bits and pieces of what happened to me in an attempt to stop this abuse and gain help for my children and others, only to finish my speech, look out in the audience and see blank faces. Perhaps many were numbed by the magnitude of the information I delivered, or thought I had lost my mind instead of finding it. But I can tell you that my healing came from the one or two loving persons who threw their arms around me after I spoke, and with tears in their eyes that clearly communicated to me that they understood the magnitude of the what had happened said, "I am so sorry this happened to you. What can I do?"

Celebrity

Other people have said, "At least you met famous people and had incredible experiences!" In response, I say that the years of my life that I lived as a mind controlled robot to Bob Hope, Henry Kissinger and others were not mine, they were stolen from me. I was not consciously present. Those years were tragically altered and woven with horrific and painful abuse that separated me from my core self and from the family I love. I have painfully witnessed individuals and society as a whole, hold in a protective reverence the "media-portrayed persona" of many famous persons. I watched as people in all walks of life — housewives, ministers, attorneys, newscasters, and professors, etc. - held firmly to their view of famous people they never personally knew, in order to maintain some sort of fantasy relationship or belief system they held about these famous persons. People have said to me, "Not Bob Hope, he wouldn't do these things," and I am left to wonder why they need to hold onto their media-created reality in lieu of opening their minds and using their spiritual discernment to examine the possibility that what myself and others are reporting might be true. My controllers, the authors of this plan of enslavement, are counting on you to believe the media image they have thrust forward. They are counting on you to do nothing.

Another person said to her husband, "She must have watched too many X-Files!"

I shared that, with the exception of occasionally catching a show at someone else's house while they had the television on, I haven't watched television since 1989. I have never seen X-Files. But I know that through media avenues, the authors of the New World Order Plan have been able to very cleverly hide this reality out in the open.

I'll Do It My Way

I can tell you that if I could only choose my life over again, I would leave all the 'celebrities' out of it and would live a simple, basic life, enriched with love and deep connection to God and my family. To me that is where life's richness lies, not in wealth or celebrity status. Wealth and fame have never been important to me, and thank God, because if I had been attached to the affluent lifestyle I had been living in California, I never could have chosen to break away and go for my freedom, regardless of the cost. For me, there is no price tag on freedom and morality: it is priceless.

In the earliest stages of memory breakthrough, when I had flashes of insight of what my husband and I were involved in, I had moments before my programming kicked in, when I was lucid before I switched personalities again, in order to try to figure out what to do. There were many times

before I left California and the life I lived with my husband, when I begged him to heal and stand with me. He could never hear me. Hand in hand on a walk one day, I proposed, "Let's sell the house and spend the money on our healing; yours, mine and the kids." He couldn't hear of it.

In weeks that followed, he returned home from a conference and said, "They asked us who we looked up to and I told them, you."

"God help us," was my reply and in total and compete devastation, I realized for the first time in my life, that I was bankrupt in my marriage, that my husband did not serve the same God that many parts of me did. I felt alone, frightened and unprotected by the lack of spirituality that I knew could have guided our lives together.

During times when I devoted endless hours to exercise and nutrition, people have said, "You look too good to have been through that much trauma," and during periods when my expressed grief has left me looking pale and haggard, or over or under weight, people have said, "You don't look good enough to have been used with celebrities."

I was forced to invest in hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of therapy ($300,000+) and physical therapy (thousands of dollars) in order to heal. All I can say is that it is a miracle that my body is still intact at all, and I thank God for that. There are telltale signs of the abuse recognizable by those "in the know," scarred skin from electroshock that left prod marks, and my eyes often look as if something of an electronic nature has happened to me. But the major ailments I had while in the midst of my mind control are healed; the migraines are gone, the continual sinus infections, sore throats, breathing problems and hoarseness that often necessitated the use of an inhaler are gone; no more colitis, stomachaches and nausea, constant fatigue and body pain. All these symptoms are gone. As my mind healed and I was able to hold my reality mentally, and as I released the traumas of the past, my body healed. My healing from this abuse is to God's glory and I know that without seeking and heeding the Holy Spirit's leading, I never would have made it out. "It is not I, but the Father within me, He does the works. " — John 14:10.

We Are Called To Love and Forgiveness

Prayerfully and with immense love and compassion, I ask, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." — Luke 23:24.

My family and many of our fellow humankind are still locked in the bondage of the mind control projects and experiments due to the fact that their birth into intergenerational dissociative families, and their genetic DNA encoding made them capable of advanced abilities for which they have been targeted for use by those who seek to control. Please help these survivors to freedom and release by donating whatever you can, even if it is a simple kind word to show you care.

One awareness that weaves through my entire life under mind control is that the love that shone through from people's spirits, even while under mind control, was never wasted, nor was it ever lost; indeed, it seemed to be catalogued within me on some higher plane that never goes away. So often, I witnessed the love of those under mind control who lived among and near me. These creative people, all full of so much love that, even when I lay the often hurtful mind control abuse experiences side by side with who I knew in spirit they really were, the love I felt from them often blasted beyond their programming, allowing their soul essence to shine through. Immense love and inherent behavior of loving souls, all interwoven with intense agonizing soul pain and tragedy as the mind control technology and those who created the reality we were programmed to live, manipulated and controlled our inherent natures, our spiritual life force and the love that lives within us. It is for our controllers and our perpetrators that I write these words. For many survivors, in our souls, even in physical and mental programmed bondage, already know the truth. But the world needs to know. The soul is free and LOVE is lasting. Jesus was right, and he called us to love above all else. He didn't call us to worship power, monetary gain, or the control of others. He called us to love. He taught us that there was no greater gift than to lay our life down for a friend, and, He wants His people free. Please help me to help these most beautiful souls, who have been locked in anguish and bondage, who, from birth have been locked away from their inherent loving nature, to find the light of day and be freed from the agenda of those who seek to benefit by robbing their talents and abilities.

And in the final curtain call is the Council actually the old, worn, frazzled Wizard of Oz hiding behind the curtain, frantic that he has been exposed and defrocked of his power? Those in search of Oz — Dorothy finding her home and family, the Cowardly Lion finding courage, and the Tin Man

finding his brain — these were the ones who were strong in the end, not the one pulling the strings!

In truth I believe we are all one, and together we can find the answer, if we choose …Let that answer be guided by love.

"I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

Acts 26:19.

"To this end was I born, and for this cause I came to you, that I should witness to the Truth."

John 18:37.

"You shall know the Truth and the Truth will set you free."

John 8:32.

"For the Son of man has not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

Luke 9:56.

"For I have come that they shall have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

John 10:10.

"I am not alone, because the Father is with Me."

John 16:32.

"1 and the Father are one."

John 10:30.

"For you were called to freedom, brethren; only do not use your freedom as an opportunity for the flesh, but through love be servants of one another. For the whole of the law if fu flied in one word, You shall love your neighbor as yourself."

Galatians. 5:13–14.

Chapter Thirty-eight: A Mother and Grandmother's Sorrow

A GRANDMOTHER'S SORROW: SUE'S MOM

A Family Torn Apart

My husband was a welder and when we were first married he worked at the shipyards where he got hurt. One night, while working in the dark, he ran into a steel plate, hit his head, and was knocked unconscious. He sustained serious neck injuries and six months later his neck became very painful and shook uncontrollably. The diagnosis was torticollis of the neck. He was in so much pain that he would try anything the doctors suggested; such as shock treatments, being injected with typhoid fever, endless experimental drugs, brain surgery and many other medical interventions.

When he was 45 years old he was told by a doctor that he only had five years to live. He wanted to be sure his young family would be taken care of so he bought all the life insurance he could get.

In the meantime, he quit the shipyards and opened his own welding shop. My youngest son loved welding and became very good at it. My oldest son went to college and graduated as a geologist. Eventually, though, they both worked at the welding shop. They fought constantly. It was driving my husband nuts. He got up one morning and was acting like a crazy man. He said he was going to the shop and fire one of them, he didn't know which. I was scared and devastated. I begged and pleaded with him but I could not reason with him. He came home later and told me he had fired the older son. I was surprised that he hadn't fired the youngest son. He had always nagged him and verbally abused him.

A few weeks later my husband asked me for a tape recorder. He said he wanted to make a tape for his oldest son. I helped him get it ready and left the room. A short time later when I looked in on him, he was holding the tape recorder and crying. Later, I found out he had said that he had to fire the oldest boy because the younger son held something over him. The older son asked if it was business and my husband said, "No, personal."

Our son asked, "What was it Pop, did you have an affair?"

"Much worse," my husband answered.

Years later, he went to his deathbed carrying the secret. The thought that it might be incest, child pornography or any of these other horrors never crossed my mind.

My two sons are estranged. I've tried many times since 1974 to talk to my sons, to get them to

at least talk to one another, but to no avail. The younger boy was willing but the older one said, "No way." It hurt me so bad for so long I thought I would go crazy. One night I said to God in my prayers, "God, I can't handle this, you take over."

In 1967, my husband had brain surgery to stop the pain and shaking in his neck. They went down through the brain to sever the nerves that were causing the pain. It helped but he was in the hospital for a long time.

A few years later he had a heart attack and finally had open-heart surgery. There were complications. During the surgery he went without oxygen for four minutes. They said because he had brain surgery, his brain became swollen and he had edema of the brain. He was coma-like for 12 days. When he came out of it he was like a vegetable, didn't know any of us. He was helpless, couldn't feed himself, go to the bathroom or walk. After months of physical therapy he was able to walk and could pick up food with his hand. His memory was partially blocked. This deficit impaired his whole left side. He never regained all of his memory. I took him home and took care of him.

My daughter stopped by one day, which was not unusual, as she lived down the street. She asked if she could talk to me. She said she had something to tell me so we went outside and sat on the swing in the back yard. She told me her father had sexually abused her. I was shocked, stunned, sad, and couldn't believe what I was hearing. She also said, "You and grandma also abused me."

I started crying and thought, "Where was I?" I had no memory of any of this happening. I finally said to her, "It's not that I don't believe you, it's just that I can't remember." But I was so naive when I got married right out of High School. I thought we were a normal, happy family and this accusation shocked me to the roots. I thought and thought but could not remember a thing. I do remember often saying when the kids were little that life seemed to good to be true.

Later she told me that I had abused all three of her children. I couldn't believe that I had done that, as I love those children like my own. I was heartsick and kept praying it was not true. She gave me a booklet from Los Angeles Women's Task Force on Ritual Abuse, and wouldn't let me see her children anymore. I could hardly function. I was heartsick, like in a trance.

As my daughter told me more about the abuse, I tried so hard to remember, but couldn't. In going over her allegations and remembering her childhood, I thought there were times the abuse could have happened. But she appeared to be a normal, happy little girl. She was such a good little girl, obedient, loving and just a little angel.

Sometime in the late 80's my daughter told me her father had sexually molested her from the time she was a baby. After Sue continued to tell me more, I began to believe her and that this really happened. I could hardly stand to look at my husband or take care of him any longer but he was a sick old, helpless man so I continued to care for him, every second hating him. But no matter what happened, he never complained.

Shortly after this she came to confront her father. She told him he had sexually abused her. He had a very hard, angry look as he looked at me and said, "Your daughter is crazy." She left and we didn't see her for a very long time. I would call but she wouldn't answer the phone or talk to me.

My husband continued to be a very sick man and had to be taken care of. From then on, I only spoke to him when I had to. To think he had abused our daughter made me hate him. I had loved him for over 50 years. Now I couldn't even let him touch me at night. If he happened to put his leg or arm across me, I'd kick him.

After my daughter's two accidents that both happened on April 12th, two years apart, my daughter disappeared. I didn't know where she was. I was so afraid for her. She had not spoken to me for many months. It was like losing my arm. We were, I thought, so close and now she wanted nothing to do with me. I felt like it was a dream or a terrible nightmare that I'd wake up from in the morning and it wouldn't be true. I was so worried about her. Without talking and praying to God, I never would have gotten through that separation from her.

I felt like I was going crazy, so I went to a therapist. The therapist did not seem to be helping me. After Sue fled from California, she called me and told me she was running for her life. One day I told my therapist that I had sent Sue money to help her write the book she explained she was needing to write to stay alive. The therapist surprised me when she said emphatically, "Don't give her any more money."

I told this therapist, "God told me to help my daughter." That's when I stopped going to her. Sue was my daughter and my heart said to help her. In spite of the abuse allegations, her father kept

saying to me, "Help her, Honey. Help her."

I continued caring for my husband; he was helpless and couldn't do anything for himself. I gritted my teeth and helped him, all the while hating him. He never mentioned the abuse again.

I got a call one day from my daughter. I was elated to hear from her. She was in Hawaii and she wanted me to know that she was going to be hit by this hurricane and didn't know what would happen to her. Later on the news, they showed the island of Kauai damage from Hurricane Inniki. It was in ruins. I tried to call her but all lines of communication were down. Finally after a few days, she called to say she was alright, but lost everything she had.

When she came back to the states she called and told me more about her abuse. I was so confused but even though I could not remember anything, I began to believe it was all true. She moved from place to place to stay alive and finally called and said she was safe, but wouldn't tell me where she was. I felt so relieved that she was safe and getting help.

First it's My Daughter, Then My Granddaughter

Then her teenage daughter started having problems. Without any apparent reason, she tried to commit suicide three separate times. She is such a sweet, loving girl. I could hardly let myself think of her being sexually abused. And if I had abused her, I shouldn't be allowed to live. We talked but my granddaughter couldn't seem to tell me why she had made those attempts. She finally decided to go live with her mother. She had only three months of school here in California until she graduated. We thought she could finish her school there. She was okay for awhile with her mother and then she started being dysfunctional and finally became catatonic. My daughter was frantic. She couldn't handle her, as Sue is much smaller in stature and not as physically strong as my granddaughter is. She called and told me she was taking her to the hospital. She didn't know what else to do.

My granddaughter was in the hospital a very short time when somehow she was able to call her father. She told him she was being held against her will and would he please come get her. He did fly there and get her. But, instead of taking her to their home where she thought she would be going, he explained to her that she needed help and he was taking her to a halfway house, a place that other teenagers who needed help lived. She shared a room with a teenage girl who also had problems. They had a lot of rules. She began functioning, taking care of herself, and doing her chores. She often just went to bed and slept. I started picking her up on Sundays. We would eat, shop, or take a ride. She was always so happy to see me. I called her almost every day; she would call me, too, not for anything in particular, just to talk. I asked her one time how she felt when she thought she was going home with her dad and found out she was really going to a halfway house. She said she felt abandoned.

Her mother suggested that EEG Biofeedback might help her, so every Thursday, I'd pick her up and take her. She loved frozen yogurt so we'd always stop for that. We'd talk and she always said she hated where she was living. She was able to finish her high school course. They taught her how to take the bus, so one day she enrolled at Pierce Junior College to take a psychology class. She had only 10 days to finish the class when she called her Mom and said she couldn't stand it there at the home anymore. Together my daughter and I got her a ticket, that was a Saturday and she was to leave on Monday. Saturday night her father picked her up and tried to talk her out of going, but she stood firm and said she was going. She was so scared to go alone. She kept saying, "What if I can't find the gate I'm suppose to go to?"

I told her to go to the counter and tell them, "I need help." I called the day of her flight to be sure the shuttle had picked her up. I prayed all day that God would watch over her and keep her safe. She arrived safely and my daughter was there to meet her and take her home. She was okay for awhile then started staring off again as if she were in a trance and didn't seem aware of anything going on around her. I feel so helpless, I want to help her but I don't know how.

Her brothers and I went for a visit with her and her mother. She would be fine one minute and then she would start staring and not talking, then she'd be okay again.

When I think about my granddaughter and all she is going through I can hardly bear it. Such a waste of a young, loving, life and what a horrible thing that she has to suffer and go through all the pain. These are things that should not happen to anyone.

My daughter is now healed and is doing everything she can to help and heal her daughter. I pray

constantly that my granddaughter can be healed and lead a normal life. I am so proud of both of them.

My husband was a man who had been severely physically, sexually, and verbally abused as a child. I loved him and trusted him. He was so loving and sweet sometimes and other times he would be so nasty and mean. He was like two different people. I know now he suffered from Multiple Personality Disorder.

He dearly loved his family. He was very proud of his two sons and dearly loved his little girl. I was not aware at the time that he was sexually abusing our daughter.

By 1990 I was physically unable to take care of him. He was in a wheelchair and had to be lifted many times during the day. I found a nice board and care for him and, although I hadn't seen my oldest son in years, I called and asked if he would come and morally support me while I told my husband about the move. He said, "Okay, what have I got to lose." He came and explained to his dad how I couldn't physically take care of him and had found a nice place for him.

My husband said, "Okay, if that's what you want to do with me."

At that time I was seeing all of my kids, but always separately. I couldn't speak about any of them to the one I was seeing. It was hell. When I would call my oldest son's wife, she was very cool. Finally she called and started questioning me about Sue's sexual abuse. I told her, "I don't remember anything, but I believe her."

She said, "How could you believe your daughter and still take care of your husband?"

I was shocked. I told her he was a sick, old, helpless man, what did she want me to do with him? She called later and asked how I could see my younger son after all the things he had done and I told her, "I guess I have unconditional love for my children."

Her reply was, "Not me, my kids have to earn my love and they have."

After that my oldest son and daughter-in-law wanted nothing more to do with me. I was not to call, send birthday cards or presents of any kind. I once asked my oldest son if he had forgiven his father for firing him. He said, "In my head I have, but in my heart I haven't."

My husband died alone in a rest home in April of 1996.

I notified my children. The only thing the oldest boy said was, "I'm sorry to hear that." My husband was cremated and there was no service.

My family is ruined. Not one of my children speaks to the other. I have ten grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. I dream sometimes of us all sitting around the table on holidays and just enjoying each other and being a loving family, then I wake up to reality.

This generational sexual abuse and mind control has ruined this family. It breaks my heart as it seems I can't help to stop this, only by supporting my daughter. I pray for all my grandchildren's safety. Thank God, the truth about this abuse is finally coming out so other little children will be safe from it.

In the last three years, I have thought so much about my husband's abuse and have finally forgiven him. I hope he is at peace and looking down on us all, happy to see his daughter working so hard to end this abuse for so many children.

Bettie Eckhart

Sue's Mom

A MOTHER'S SORROW: SUE FORD

Turning the Tide

The pain and loss of family locked into the bondage of mind control is more excruciating than losing them to physical death. I miss my family more than they could ever imagine, in truth, more than I could have ever imagined. I will never be able to replace my husband, or the life I thought we were living. I just wished he had chosen to heal with me. Why didn't he? Or is it really, why couldn't he? Whatever it is or was, he didn't or couldn't, and so I have gone ahead and forged a path for freedom and sweet release for my children and myself, and have lighted a path for others if they choose. Perhaps my husband was never consciously able to know that we were programmed together and never really had a chance to comprehend who we really were independently or as a couple, but I

feel sure that I knew his spirit. In truth, he was the most gentle, loving and giving man I have ever known. I know why my daughter is having so much trouble coming out of a catatonic state, because it is so painful to deal with the reality that the very ones that you love and that love you are the ones that are programmed to hurt you so much. That is the nature of the evil system that has kept so many under mind control bondage. But, the truth is that all of us were programmed by a source outside of ourselves, at birth; a time when none of us were able to change any of the horrendous circumstances we faced.

To have had this seemingly beautiful family and then to wake up to reality only to find that it wasn't beautiful, that instead our lives were interlaced with terror, abusive horrors, and atrocity; nothing was as it seemed. To wake and find that I wasn't safe, and then to retrieve the agonizing memories that led to discovering that my children were not safe, was harrowing. And then to deal with the fact that my husband, the father of my children, was programmed to drug, rape and deliver us, was as painful, if not more painful than my father doing the same to me. I find myself curled into a fetal position on the floor more nights than I care to think about, crying out in desperation and in a pain that never seems to go away, a pain that really never lessens. The pain is a great burden and yet I find that to carry it is to feel what is real. And, with that, I feel the great love and strength that has carried me this far.

Like my daughter, I want my family back. I want the love that we all thought was there. I want everyone healed. I want especially for my children to be freed and released. If I had to give my life for that, I would indeed feel that it was spent wisely. I pray daily that God will carry me to make whatever contribution I can, and that He will light the path for my children's freedom. Indeed, for the freedom of all those who suffer.

I have never felt so uncertain about the future. I have given up the hope that any of the wrong's will be righted overnight. I never could have left, in my attempt to save my life and heal in order to get help for my family, had I known that it would have taken this many years and that my family would still not be free. Still under mind control, and not yet recovered enough to have the full memories that made the picture of our high level slavery more complete, I naively thought that I could get my children out of danger and into safety and healing much quicker. I never thought that it would take this many years to ignite public intervention and outcry — and then to have my sweet, loving, gentle daughter Kelly left in a completely dysfunctional state, and my two sons in total disbelief and unable to hear anything I have to say to point their way to safety and freedom, due to their own programming.

I will never again tell survivors that I live in peace and contentment, because I don't. I have been given the Grace of God that allows me to live in a somewhat dissociated state of mind with the painful reality of all that has happened in the background as I presently live a somewhat successful life. But it doesn't stop the pain. There are times when I want to pretend none of this is real, I want to escape into dissociation, right along with Kelly. I miss her. I miss Craig, I miss Kevin and Danny. God, I miss them all! Please God, use me in my brokenness to help others not have to hurt this much.

I must be very dangerous to the architects of this evil system and my high level controllers. For I am a woman who loves God and her family more than life itself, and will not bow down to fear. In many ways I am fearless for I have nothing left to loose. Everything precious to me has been taken away. Every bond that was sacred, has been tainted, and broken. Birth, life, marriage, children; family relationships of father, mother, brother, husband, son, daughter, all tainted and destroyed. All that was before lies in ruins. Total and complete ruins. And what remains in the future is in your hands. For I have laid down the burden. I have spent the past 14 years communicating what happened to me to as many persons possible. I am tired and spent and the future depends on humanity's decisions and actions. I pray for the release of the many. I pray for the release to be timely. I pray for the release to be gentle and full of grace, love, and ease, instead of through pain and suffering. I love God and I am grateful for His leading. I pray for strength in the face of what God has planned for my life, that I might fulfill my purpose.

Writing this manuscript has been so excruciatingly painful, that I found myself wandering the house looking for some undone chore to take me away from facing the full ramification of the experiences that bring me to this writing; somewhere, anywhere to escape to. The pain is so deep, so present, and so pervasive. My heart aches for the love lost, for the suffering endured, for the souls locked in bondage. Many nights I cry until the tears won't come any longer. Just when I feel like I couldn't possibly cry another moment, another wave of grief strikes and I hold my body, in an attempt

to survive the aftermath of emotional pain. If it were not for Jesus, I could not have endured. For He has put this appointment before me. When I was a child, and the torture that often took me near death was too much to bear, Jesus sent His angels to minister to me, to gently and lovingly guide me back to my body, so I could be here now to tell you what has happened, so it can stop. And when as an adult I reached a point in my spiritual healing that I could begin to put the terror associated with Him, created from satanic ritual abuse, aside, the Master Himself began appearing before me, leading me, guiding me, and interceding when I was totally alone and in need. Believe me, Jesus is alive today. The Great Healer can heal anything, everything, we only need to ask. And now we must join together to stop this sinister agenda so the children won't have to suffer any longer and so humanity can be assured of life free of mind control. Jesus has asked me to ask you to help. Please help me to help the others. They are so worthy and have suffered so much. More than anyone I know they deserve a gigantic measure of Christ love. Recently, as I watched the movie, Schindler's List, I could relate to his frantic desperation and hard work to rescue and save the lives of as many Jewish people as he could, finally selling his last possessions to do so. This man realized the precious value of a soul. Jesus calls us to give to those who are in need. Most victims of mind control and ritual abuse who are trying to break free, are forced to live in stark poverty and degradation; physically, emotionally and spiritually. They need safety from further abuse and shelter from the cold; they need blankets, food and clothing. They need nurturing touch and love, EEG Neurofeedback, therapy with informed clinicians, body therapies, natural healthcare, and they need skilled and compassionate people to listen to their pain in order to heal the wounds and scars from the past. Please help in whatever ways you can.

Susan Ford

"The things that are impossible with man are possible with God."

Luke 18:27

"For with God nothing is ever impossible, and no word from God shall be without power or impossible offulfillment."

Luke 1:37

...AND THE TRUTH SHALL SET YOU FREE!

A New Vision for the Future

What initially began as journaling in order to sort out my mind, became more of a project once I began to break free and see that there was some insane organized plan behind the mysteries of my life. The singularity of my one voice has been lonely over the years, but there were moments when the good Lord caused my path to cross with at first one, and then two, and then whole groups full of beautiful but wounded persons who had been though similar experiences. Together all of our voices, telling the same truths, have gained strength over the years. And today I am not alone in my recovery, for I have many brothers and sisters all over the globe that have recovered to inform you of much the same grim picture that I have shared with you here. I have spent the last 14 years cataloging this information, and am now able to report to you what has been going on behind the scenes so that the truth might set us all free. God only knows the full ramifications of what has occurred, but this information that I have presented to you in the clearest manner I know how, will give you a glimpse of the plans and agenda of those who at the present time are not only pulling the purse strings, but are manipulating the very life force of the nation and ultimately of the world.

We find ourselves at a time when, in order to survive and insure that our freedoms are reinstated, we must take action. It no longer serves us as a nation and as a world to turn a deaf ear to what has occurred. These actions taken by those whose consciousness is dwarfed by the belief in power and control have, in actuality, called us to a new time of choice. We stand at the crossroads of a new era, indeed a new millenium. And now it is truly our choice as to where to go from here. Will we continue to be uninvolved, feeling that the chaos, created intentionally to confuse and disrupt, has caused our world to seem so unbalanced and turbulent that we feel we don't know how to choose, that we don't know which way to turn? Or will we see clearly though the chaos and confusion, and rise above their smokescreen attempts to hide their New World Order plan to enslave the human race, so we can create another option? We do have many choices. As a matter of fact, what these controllers have led us to is a clear view of what needs attending to anyway, in our technologically

advancing world. Armed with the information of what is askew, we can now right the wrongs and clearly envision what could be. The lives of our children and future generations depend upon the choices we make at this pivotal juncture.

We can create a new world. We can create a new reality to include freedoms not yet known to this planet. We can create new institutions, new ways of ordering society with God's leading and God's guiding. Many clamor for lives filled with more time: time to rest, to enjoy nature, to spend with family and friends in simple modes of comradery, time to reflect and time to come closer to God and our higher nature. These can all be part of a new reality we create together, as God's people. But we have to realize that to make the choice to stand silent is to let those whose belief in power and control of the masses, take control in order to enslave us all. They led us to this point in time where we are nearly out of time.

God has called me to sound the wake up call as I join with others around the nation and the world who are sounding the same alarm. We must wake up and we must act. This is a call to action in order to avert the culmination of their New World Order plan. Never was there more critical time than now for standing for what we believe in, unintimidated by disconnected, unhealed beings who are bullying us around on this beautiful planet of ours, taking control where we have neglected to maintain our vigilance. The technology that has been created has been used in an evil way, causing harm and separation among and between individuals, families, groups, and from God, indeed from the higher nature of our inner being. We can continue to allow our university medical research, military, and space programs to be filled with an alternate secret agenda, or we can call into account those working within secret systems that have allowed these mind control atrocities to operate behind protected walls, as those who participate at the highest levels go unpoliced and undetected.

The Holy Spirit has shown me that once you have completed this book and the veil that once clouded your eyes has been lifted, many will know how they are called to bring about the swift change necessary for averting the One World Government and the intended totalitarian New World Order agenda planned by our controllers. He has shown me that many will know their exact positions and will know just what part they are to play in reuniting this once strong, free nation. Indeed the vision I see is a beautiful orchestration of souls. May God bless those individuals with the courage, wisdom, insight, and love needed to set us back on course. You who are called know who you are and will remember why you've come. Let us stand as a united front to speak out and take action to protect one of the most precious gifts we each have: our minds. We must stand up to those who seek control and say, "NO MORE. THIS ABUSE MUST STOP!" It is time to cast our denial aside and take action as we are spiritually directed. For we have been called to protect the children.

Please join me in united solidarity. Let's create a safer, beautiful world where children can be born into peace, safety, and love. If we start at the beginning where life initiates and insure that doorway is clear, we will go a long way toward insuring the survival of the human race. Many are now more aware of the damage done to a baby or young child when abuse occurs. Indeed this unconscious state of the abuse of children continues to snowball as one generation takes the wounding, only to inflict it unconsciously, without knowledge or understanding, on the next generation. Let us heal these areas within us that were caused by abuse in our own childhood's, so that we do not continue to inflict those wounds on the most precious resource we have, our innocent children. Let us protect the doorway for others born to this planet, that they might discover that it is safe to be born here on earth once again. Together we can let love prevail. The past has served to clearly show us where we have gone astray. Let's begin again, by choosing a different outcome and then work together in order to create a new world.

We need the strongest, most courageous among us to stand and call into account those individuals and groups who have participated in this atrocity; their version of this 'Utopian Hell, in order to stop this abuse of children. We need individuals to initiate laws and measures that will not only insure freedom of the mind, but other very fundamental freedoms taken for granted, that we now stand to loose. The course of our actions now will determine the future. What will we choose, fear or love?

And now as my job of exposing the deeds and plans of those who worship power and control comes to a close, I am once again redirected to my job of helping the victims heal. God has commissioned me to stand at the doorway, to accept donations in whatever way they flow to me as fiduciary for others who have been abused in similar ways and to set about busily setting up safe healing centers for victims to seek aid if they choose. The quantity and magnitude of these centers is

up to you, for my job is to be there, and your job, if so called, is to help fund it. Many have been wounded and are needing our help. The Holy Spirit that guides me has shown me that the outpouring of generosity, in whatever form, can alleviate much of the suffering and help to avert even much of the earth calamities and chaos, for the outpouring of love for fellow humanity heals the mass consciousness on the planet. As we unite around the world in prayer and action we create a very powerful vibration of love; a frequency that unlocks and heals the hearts of those who have yet to learn the awesome power of Christ love.

We stand at the crossroads to a very important time of choice, action, and giving. Instead of a One-World Government we can create a One-World Healing. Please help the young and the wounded among us who depend on our strength and courage to show them a better day. Please give what you can to insure that this abuse stops and insure the victims a means of healing. They are counting on us. Don't miss the call.

Shared with love in the celebration of Christ,

Susan Ford Brice Taylor

SURVIVOR RESOURCES

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Some of you, after reading this book, may be left with many unanswered questions about your own relationship to the material in this book. You may wonder how you fit into this picture …are you, too, under mind control? Let me share with you the following inspiration from a survivor of mind control who discovered that her own experiences paralleled, even at times interwove, with those presented in this book:

A Survivor's Experience

"I, too, have a story. Some of the details are all too similar to Sue's. Much I don't yet remember. What I do know is that ten years ago, I began having memories of abuse …first by my uncle, then my father, then floods of memories of Satanic and ritual abuse. This is where I stalled, if you will, for five years. I believed during that time that I was free from my captors, as long as I kept my distance. And I went about rebuilding a life for myself, carefully controlling my environment so that I wouldn't be triggered by "my past" any more than I could handle. I thought I was being a really good mom, and wife, and friend. And yet, I continued to be tormented by nightmares, memories, feelings of agitation, anger, rage, and depression. Deep inside of me, I knew that I wasn't free. And yet, I still believed that I was re-experiencing the past. Now what I know is that I was still involved, unconsciously triggered even to return to satanic rituals while the abuse continued and, under mind control, I was still carrying out the wishes of those attempting to bring in the "New World Order." Now I have seen what I could not see before — a «reality» that is being carried out by some misguided souls on earth at this time.

Through the help of EEG Neurofeedback, I have been able to reclaim my mind, for my own use. I am aware of what a gift it is to have the use of some of the same technology that was previously used to control me, to now set me free. I am finding that EEG Neurofeedback is helping me to integrate quickly, as I learn to stay alert and attentive and not dissociate. I am also learning to keep myself safe by discovering the ways that others have been able to «access» me through programming.

I would say that the major focus of these past five years has been strengthening my connection to God and learning to discern the different voices, or promptings, from within. How do I decide what to trust? Who or what is worthy of my trust? The key for me has been prayer. When I haven't known what to believe in, I have prayed to know. I have learned to trust that there is a God …a Power greater than any that humans can wield on this planet. And so, I go directly to that Source. Those prayers continue to bring me the healing and the safety that I seek. Please join me and the many others who are committed to living our true purpose, and loving ourselves and each other into freedom."

— A Ritual Abuse and Mind Control Survivor

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Примечания

1

James Joyce, Finnigan's Wake, 1938

2

Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD): Current American Psychiatric Association listing in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual IV is Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID).

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